

PETER
PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

A Christmas and New Year's Present


FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

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P r e f a c e.



GAIN, my young friends, Old Father Time has turned up his year-glass. The golden sands of life have been running out, joyfully with some, and sorrowfully with others. With boys and girls they are nearly sure to run out merrily, and to sparkle and glitter in the laughing sunbeams, responding to the blythe birds in their sweetest songs, and reflecting the hues of the loveliest flowers. So should it be. Youth is the season for sport and jollity; else why are children's eyes so bright, their limbs so active, and their hearts and their heels so light? Blessed childhood, what a "golden age" it is! Yet how quickly does it pass away—how soon is it succeeded by the dull, cold "age of lead!" How soon are its fair flowers succeeded by the thorns and cankers of this troublesome world! How soon does the battle of life, the scramble for existence, begin; and this is the reason why old PETER PARLEY, in all his cheerful

stories, his fun, and his frolic, his mad-cap pranks and adventures, generally contrives to throw out a few serious thoughts and moral reflections, likely to be useful to the youngsters, in the busy scenes that await their future years. Unless he did so, his part would be played badly indeed, and his "labour of love" be labour in vain. But I feel, my young friends, that lessons of goodness, of truth, of sincerity, of devotion, and duty, may be interwoven with the cheerful and the gay, with the most curious exploits, and the oddest adventures, with which the present volume is charged. My motto, as you know, is "Be merry and wise;" and, in Eastern style, using the words of the great Persian poet, I would say, "Let the wings of your wisdom bear up your bosom of cheerfulness above the clouds of sadness through the atmosphere of duty, that you may shine forth as birds of Paradise in the heaven of goodness."

Such is the manner in which the Orientals express themselves; and, in these words, I welcome my young friends, on their return from school, to their several homes, to the sweet embraces of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, relations and friends—to the fun and frolic of the Christmas days, and to a hopeful and happy NEW YEAR!

Remaining as ever,

Your old and affectionate friend,

PETER PARLEY.

Ivy Lodge, Oct. 25, 1836.

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The Opening of the Year.

“**G**LORY to God in the Highest, and on earth PEACE, good-will toward men.” So sang the angels on that glorious night when the Lord of Life and Light made his appearance upon our benighted earth. So sang they, for all was faded and in decay ; gloom surrounded the fairest manifestations of the Holy One, and strife, and hatred, and evil in ten thousand forms ranged throughout the earth.

But a new era dawned—a new glory appeared. The darkness and gloom faded into day—the chaotic confusion of things arranged themselves in harmony. God said again, “Let there be Light,” and the “Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings.” It was the opening of the year of mercy and of love—the opening of the heart of man to the glory of the “All Glorious,” and the new birth of the soul in Faith, and Hope, and Love.

My dear children, it is not good for us to forget these things, and the opening of a new year is well calculated to bring them to our remembrance. How dark have been the gloomy days of November and December ! How drear have

been the leafless trees, the pale and sickly grass; and how grim and black have been the skies, beetling with storm and tempest. Nature seems to have been smitten in the dust, and lies prone and prostrate, like a thing of death, wrapped in a winding-sheet of snow. But the "Eternal Goodness" still lives; and, in faith, we know that the gloom, and the darkness, and the seeming death, is but the precursor of good things to come. Beneath the snow-beshrouded earth Nature is not dead, nor sleepeth; in the darkness beneath our feet she lives, and moves, and works unseen. She is ready to meet her bridegroom the Sun, so soon as his bright beams kiss her cheek; and the snowdrop, the primrose, and the little hepatica, and a thousand other twinkling earth-stars, sparkle with gladness at his smile, and come forth gaily. The little lambkins skip and dance upon the daisied meadow; the young kids caper from rock to rock; the worm and the mole come forth in hilarity, and the fly and beetle, and other winged or unwinged things, are alive with a trembling ecstasy.

Let us be alive, too, my dear little ones: The drear season with us has passed away. Let us also greet the opening of the year. Let us feel the cheerful sunshine, and skip, and dance, and bound like young lambs in the early spring. In your mortal life ye are now in the opening of the year, and enjoy all the jocund happiness that youth and health can bestow. You have never known the glooms and the sorrows of earth—or ye have known them briefly. Rejoice, then, in the springtime of your days, my little ones. Rejoice in the sunlight of God's goodness; be as merry as the blithest of the larks; sing your songs of affection and love, and thus announce the opening of the year; but do not forget "Glory


to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Let this be the burden of all your songs. Let us celebrate the opening of the year with praise to the great and good Creator, who bringeth light out of darkness, good out of seeming evil, and life out of death; and let us *pray*, too—for *praise* is but one of the wings with which we fly to heaven—let us *pray* that all evil, and strife, and war, and bloodshed, may pass away from our beloved country with the dark days of December; and that the "Prince of Peace" may baptise the new year with mercy, and dispose the hearts of men to love one another as he has loved them. Let us pray that Truth and Righteousness may prevail among all the people of the earth, and unite them in a brotherhood universal as the light of the glorious sun.

And do not forget, my young friends, that every one of you can perform an important part in the world's regeneration. A family is composed of a few individual members; a village, or a town, of a few families. Villages and towns form countries, and countries nations. • If the individual members are right, nations will rarely be wrong. Let each one try, in the spirit of Divine Grace, to subdue his evil passions, his selfishness, his pride, his envy, his hatred, and his uncharitableness. Let each be forbearing and forgiving; let each be true and just, and thus crown the opening of the year with garlands of amaranthine flowers. Be sure of this, that such offerings will be received by our all-good Creator, as worthy sacrifices on the altar of our faith. God alone we trust to carry on the year now opening, through all its phases of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, with substantial and unvarying benefits to man. We have faith that the sun will

shine, that the rain will fall, that seeds will sprout, that grain and fruit will ripen, and be given for our use ; so should we believe and know, that the efforts within the gardens of our minds will not return unto us void ; and that truth, and justice, and love, will bring forth, in their due season, fruits to replenish the earth and to sustain the people of God in all their doings, and enable them to sing each year more and more triumphantly with the hosts of Heaven, the deathless song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."



Funny Things about Cats.

ATS are, undoubtedly, old standards in this world. Look at them as mummies in the British Museum. They seem to be associated with the ancestors of the human race. The Egyptians worshipped them, and, under the form of a cat, symbolised the moon, with her catty face, as Isis, and placed it upon their systrum—an instrument of religious worship and divination. In one of the old Egyptian tombs was engraved the figure of a cat and two kittens; the cat grey, and the kittens, one black and the other white. The learned Doctor Keatosus supposed that the old cat represented old Chaos, and that the kittens represented day and night. The white kitten day, and the black one night, of course.

Cats are supposed to have been brought into England from the Island of Cyprus, by some foreign merchant, who came hither for tin. In the old Welch laws, a kitten, from its birth till it could see, was valued at one penny; when it began to mew, at twopence; and after it had killed mice, at fourpence, which was then the price of a calf. Wild cats were

kept by our ancient kings for hunting. The officers who had the charge of these cats, seem to have had appointments of equal consequence with the masters of the king's hounds—they were called cat-at-ores.

Huddersford brings cats from the flood, and relates an anecdote which he said he had from the "Talmud," in which it is gravely asserted that cats were with Noah in the ark, and that they were the last to go in and the last to go out, owing, as he says, to the abhorrence which cats have of wetting their feet. They were also said to have assisted at the confusion of languages by their strange caterwauling, and gave rise to the Greek, Irish, and Welch languages. The Persian priests had their cat mummies; not of that dried unctuous stuff common in the pyramids, but a kind of greasiness of cats, used for incantation purposes. And the German and English witches have their Rutterkin, a cat who was great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother of Grimalkin, and first cat in the caterey of an old woman, who was tried for bewitching a daughter of the Countess of Rutland, in the beginning of the seventh century. King James was a bitter enemy of cats and tobacco smoke, although it is not certain that they had any connection. One Bigham, a clergyman, by zeal to put down witchcraft, wrote a tract upon cats, in which he set them forth as the ministers of wicked men in this world—the companions and familiars of our Arch Enemy—and that black cats were especially to be abhorred, shunned, dreaded, and extirpated, as the worst of all heretics. He details the various kinds of wickedness wrought by old witches, who had cats for their familiars. One old woman, a reputed witch, was hung for christening a cat, for the cat which had been thus

sacrilegiously christened, took to the water afterwards, which cats are never known to do, and plunging into the sea, from the town of Leith, near Edinburgh, swam to a small island in the mouth of the Firth, and there arose such a mighty tempest on the sea, and such a swelling of the sea towards the shore that the City of Edinburgh had been well nigh swamped, had not the kirk folk got together, and, with a bunch of valerea, or cat mint, which they waved to and fro as they advanced from the city to the port, stayed the deluge that was coming upon them. "Againe it was confessed that the saide christned cat was the cause of the kinges majesties shippe, at her coming forth of Denmark, having a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then being in her companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the kinges majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde then was the winde contraic and altogether againste his majestie."

Cats are sensible to impending danger, as rats are said to be. It is related by Ambrosius Gangenelli, that two cats belonging to a merchant at Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt these two animals seemed anxious to work their way through the floor of the room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door which they found shut, they repeated their efforts, and, on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, and he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth.

Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of his cats.

Cats do not like to be put out of their way, nor to be kept out of their food. In cloisters, where, in Roman Catholic countries, people are immured, it is customary to announce the hours of meals by ringing a bell. In a cloister in France a cat that was kept there used never to receive any victuals till the bell rang, and she, therefore, never failed to be within hearing of it. One day, however, she happened to be shut up in a solitary apartment, and the bell rang in vain as far as regarded her. Being some hours after liberated from her confinement, she ran, half famished, to the place where a plate of victuals used generally to be set for her, but found none this time. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour, and when the people of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat hanging upon the bell-rope, and setting it in motion, as well as she was able, in order that she might have her dinner served up to her.

Most of my young friends have doubtless heard the music of cats on some clear, cold moonlight night, and perhaps have been amused with that delicious serenading, called caterwauling, which surpasses, in intensity and fearful nervous excruciability, anything in the compass of sweet sounds. Few would go to hear such things if they could help it, yet a cat concert was exhibited in Paris, wherein cats were the performers. They were placed in rows, and a monkey beat time to them. According as he beat time the cats mewed, and the historian of the fact relates that the diversity of the tones which they

emitted produced a very ludicrous effect. The exhibition was called the "Concert Miaulant."

Cats will fish, although they dislike wetting their feet. Mr. Jesse, who is a most excellent authority on such matters, knew of a cat belonging to a gentleman at Iver, in Buckinghamshire, which used to go regularly to a small stream near the house and watch for fish as a "cat watches a mouse." She used to squat close on the ground, at the edge of the rivulet, and when she saw a fish within reach, stretch out her long arm, and, with the rapidity of lightning, whip out her prey. The same cat used to put her foot into the milk-jug, and let it whip out the cream because the jug was too small for her nose to enter.

The story of "Whittington and his Cat" is known all over the world, and is enough, alone, to render cats immortal; but Huddersford, having lost his favourite cat, laments it in piteous terms. He calls his cat the premier cat upon the catalogue, and who, preferring sprats to all other fish—

Had swallow'd down a score without remorse,
And three fat mice stew'd for a second course,
But while a third his grinders dyed with gore,
Sudden those grinders closed to grind no more,
And, strange to tell, becoming very sick,
A catalepsy made an end of Dick!

He then calls cats *human*, as well as *beastly*, to lament this catastrophe of his fate:—

Calumnious cats, who circulate *faux pas*,
And reputations maul with murderous claws,
Whether tol-lol, like walking fiends ye prowl,
To blast the character and blight the soul,

And slily stab, insinuate, and lie,
With all the cant of leering piety.
Shrill cats, whom fierce domestic brawls delight ;
Cross cats, who nothing want but teeth to bite ;
Starch cats, of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned cats, who talk their husbands mad ;
Confounded cats, who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin cats, who preach eternally ;
Fastidious cats, who pine for costly cates,
And jealous cats, who catechise their mates ;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails ;
Cat gossips, full of Canterbury tales ;
Cat grandames next, with asthmas and catarrhs,
And superstitious cats, who curse their stars ;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree,
Mourn now your brother's sad calamity ;
Yet, while I chaunt the cause of Tommy's end,
Your groans sustain, your tears awhile suspend,
Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,
And use for pocket-handkerchiefs—your *tails* !

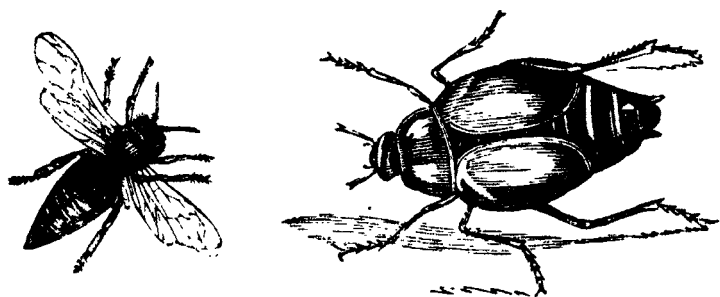


The Insect World.



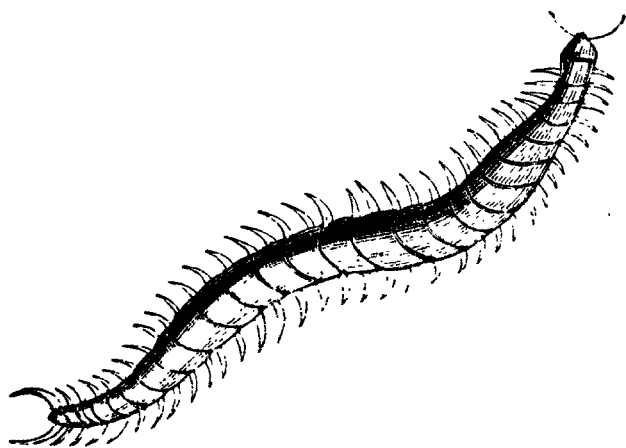
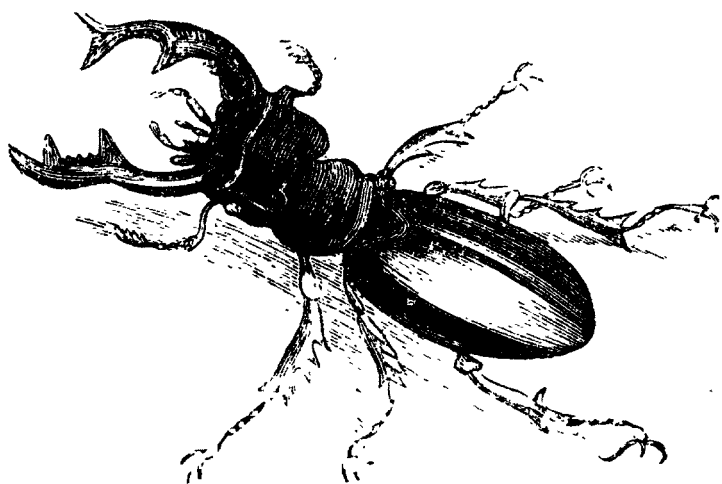
THE insect world is a distinct universe, and the beauties of it are truly pleasing and wonderful. Insects, indeed, appear to have been Nature's favourite production, in which to manifest her power and skill. She has combined and concentrated almost all that is either beautiful and graceful, interesting and alluring, or curious and singular, in every other class and order of her children. To these, her valued ministers, she has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil. Numbers has she armed with glittering mail, which reflects a lustre like that of burning metals. In others, she lights up the dazzling radiance of polished gems. Some she has decked with what looks like the liquid drops or plates of gold and silver, or with scales of gilt which mimic the colour and emit the ray of the same precious metals. Some exhibit a rude exterior, like stones in their native state, while others represent their smooth and shiny face after they have been burnished by the tool of the polisher. Others, again, like so many pigmy Atlases, bear on their backs a microcosm, by the rugged and varied elevations and depressions of which they present the most curious effects to the human eye, at the same time they are the most strikingly beautiful.

Though so far inferior in point of magnitude, insects surpass in variety of structure, and singularity of appearance, all the larger branches of the animal world. It will be well if my young friends make themselves acquainted with the general characters by which they are distinguished from other animals. First, they are furnished with several, sometimes many, feet. Secondly, their muscles are affixed to the internal surface of the skin. Thirdly, they breathe, not like the generality of the larger animals, by means of lungs or gills, but by means of holes, distributed in a row on each side of



their bodies, and communicating with two long air-pipes within, and a number of smaller ones, so as to carry the air to every part of the creature. The head is furnished with horns, called antennæ, which are extremely various in the different tribes, and by which they are often classified and distinguished.

Insects have very small brains, and instead of a spinal marrow, a kind of knotted narrow cord, extending from the brain to the hinder extremity; and numerous small whitish threads, which are the nerves, spread from the brain in various directions. The heart is a long tube lying under the



skin of the back, having little holes on each side for the admission of the juices of the body, which are prevented from escaping again by valves, or clappers, formed to close the holes within ; moreover, this tubular heart is divided into several chambers, by transverse partitions, in each of which there is a hole shut by a valve, which allows the blood to flow only from the hinder to the fore part of the heart, and prevents it from passing in a contrary direction.

Most insects, in the course of their lives, are subject to very great changes of form, attended by equally remarkable

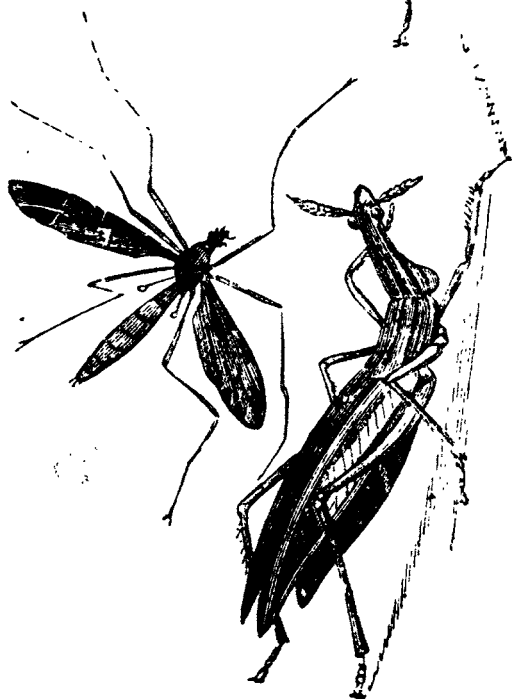
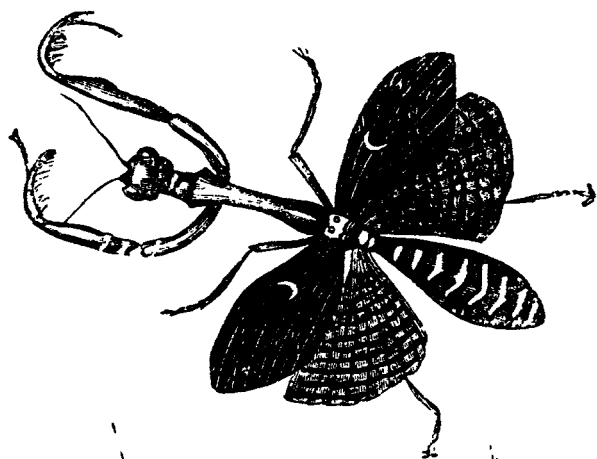


changes in their habits and propensities. These changes, transformations, or metamorphoses, as they are called, might cause the same insects, at different ages, to be mistaken for as many different animals. For example, a caterpillar, after feeding upon leaves till it is fully grown, retires into some place of concealment, casts off its caterpillar skin, and presents itself in an entirely different form—one wherein it has neither the power of moving about, or of taking food. In fact, in this, its second or chrysalis state, the insect seems to be a lifeless,

oblong, oval, or conical body, without a distinct head or moveable limbs. After resting for a time, an inward struggle begins; the chrysalis skin bursts open, and from the rent issues a moth, or a butterfly, whose small and flabby wings soon expand and harden, and become fitted to bear away the insect in search of the honied juice of flowers, and other liquids that suffice for its nourishment.

In the different tribes of insects, the pupæ, or chrysalis differs almost as much as the larva. In most of the beetle tribe, it is furnished with short legs; in the butterfly tribe, it is perfectly destitute of all appearance of legs, and has no other motion than a mere writhing when touched; in the locust tribe, it differs very little from the perfect insect, except in not having the wings complete; and, in most of the fly tribe, it is perfectly oval, without any apparent motion or distinction of parts. The pupæ of the bee tribe, and other insects of a similar cast, are less shapeless than those of flies, exhibiting the faint appearance of the limbs, while those of the libellula, or dragon flies, are locomotive, as in the locust tribe, but differ most widely from the appearance of the complete insects, and may be numbered among the most singular of the whole class of insects. From the pupæ, or chrysalis, at length emerges the insect in its complete or ultimate form, from which it can never change, nor can it receive any further increase of growth.

Hence, my young readers may consider that there are three periods in the life of an insect, more or less distinctly marked. In the first, or period of infancy, an insect is technically called a larva, a word signifying a mask; because thereby its future form is more or less masked or concealed. This name is not



only applied to grubs, caterpillars, and maggots, and to other insects that undergo a complete transformation, but also to young and wingless grasshoppers, and bugs, and, indeed, to all young insects, before the wings begin to appear. In this first period, which is generally the largest, insects are always wingless, pass most of their time in eating, grow rapidly, and usually cast off their skins repeatedly. The second period is, that those insects that undergo a partial transformation, retain their activity and their appetites for food, continue to grow and acquire the rudiments of wings; while others at this age entirely lose their larva form, take no food, and remain at rest in a death-like sleep, is called the pupæ state, from the slight resemblance that some of the latter present to an infant trussed in bandages, as was the fashion among the Romans. The pupæ from caterpillars are, however, more properly termed chrysalids, because some of them, as the name implies, are gilt, or adorned with golden spots; and grubs, after their first transformation, are often named nymphs, the reason for which is not very obvious. At the end of the second period, insects again shed their skins, and come forth fully grown, and, with few exceptions, provided with wings. They thus enter upon their last adult state, wherein they no longer increase in size, and during which they provide for a continuation of their kind. This period usually lasts only a short time, for most insects die almost immediately after their eggs are laid. Bees, wasps, and ants, however, which live together in society, and labour together for the common good of their communities, continue much longer in the adult state.

Insects possess many particular parts not found in the lower animals, such as the antennæ, or horns, which are varied

greatly in shape. Besides, there are the palpi, or feelers. The eyes of insects are also curious. They are commonly situated on each side of the head, and are generally two in number. But in some insects, as in spiders, there are six or eight. In some of the insect tribes, their eyes may be considered as compound, having an infinite number of separated lenses. There are also on the heads of many insects, laced globules, resembling so many separate eyes, placed on the top of the head. All their senses seem developed. They can evidently both see, hear, smell, taste, and feel; and they have a power of will equal to the largest animal. The mind of the insect is more wonderful than our own: it has neither speculation, judgment, or retention; yet it is an existence—a sentient and intelligent state, of which we can form no conception, but which is most wonderful; and the insect world is one from which we may gather great delight if we make it the subject of our study.



The Heavenly World.

“ **O**H, I’m weary of earth !” said the child,
As it gaz’d with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove it held in its hand,
“ For whatever I love will die !”

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came and look’d abroad,
And it said, “ I’m going this very hour—
I’m going to Heaven and God !”

There was glaring light where the sun had set—
The red and purple too ;
And it seem’d as if earth and Heaven met
All around in distant blue.

And the child look’d out on the far far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to its rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud’s dark face,
As if it had been riven ;
Said the child, “ I will go to that very place,
For it seemeth the Gate of Heaven !”

So away it went to follow the sun,
But the Heavens would not stay,
For always the faster it tried to run,
They seem'd to go farther away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,
With night dews cold and damp,
And each little star in the dark blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,
And it seem'd to the child that they
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

And the child call'd out, when it saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way ;
That's not the way to Heaven !"

Then on it went through the rough waste lands,
Where the tangled briars meet,
Till the prickles scratch'd its dimpled hands
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
Its way in the open wold.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod
While it said its evening prayer,
And it fell asleep, as it thought of God,
Who was not far from it there.

A long, long sleep, for they found it there
When the sun went down next day,
And it look'd like an angel, pale and fair,
But its cheek was as cold as clay.

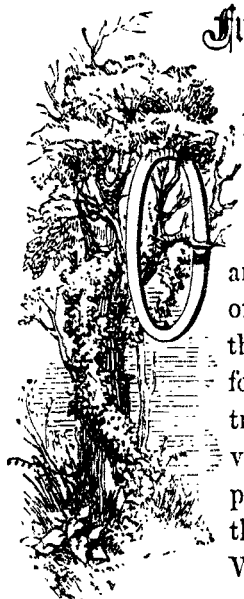
The sun-beams glanc'd on the drops of dew
That lay on its ringlets bright,
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,
Like a coronet of light.

And the spirit was gone!—to whom?—to Him,
By whom it in love was given;
And the little child, though its eye was dim,
Had found out the way to Heaven!

W. M.



Funny Things about Goats.



Of all funny animals, the goat stands in the first place. Monkeys are funny; their tricks, however, are mischievous, and their habits disgusting. But goats are clean and pleasant animals to look at, or PETER PARLEY would not keep three of them. Your goat, too, is to be venerated for the antiquity of his family. The introduction of him into the Zodiac by the very earliest astronomers, shows that the people who first cultivated the science of the heavens were proud of these animals.

We have evidence in Britain, and also in every country, that the mountain-tops were the habitations of men before they took possession of the plains, and that in those early times the plains were covered with thick forests, inundated with water, or so full of bogs and quagmires as not to be fit for human abodes. In many places, both in England and Scotland, we have evidence of early inhabiting and cultivation upon heights which are now bleak and wasted; and even the roads and encampments of the Romans are usually found upon the high grounds. In America, too, when that country was first discovered by Europeans, the most civilized races of the natives were found among the mountains; and, generally speaking, when we

look at the whole earth, we find that, with the exception of the lakes and shores, and the banks of the largest rivers, the people inhabited the mountains. Goats, therefore, by their peculiar physical formation, are the old denizens of the mountain-tops; and they make an important figure in the mythology of ancient Greece—that land of mountain and of liberty. Pan, which is a symbolical personification of the productive energies of nature, was furnished with the attributes of a goat. In like manner the Lybian Jupiter was furnished with horns. The ægis, which was equally the breast-plate, or shield, of Jupiter and Minerva, was originally nothing but a goat-skin, and, by the fable of these two divinities, the goat was thus connected with supreme power and supreme wisdom, which shows the estimation in which the character of the animal was held. Under the Jewish ritual, the goat was used as the appropriate symbol of atonement.

The skin of the goat appears to have been early used as an article of clothing, and the first cloth, or rather felt, which was made by the northern nations, appears to have been chiefly formed of the hair of this animal, mixed with slender fur, matted together and stiffened with the gum of trees, so as to be proof, not only against the weather, but, in a great measure, against the weapons of their enemies. This species of garment is very frequently alluded to by the ancient poets. The war-tunics of the Ambri, which, in their wars with Mafius, are represented as being such strong defences, were of this material; and the Roman auxiliaries had winter dresses of the same in Britain and all the colder provinces of the empire. In early weaving the long hair of the goat was used before the short hair of the sheep; and all the

Celtic tribes bred and used goats to their great advantage. Hence, the history of the goat is highly interesting, and PETER PARLEY is sorry he cannot enter more upon it than he now does.

However, to teach my young friends to observe, I may say a little upon the habits of goats. The tendency of the whole race of goats is to climb to as high situations as they can. In a state of nature, the whole of them inhabit the tops of mountains, probably nearer the line of perpetual snow than any mammalia of equal size. In a domestic state they also seek high and precipitous places. If mountains and rocks are not to be found, they will balance themselves on palings, walls, and the ridges of houses. They are bold, impudent, and exceedingly capricious, always on the alert, and extremely observant of everything around them, and if they see that which is novel or dangerous they instantly put themselves into attitudes of attack. They are first among the sure-footed animals, passing along ledges of rock of very narrow dimensions, and upon the brink of the most frightful precipices. If two of them meet in any such situation as that now noticed, where there is no room for either of them to turn, the one crouches down, and leaves the other to leap over it, after which, it rises again, and both pursue their journey with perfect safety.

All the species of wild goats, which are not, indeed, very numerous, are remarkable for their activity among their native rocks; and, although in forward running they are not equal to many antelopes, their single bounds, and the situations in which they take them, are superior to any other animals'. If there is the least hold for their feet, so that they

can get a point of rest for an instant, and thereby acquire an impetus, they will ascend a perpendicular wall, or precipice, fifteen feet in height; and it is astonishing how little hold will sustain them, and how speedily they will renew their leaps. It is said that when they do loose their balance, and fall from the precipices, they contrive to fall upon their horns, in the same manner as a cat alights upon its feet, and that they thus can tumble from a height of fifty, or even a hundred feet, without sustaining any injury. Those which are found on the more elevated and rocky mountains, are represented as being able to ascend a considerable way between the perpendicular sides of a ravine. How they do this, and contrive to bound from side to side of the chasm, is not easily explainable upon any principle of common animal mechanics; but the fact is not to be disputed. Numerous proofs show that the goat can thus ascend, by leaping from one opposing face of a perpendicular rock to another, and when at this game the whole of their motion bears some resemblance to an oblique billiard-ball, striking alternately on opposite cushions of a table, though the horns strike one side and the feet the other. The boldness, dexterity, and hardihood of the goat amongst rocks, renders the wild goat one of the most hazardous species of game for the mountain hunter. They are exceedingly vigilant, and when alarmed, or rendered suspicious, they can escape upward, and they are said sometimes to throw themselves down upon the hunter, and tumble him upon the rocks, in which case the hunter is dashed to pieces, while the mountain goat falls on its horns, and escapes unhurt.

Goats, occasionally, that is, male goats, are very pugnacious, but their mode of fighting is very different to that of

other animals. Bulls attempt to toss and gore each other with their horns; and rams, retreating to a considerable distance from each other, return with so much acquired velocity as sometimes mutually to fracture the skulls of each other, and when they miss their aim, they sometimes stumble and break their legs. Goats, on the other hand, rise up in their combats, and throw their whole weight in a curious oblique motion, which is very effective, so much so, indeed, that a goat is more shunned by dogs than by larger ruminant animals. It gives its stroke very suddenly, and, as it generally delivers its whole weight with great impetus against the ribs of the enemy, its attack is equally severe and difficult to be guarded against.

There are many varieties of the goat, as modified by climate and other circumstances. He inhabits most parts of the world, and endures all kinds of weather, being found in Europe, as high as the Nordhuys, in Norway, where he feeds during the winter season on moss, on the bark of trees, and even on the logs intended for fuel. It is also asserted that goats thrive well in the hottest parts of Africa and India. Of all the varieties, the Angora Goat is by far the most elegant. It is generally of a beautiful milk-white colour, short legged, with black spreading spirally-twisted horns. The chief and distinguished excellence is, however, its wool, which covers its whole body in long pendant spiral ringlets; and it is from the hair of this animal that the finest camlets are made. The Cashmere Goat is also highly prized for its fleece. It is descended from the goat of Thibet, at the northern descent of the Himalaya mountains. The goats that pasture in the highest vales of Thibet are of a bright ochre colour. In the

lower grounds, the colour becomes of a yellowish white; and still farther downwards, entirely white. The Syrian Goat is remarkable for its large pendulous ears, which are usually from one to two feet in length. Its hair is the colour of that of the fox.

With regard to domesticated goats, PETER PARLEY cannot do better than give his own experience upon the matter, for it extends over a period of ten or twelve years; and the result of his experience is, that no one who has the slightest means for keeping goats ought to be without them. In the country especially, where people have gardens and meadows, they are not only an elegant, healthy, and pleasing animal, but they are extremely profitable. The milk is sweet, highly nutritive and medicinal, arising from the aromatic herbs upon which they feed. I commenced keeping goats from accident. I met a boy in Hungerford Market one day with a very fine goat. It was brown and white, strong and healthy to look at, and exceedingly docile. The boy had it for sale, and a melancholy story was connected with it. The poor lad had a little bit of crape round his cap, and looked pale and sorrowful. "What are you going to do with your goat, my lad?" said I. "I wish to sell him," replied the boy. "What do you want for him?" "A sovereign, Sir." "Why do you wish to sell him?" "Because, Sir, my sister is dead—and—" Here the poor little boy burst into tears. Upon further inquiry, I found that the poor boy was the son of a widow, and that his sister had died at the age of sixteen, of consumption; that the goat had been purchased for her for the sake of its milk, but that it had not been effectual in restoring the invalid; that the mother was poor and wished to turn the goat into

money, and had sent the lad out for the purpose of selling her. I went with the boy to his home, a little back street near the Waterloo Station of the South-Western Railway, and saw the poor widow busy at her washing-tub; purchased the goat, and the lad brought it for me to the railway-station. The goat reached the country in due course of transit. She gave us a quart of milk, night and morning, for some time; then she gave us two little darling kids; and then, as soon as the kids were weaned, a plentiful supply of milk for our family.

In keeping goats, there is but little trouble. They will feed in a meadow—they will eat almost anything. Nothing comes amiss to them, from an old newspaper, to the most poisonous vegetable; and the weeds of a garden, the gatherings from ditches, banks, and swamps, are all fish to their net. They will lie on the hardest ground, or without litter of any kind—indeed, they prefer it—and will put up with any accommodation. The goat I bought of the lad had been bred and brought up in a stable; it had never eaten any thing but hay-bands, cabbage-leaves, and the rubbish of the dunghill, and when I put it into the meadow to feed it had not the least notion of grazing, or biting the grass. The green fields and the trees—it had never seen a tree—frightened it, and it was some days before it could be induced to crop the beautiful grass under its feet. But, after a while, its happiness was complete and the lovely little kids—both females—were its great delight. It is impossible to imagine anything so lively, frisky, and full of antics, as young kids. Mine were most wonderful creatures, and my young friends would scarcely believe their tricks and performances. At the bottom of our

field, where the goats were kept, was a row of palings, and on the top of them was a row of spikes, not quite two inches apart. Would my young friends believe it, that before these kids were two months old they would leap on to the edge of this paling, which was only an inch-and-a-half broad, and stand between the spikes, and run along between them, without once hurting themselves? Would my young friends believe that they have frequently scaled a wall six feet high—flying up its sides as if by magic? Would they believe that they have even reached the top of the house, and run along the ridge of it? It is difficult so to believe, but PETER PARLEY, who would not tell a wilful lie, declares it to be true.

This is the worst of goats; but they can be easily tethered, and are soon reconciled to the cord. I should say, in conclusion, let every one who can, keep a couple of milch goats; they will well pay for the trouble of keeping them. The expense, under proper management, is trifling. One pint of their milk is worth two pints of cow's milk; it is sweeter, richer, and has a surprising restorative effect upon old persons and children. While I write this, three goats are feeding before me—Blackey, Brownny, and Spotty. I had their milk for my breakfast, and it gave me strength and energy. Keep goats, then, my young friends, if you can get them; and play with them if you would be merry, and drink their milk if you would be frisky and strong, as they are, and as I am, and hope long to continue, for your sakes.

The Tea-Kettle's Concert;

OR, SALVER'S DOWNFALL.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

(For the Especial Amusement of Young People.)

NE bright November afternoon,
Miss Kettle, feeling quite in tune,
Requested Betty's skilful hand
To polish up her sides with sand;
And sent out cards to every friend
An evening concert to attend.
The drawing-room its best display'd;
The curtains down, the carpet laid.
'Twas dark, and now the guests—a score—
Were loudly thumping at the door.
The two Miss Candles—twinkling creatures—
With taper waists and shining features,
Were first to enter. With them came
Their governess, a cross-patch dame,
Call'd Madame Snuffers, who, 'twas granted,
Could trim her scholars, when 'twas wanted;
Though all allow'd her merit such,
Each puppet brighten'd 'neath her touch.
Next Lady Tcapot made her *entrée*,
Surrounded by her noisy gentry;
And dandy Sugar Basin, too,
The sweetest fellow, all in blue—

Though pert he seem'd to Lucy Crumpit,
And bade her either like or lump it.
Then Mrs. Urn came in a heat,
Fearful she might not get a seat;
As she and Kettle met scarce ever,
Though both as singers were thought clever,
And ever had some sweets to say,
Like Jenny Lind, or Madame Ney.
The cause of difference was this—
Once jealous Urn was known to hiss
When Kettle sung, at Madame Steam's,
Her favorite air, "Ye limpid streams!"
But this, as Bellows said in clover,
Was an ill wind long since blown over.
The Footman laugh'd that jest to hear;
But Tongs and Poker, with a sneer,
Observ'd, that "rude and vulgar jokes
Were quite unworthy polished folks."
The overture thus being ended,
Without much fuss, and well intended,
Kettle pour'd forth a pleasing strain.
So musical, and yet so plain,
It caus'd such natural admiration,
Poor Urn was in a perspiration;
And next, with many a hem and ha,
Warbled Italian "Sol me fa."
Said Milk, "That's quite the cream of songs!"
"Where did she pick it up?" said Tongs
"'Tis really melting," Candle sigh'd.
"Melting, d'ye call it?" Snuffers cried;

“For my part, I detest such stuff,”
Then took a hideous pinch of snuff;
And lying down in angry scorn,
Her mouth she stretch’d with such a yawn,
And breath’d therefrom such strange perfume,
That Salver hurried from the room;
Nor had John Footman’s hand the power
To save him falling to the floor.
Nay, more, as if to end his cares,
He roll’d completely down the stairs.
Be sure that all were much distress’d,
For Salver was so neatly dress’d
In silver, and no beau like he
Handed the ladies’ toast and tea.
So guileless was his nature, too,
’Twas thought that guilt he never knew;
Though all allow’d he could sustain
A heavy charge for others’ gain.
Brush swept into the room and said,
“Alas, alas, poor Salver’s dead!”
Tea-Kettle from the fire-place fell;
John Footman, weeping, rang the bell.
Oh, heavy woe so little dreaded,
Both the Miss Candles were light-headed!
Loud burst a scream from Mrs. Tray;
The Tea-Spoons fainted quite away;
Tears trickled down Urn’s cheeks so fast,
’Twas thought she soon would weep her last.
More of their grief I dare not say,
Lest you should weep as well as they.

Tales about Russia and the Russians.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY.



THE original inhabitants of Russia were, no doubt, a multitude of nomadic tribes, classed under the common appellation of Sarmates and Scythians. Four different races seem to have been comprehended in the Russian territory, these were the Venedes, or Vandals of Slavonian descent, who occupied the country from the Vistula, to the Isle of Œesel, and thence to the Valdai ; the Bastarnes, inhabiting the district of Moscow ; the Hamaxobites, or Tartar race, on the right bank of the Wolga ; and, lastly, the Jazyges, genuine Sarmatians, on the right bank of the Don. In consequence of emigration and other changes, the Slavonian became the most powerful nation of Russia, where they maintained their ground and handed down many of their customs to their posterity, the modern Russians.

I must now say a few words about these Slavonians. They were, as you may suppose, a barbarous race, although their language resembled that of one of the most polished nations

of antiquity—the ancient Greeks. Their religion was a rude idolatry, but better than it is now, for it was mingled with notions worthy of ancient poesy. They peopled all the elements with deities, subordinate to the Supreme Being, whom they adored under the name of Perkoun, and, under the form of an idol, with a silver head, golden ears, a wooden body, and iron legs, sacrificed to him human and other victims.

The Slavonians had, also, a peculiar veneration for forests and water. Their superstitions animated the sea with a species of naiads, called Roussalki, who were endowed with all the charms of beauty, beside which they adored a great number of particular divinities. The Slavonians dwelt in wooden huts, covered with earth and moss; and, to this day, the lower classes of Russians do the same. In the fifth and sixth centuries, they had acquired some of the arts of civilization, and embraced the Christian religion. They founded in the country in which they resided the two cities of Novogorod and Kief, and began to acquire wealth. This excited the avidity of a barbarous nation—the Khozarn—with whom they had many bloody engagements; while another powerful tribe that infested the shores of the Baltic, which went by the name of the Varangians, under Ruric, their chief, so frightened them, that to preserve themselves from utter annihilation, they put themselves under his protection, who, uniting the tribes and his own people with the natives of the country, laid the foundation of the Russian Empire, about the year 870.

Ruric has the credit of being zealous for the strict administration of justice, and for the improvement of the people whom he had taken under his guardianship. He died 879, and was succeeded by his son, Igher, who conquered

Kief, and removed the seat of government from Novogorod to that place. Igher's widow, and successor, publicly embraced Christianity at Constantinople, in 985, and attempted, but without success, to introduce the Greek ritual among her people.

The Russian Empire continued to flourish under the successors of Ruric, till the end of the reign of Vladimir, who ascended the throne in 976. Having settled the affairs of his Empire, he demanded in marriage the Princess Anne, sister of the Greek Emperor, Basilus. His suit was granted, on condition that he should embrace Christianity. With this the Russian Monarch complied, and that vast empire was thenceforth considered as belonging to the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Vladimir received the name of Basilus on the day he was baptized, and, according to the Russian annals, twenty thousand of his subjects were baptized at the same time. The idols of Paganism were now thrown down, churches and monasteries were erected, towns built, and the arts began to flourish. Missionaries were sent to various places, and the whole country was improved. The religious persons, who were the most learned, and who wrote the Russian annals, called Vladimir the best of monarchs, and styled him the Great. He died in the year 1008; and, contrary to all the rules of sound policy, was foolish enough to divide the Empire among his twelve sons.

Vladimir was no sooner dead, than these twelve sons began to quarrel with each other. Swtopolh, one of the brothers, having destroyed two others and seized their dominions, was, in his turn, dethroned by another brother, named Jaroslaus. The brother who was thus dethroned fled into Poland, and a

dreadful war between the Russians and Poles was the consequence, in which the Russians suffered dreadfully, and the whole kingdom was on the verge of downfall.

One would have thought that after so much misery had been occasioned by the foolish plan of dividing an empire, that Jareslaus would never have been so thoughtless as to have committed the same error. But there are some persons to whom experience can never teach wisdom; and, therefore, this weak man divided the Kingdom among his five sons, which produced a repetition of the same bloody scenes. The Poles took advantage of the discords between the brothers, and other tribes, both within and without, made sad havoc with each other, and all was bloodshed and confusion, till the year 1237, when innumerable multitudes of Tartar tribes, headed by a chief, or khan, called Batto, after ravaging Poland and Silesia, broke suddenly into Russia, where they committed the greatest cruelties. From that time, the Grand Dukes of Russia were vassals of the Khan of Koptchak, or the Golden Horde, and had in their palace a Mogul governor, appointed to levy tribute and command the troops; while the whole Russian territory was contracted by the seizure of many of its minor states and dependencies.

But the decrees of Providence will realise themselves against the most extraordinary circumstances. When Russia was at its lowest ebb, a great prince appeared in the east called Tamerlane, and to him Russia owed her salvation. That renowned prince overthrew, among his other conquests, the Empire of the Khans of Koptchak, and Russia, being relieved of their pressure, restored to herself several of her old possessions. Fortune favoured her by giving her a prince worthy

of the times, named Ivan, who wrested her Empire from its oppressors, conquered Lithuania, Finland, and Siberia, and caused the unity of the Empire to be declared by a dict of the States. Ever since that period, Russia has ranked among the monarchies of Europe, and made rapid advances in territory, civilization, and commerce. Ivan was the first Russian monarch who assumed the title of Tzar or Czar. Ivan died in the year 1584. Feodor, his successor, conquered Siberia entirely in 1587. He was the last of Ruric's descendants, and died in 1598.

After the death of Feodor, Russia was again in danger of being parcelled out and subdued by the Swedes and Poles, and the war with the latter was not ended until Michael Fedorowicz, of the family of Romanoff, ascended the throne, in 1613, and laid the foundation of a new order of things in Russia. He died in 1654, leaving his throne to his son Alexis, who might truly be called the "father of his country," as he advanced it in art, commerce, science, and manufactures, and, by his liberal spirit gave a new tone to the national mind. He died in 1676, and was succeeded by his son, Theodore, who, after a beneficent reign of seven years, on his death-bed nominated his half-brother, Peter, to the exclusion of his elder brother, Ivan, as heir to the throne, who, in 1696, became sole sovereign of all the Russias, and is commonly called Peter the Great. The doings and character of this monarch will form the subject of my next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

PETER THE CZAR,

AND WHY HE WAS CALLED PETER THE GREAT.

BEFORE we say anything about the polished savage called Peter the Great, it will be as well to give a glance at the circumstances of the Empire at his entrance into the world. Alexis, who died in 1676, had, by his first wife, two sons, Theodore and John, and one daughter, the Princess Sophia. The children of his second marriage were Peter, and a princess, named Natalia. Theodore, when he ascended the throne, followed in the footsteps of his father, by reforming the abuses of the Empire, and being desirous of raising it in the scale of nations, and observing that of his two younger brothers, John was, from weakness of character, unable to govern the people, and that Peter exhibited great talent, he determined to set aside the order of succession, and leave to him the throne.

But the Princess Sophia was determined that her weak brother John should become Emperor; and Theodore was scarcely dead, when the nomination of a prince only ten years of age—that being the age of Peter at this time—and the intrigues and power of this woman, caused a most dreadful rebellion in the Empire, which ended only in bloodshed and horror.

Like all other despots, the Russian Emperors had formed for themselves a guard exclusively attached to their persons, and to whom was given the appellation of Strelitzes. The Princess Sophia ingratiated herself with these Strelitzes by promising them more pay—there's nothing like good pay to ensure active service. She then called together the princes of the blood, the generals of the army, the Boyars, the bishops, and the principal merchants, to whom she represented that, by right of seniority, the Empire belonged to her brother John, setting aside the late Emperor's will, on the ground of its being made to please a faction, of which faction she gave a list, comprised of about forty persons, at the head of which was placed Von Gardier, physician to the late Emperor. "All these were wicked enemies," she said, "to them, to her, and to the state, consequently deserving death." Of course, nothing but death, death, death, from despots, all the world over; they think no more of human life than so much smoke, and measure human blood as they would water.

The soldiers, thus excited by pay on the one side, and fear and revenge on the other, hurried with arms and torches in their hands to massacre all their enemies. They made particular search for the poor old doctor, who, they declared, had poisoned the Emperor. In their furious search for him, they met a young doctor. Him they seized, and when he expostulated with them, telling them that he was not the person, and that Von Gardier was an old man, they replied, "young or old, you are a physician, and have poisoned others, no doubt." There was no homœopathy then, however, which might have been some excuse to the mad soldiery, so the young doctor was killed at once. Soon after they found the old doctor

disguised as a beggar. They seized, and dragged him to the palace. Here many of the ladies of the court, and some of the princes of the blood pleaded for him, but the soldiers replied that he was not only a physician that always poisoned people, but that he was also a sorcerer, for they had found a live toad in his house. They then formed a kind of tribunal and sentenced him to death, as well as the accused nobles, and all were cut to pieces; and Miss Sophia had things pretty much as she wished them to be, and John and Peter were proclaimed *joint* sovereigns, with Miss Sophia as their Regent. She then rewarded the executioners with the estates of the murdered nobles, granted letters patent for new nobilities, and went piously to church, to thank God for the murders, and the massacre, and the bloodshed.

This pious young lady next married her brother John, in the hopes of obtaining an heir to the throne, which should put little Peter aside altogether. But these plans failed, and John being a great simpleton, Miss Sophia became, to all intents and purposes, sole ruler of Russia, and had her face put upon the coin, that everybody who could spend a penny might know it.

Peter at last grew old enough to have some thoughts of a wife, and although only in his eighteenth year married a lady contrary to the inclination of his sister. She therefore, determined to cut him off as quietly as possible, and had at once recourse to her old friends, the Strelitzes, and the commander and six hundred of them repaired to the palace. Peter was at that time at Obrozeaski, a country seat three miles from Moscow. The murderers set off thither, but two of the band had contrived to give Peter notice of his danger in time for him

to escape to a convent, which was also a fortress and had guns to defend it—more powerful than the candles of the altars, or the protecting saints.

He there stood upon his defence, and summoned the Boyars to attend him; ordered troops to be raised in every town, and having published an account of the attempt on his life, a number of the nobility, who wished for more freedom than they had obtained from Miss Sophia, flocked to his standard, and the Strelitzes, fearing they might be outnumbered and all put to the sword, marched directly to the convent, and espoused the cause of Peter.

The affair was now soon settled. Miss Sophia was seized, deprived of her authority, and sent to prison, and remained afterwards confined in a convent till her death, which happened fifteen years after this event. The punishment was a great deal too good for her, but perhaps it was better than shedding more blood, for the more blood you shed the less impression it makes.

Peter triumphant, now returned to Moscow, and made his public entry into that city on horseback, attended by a guard of eighteen thousand men—a physical force if not a moral one. The Czar John affectionately received him at the palace gate, or pretended to do so, and the two brothers, who would probably have cut each other's throats had it been convenient to do so, affectionately embraced each other; but Peter took care to let John know that he meant to be Czar, and so he was from that day forward. John took the hint, and evaporated into quiet life, which shewed that he had some sense after all.

Peter had always been of an active and enquiring mind,

and as soon as he found himself master of the country, thought the wisest thing he could do would be to improve it. He had the sagacity to see that the true greatness of an empire does not depend upon savage force, but upon the arts of civilization, upon commerce and learning. He also thought that the best plan a sovereign could adopt to make his subjects intelligent was to set the example by being intelligent himself. This wisdom he wisely thought was not to be obtained from books, or from tutors, or from statesmen at home, but by going into the world himself, examining for himself, and proving from his own experience. Aye, my young friends, that is the true way to go-a-head.

Talk about spectacles and grand sights, congresses, reviews, coronations, fetes, and such things, what an instructive spectacle it must have been to behold a young Emperor, at the age of twenty-five, quitting the feather-bed and stuffed-couches of luxury of a court for a life of toil! Fancy! but it is no fancy, it is a real fact. Peter determined to find out things for himself; he had a maxim that he who would be a smith must work at the forge; and so he set out to several courts in the retinue of his own ambassador, as a private person not altogether unknown; but he kept himself in the background, and in the background he no doubt obtained a good deal of what is called diplomacy, which is another name for treachery and humbug.

But Peter soon found out that diplomacy, although very good as far as craft goes, did not make a nation great, and so he disguised himself and repaired to the dock-yard of Saardam, in Holland, and there enrolled himself among the ship-carpenters. He was astonished at the multitude of workmen

constantly employed, the order and exactness observed in their several departments, the great despatch with which they built and fitted out vessels, and the incredible quantity of stores for the ease and security of labour. Clothed and fed like the rest of the carpenters, the Czar worked at the forges, the ropewalks, and the mills. From the construction of a boat he proceeded to that of a 60-gun ship, which was begun by himself and finished with his own hands, and which he sent to Archangel. These occupations did not prevent him from attending lectures, as our young Prince of Wales now does those of the good and liberal-minded Mr. Faraday, and thus he improved himself in anatomy, surgery, mechanics, and other branches of practical philosophy. From Holland Peter came to England, where he followed the same manner of life. The Dutch carpenters had taught him the practical part of ship-building, but the English instructed him in the fundamental principles of the art. In short, nothing escaped the notice of the Prince. His attention was directed to arithmetic—he had unfortunately no “Martin’s Intellectual Calculator”—and from this to watch-making, hydraulics, astronomy, and all the other “monys,” and when he had done this he took care that six or seven hundred young men should be educated in a similar manner, and these he sent to different parts of Russia to teach others.

That’s the way to go-a-head my young friends, and these measures soon told upon the Russians and the Emperor of Russia. The Turks and Tartars, when they heard that Peter was handling the axe and saw at Saardam, seemed a little bothered; and the Russian soldiers, when they heard the same thing, said one to another, “This young Czar is the lad

for us, we will fight for him !” And they did fight, and that so bravely, that they soon sent the Turks and Tartars back to their own dominions with more than they bargained for.

Before Peter went to ship-building he had been a soldier. Scarcely was he able to carry a musket, when he assembled round him a number of youths of his own age—he was then about twelve—and these he drilled and manœuvred. He called them his own Guard ; and that corps swelled at last to a little army, and although it increased to such an extent, Peter is said to have known every individual member of it, the same as he knew all his playmates and school-fellows.

In order to teach the young Boyars proper subordination, with which they were hitherto unacquainted, Peter successively occupied the office of drummer, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain, while the commands were given and executed in the name of Le Forte, a Piedmontese gentleman who had become his favourite, and who proved himself worthy of his confidence. He was not a favourite, like those of some of our weak English Kings, taken up for their personal qualities and amusing manners, but a favourite because he was a man of clear understanding and great industry and fidelity. He was a self-taught man, too, like the Czar, and consequently saw things as they really were, as well as how they ought to be, which your cloister book-worms and fiddle-faddle reading men never do. Le Forte went on and on in his duties, and at last rose to be both admiral as well as general, but not without passing regularly through all the subordinate offices of both the naval and military professions.

The Czar always took care never to force others to do what he was not ready to do himself. He also, although a soldier,

passed through all the grades of the naval service, from the "middy" to the admiral. His example was a powerful stimulus to the Russian nobility, who disdained not the lowest ranks in the service when they had been filled by the Emperor.

But Peter did more than this. He had the good sense to entertain the idea that women were the great civilizers of mankind. The women had been treated in Russia as slaves or beasts of burden, and were shut out from society, and kept as mere domestic conveniences. Peter abolished many wicked and cruel laws which oppressed them; took care that they should be introduced into court at the assemblies of fashion: he encouraged their dressing, their accomplishments, their music, and dancing: he introduced improvements in dress, behaviour, and other matters, and from that moment Russia made way.

Peter also reformed the religion of his country. He very properly considered that where religion was corrupt the people would be wicked, and where it got the upper hand the people would be the most degraded slaves. He took care that the priesthood should give up their spiritual authority, so contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion. He put down a great deal of ridiculous superstition, mockery, and the shutting-up of women. He made marriage also a natural matter, and he obliged the natives to use the Arabic relation of figures and calculation such as we use, and he reformed the calendar, the exchequer, and the state offices, and taught the merchants how to keep their accounts properly.

This is what Peter did in a civil way; and it is his doings in this manner which gave him a title to the character of "Great."

Opossum Hunting.

A FUNNY STORY OF MUSK ROSES.



THE opossum is a very odd animal, and makes good sport in the far West. He is about the size of a well-fed Tom-cat, but he looks a great deal more like an immense rat, with a yellowish skin. His paws are much like those of a squirrel; his ears have the power of closing, and turn upwards and backwards in a very singular manner. He sits on his hind feet, and holds his food in his fore paws, which are of essential service to him in many ways, for with them he scoops out for himself a burrow near the bushes in the neighbourhood of inhabited districts. He sleeps during the day, but at night he is "wide awake" to everything. With all the cunning of the fox, the agility of the squirrel, and the daring of a weasel, he mounts the trees, penetrates into the poultry yards, attacks

the hens or pigeons, sucks their blood, devours their eggs, and plays "old gooseberry" with everything eatable that comes in his way; so that he is looked upon as an "ugly customers" by most of the yankees, who, resembling him in a great many of his good qualities, have a particular antipathy against him, except his meat, which forms a "bon bouche" for the Virginian epicure.

It is in Maryland and Virginia, that opossums abound, and it is very curious when one goes into the mighty woods that spread themselves so majestically in various parts of the western world, to see these creatures hanging about among the branches of the trees, as we see dead vermin hung up in our little woods by the gamekeepers. They may be observed suspended from the twigs and branches, sometimes by the forepaw, sometimes by the hinder one, but, more frequently, by the tail, as monkeys often suspend themselves, and now and then you will behold them trying to swing from branch to branch by a pendulum kind of motion, and then skip from tree to tree with a nimble, though not with a bounding, motion.

And of all the "chaps" in the States where opossums abound, there are none like the Irish American farmers for hunting them. They are springy, saucy, jovial fellows, and when they go about a thing, do it with such hilarity and good cheer that it is quite a pleasure to make one of their party, as I did, when on a visit to the Southern States some little time ago..

I must tell you, however, first of all, that opossum hunting depends as much for its success upon the dogs which are employed in it as upon the men or the guns, and, in this respect, as I shall show you, my young friends and I were better

off than most of our neighbours, for they possessed a pair of fine Scotch terriers bred to the business—aye, there is a great deal in being *bred* to a business, for it often comes to pass that the business may be *bread* to you—but let that pass, I am not going to moralise but to show sport.

Now, old Paddy O'Rourke was the "Irish jintilmin" that owned I do not know, how many wild acres in Virginia, but he had a "minth of land," as they say in ould Ireland, and better than that, he had two Scotch terriers, as wiry as curry-combs; and, better than that, he had two fine spalpeens of boys, more cute, and fierce, and hairy, and wiry, than the terriers. Hooray for the boys! you will say, and so says PETER PARLEY—Hooray for the boys! But I should have said that "Pat" had two good rifles, as good as the boys almost, and just "upon a piece" with the terriers.

Sure it was a beautiful moonlight, dripping dew, soft and tender, lovely kind of a night. You see I can't help speaking a little in the Irish manner when I am talking of Irish boys. Yes, the moon-beams fell on the river like silver embroidery, and glanced upon the bushes like hoar frost, although it was "piping hot," as the saying is. But that was the time for the opossums, for that is the time the "varment" come down from the trees for the purpose of making love to "Dame Parlett" the hen, and talking with her sweet little brood, and of playing at "ducks and drakes" with the old ducks and young ducklings, and looking into the "cupboard" for the little pots of honey and jelly-cake. Oh, it is all by the "swate light of the moon" that the little opossums come out to do their wicked work of plunder, and to flourish the bellella of their tails, as much as to say bababoo to all the world, and to the moonlight in particular.

Well, there was Old Patrick O'Rourke and Daniel, his eldest son, and Antrim, his youngest, and old PETER PARLEY—that is myself, and two terriers, and twice two guns, and an old harrier who had lost his teeth, but not his smell; and we all took a drop of whiskey to keep the moon-beams from striking us and making us lunatics, and then shouldering our “arms,” we took to our legs, and away we went into the bush after the racoons.

“Whist, whist!” said old Pat as we got among the trees. “Hould yar gab, Daniel; mum’s the order of the night. Stale along, lads, like a slug under a cabbage-leaf!” And so we stole along almost without leaving any trail; and the dogs, who seemed to understand the “stealthy pace,” through being Scotch terriers and reading “Macbeth,” sneaked behind us as if they had been caught in the fact of “stealing pudding” from the kitchen-dresser. At last we came to a clump of chesnut trees, and there we all stood for a time, quiet as mice, to see which way the game was likely to set.

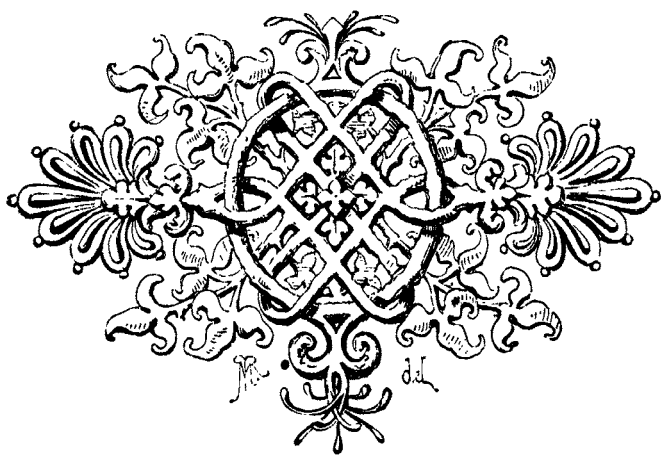
The pair of terriers were now *hied* off to ferret and forage about, and brush up the game; and we presently heard, by their subdued barking, that they had succeeded in finding something; and we soon found that they had got on the true scent of their game, for the scared opossums began to approach us on all sides, and, nothing daunted by our guns, made a dead set for the chesnut-trees under which we had ranged ourselves. Before we could point our pieces to fire, a score or two rushed upon us from all sides. Some ran up the trees in a twinkling, some, to get at them the shortest way, scrambled up over our persons. We popped and we fired where we could, and fought with the butt-ends of our rifles, and with

the barrels, and even with our hats and hands; but so sudden was the onset, and so confused the rencontre, that the opossums were all up the chestnuts before we had time to think where we were; and most sorely bewildered did we look, with the pale moonlight winking at us through the high chesnut-trees, and the old melancholy face of the Moon herself looking half waggish at our discomfiture. "Oh hoo, oh hoo!" said old Pat Rouke, "is that the way ye trate gentlemen of quality? By the powers, but we will take the bran out of ye, anyhow. Up the bark, my lads; up the trees, my 'gravy of a boy.' Dan, up with ye, and tie the opossums together by their tails, and send them down to us." So up went Dan, the "gravy of a boy," and up went Antrim, the "broth of a boy," as his father called him, while I and the old Irish boy stood longing below, like boys standing under apple-trees when they gather apples. Presently we heard the boughs crack and snap, and, with the cracks and snaps, came many squeals and squeaks of the opossums, and many a cry of the boys encouraging each other. "Knock him off the tip end of that twig," said Dan. "Clave him clane out of that 'fork' with your bowie-knife," called out Antrim. And then we heard hack, and crack, and squeak, and rustle for a time; till at last, with a tremendous crash, down came Dan through a multitude of branches, whack on the ground. "Oh, hubbaboo, oh, hubbaboo!" cried the father, "my darlent of a boy! Is it the way ye want to break your auld father's heart and your back at the same time." But before the Irish howl could be entirely finished, Dan was on his legs, and flinging half a dozen dead opossums from his body, he was up the tree again in a twinkling, without saying a single word, except awfully

groaning at his pains, and grinding his teeth against the "varment," as he ascended. Antrim, in the meantime, was as busily engaged as his brother had been, but with better luck. He had slashed and slayed a goodly number of the opossums, and was sending them down the tree, one after the other, in capital style. One fell upon my nose, with a slap that made my eyes strike fire; another completely bonnetted me; so that the bright moon was in a kind of eclipse for some time. Dan, too, soon got to work again, and, imitating his brother Antrim, sent down the opossums as if he had been brushing a walnut tree. Down, down, down, they came, like hail, old Rouke dancing about below in mad antics at the success of his "darlents." At last the trees were pretty well cleared, and after the fall of animals had slackened to about one a minute, as guns slacken fire after the fight is over, down came the boys, Dan and Antrim. But never shall I forget the spectacle they cut about the "jib." They had been bitten and scratched, and torn to such a degree on hands, face, and clothes, as to be real tatterdemalions to look at. Dan had been bitten quite through the nose by one of the creatures, and its tip had been, no doubt, bolted by the enraged animal; a long strip of skin hung over his eye, which was Dan's eyebrows (and a beautiful pair he had as any boy in Virginia). His neck was scarified, and his whole frontispiece so damaged and disfigured, that it looked scarcely like a face. Antrim was equally as lovely. Both his eyes were blackened by the rebound of a bough, which had slipped from his grasp, and his face, being swelled up like a loaf of bread in the oven, his little snubby Irish nose was completely lost, or only appeared as a pimple between the wounded cheeks. His hands were

reeking with blood, and there was such a terrific grin upon his swollen and bloated countenance, that it made him look a perfect demon. "Sure, and you have been to the wars, I'm afraid," said the anxious father. "Oh, bother!" replied Dan, "it will all brush off when it is dry. Give us the whiskey, and let's count the game." And there they were—forty-seven opossums, dead and warm, and they and the boys all smelling with a smell so abominable, as to make us all sick. "Oh, give us the whiskey!" said Dan. "Give us the whiskey!" said Antrim; and, as I began to choak with the scent, I, too, called out, "Give us the whiskey!" And so Rouke gave us all a drop of the "crature," and we cut a long pole from the old chestnut trees, and, tying the opossums two and two by the tails, we went away, forming a grand procession, in triumphant marching order, singing, "I.O.," as the pagans used to do. But oh, the most extraordinary of "stenches!" it was a regular Tom Prentice—a walking pestilence. The biting and the scratching, the loss of a nose or an eye, was nothing to the vile "scent," if smells were scents, that environed us. We could get no sleep all night, and wished the animals had torn our noses up by the roots. Next morning we could not put our clothes on, they smelt so strong of the foetid abomination. Every coat, waistcoat, and continuation, had to be baked in an oven before we could wear them; and even then, when we went out into the villages, the people we met used to nip their noses together with their fingers when they passed us, and say, "Opossum hunting is very good sport, but very bad for the nose." And so, indeed, it is, and I shall never forget the smell. I always had it in my nose, till some years after I wintered in Canada, when my nose


became frostbitten, and I lost the unpleasant flavour. But forget it I never shall, to the longest day of my life ; and I would, as a moral to this story, say to my young friends, mind when you're hunting that you don't catch more than you bargained for.



The Foolish Faddie,

WHO MEDDLED WITH THINGS HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH.

[A SCOTCH STORY.]

OME young callents are very fond of pretending to know everything, while they know nothing ; others are fond of putting their oar in when their advice is not worth having ; while a third set take a great pleasure in meddling with things out of their way.

Sawney Balchristy was one of these latter "gude people." His father kept a very decent shop in the town market for the sale of good Scotch linen and the like, but Sawney had no great liking for the counter, and on market days it was his great delight to sally forth, with a knob-stick and leggings, and a short coat, into the grass market at Edinburgh. Sauntering along one Wednesday morning, and stopping at every pen of cattle exposed for sale, his attention was for a moment arrested by the appearance of six handsome young bullocks. Sawney stopped and looked at the beasts with a knowing air, and peeked up and down their backs, and under their flanks and haunches, as if he had been one of the knowing fleshers

(butchers) looking out for a bargain. Whilst in the midst of the vain contemplation of fat and lean, he was suddenly interrupted by a huge slap on the shoulder from a man in a grey coat, with boot-hose, and a whip in his hand.

"Weel, what think ye o' that stots?" said he. "There is nae better beasts in the market the day." "They seem very handsome animals," said Sawney. "Ye may say that," said the grazier; "they war fed in my ain yard at Kirk-whirley, and small's the bit of oil cake ever crossed their craigs. Only feel them, mon—tak haud o' them—dinna be afeard." With that the grazier dragged the youth between two of the bullocks; and he, not willing to show his ignorance, felt the flanks of the animals after the manner of the grazier. He also raised their tails, as he had seen others do in the market, and he felt them all about with a knowing air, as if he had been born a cattle dealer. "What do ye think, now, may be the weight o' that? Now, gie a guess," said the grazier. "I have no idea," said Sawney, looking rather sheepish. "Hoot awa wi' your affectation, mon. Ye ken fu weel; ye haena been sae lang a flesher, without kenning mair than ye wish to tell. But if they dinna stand out aught and forty stane, ye's get them for naething. I'm sure ye'll no grudge saxteen punds the piece for them. Ye canna', in your conscience, ca' that dear." "I really do not know their value exactly," said the youth; "they may be worth the money for aught I know." "Worth the money, man? Eh, Deacon Michell took twel sic-like for five shilling mair ahead; but no to stand gibbling and gabbling, their yours at that price, and we'll sae nac mair about it." "But really, sir," said the knowing lad, "I know nothing about these things,

not I. I—I—I—" "Say nae mair about it, Mr. Harrigals, it's a done bargain," said the grazier, taking him by the hand with a prodigious slap. "I ken your father fu' weel, and he'll no be sorry ye've coft the beasties thrae me. If ye dinna double the money on them, I'll eat them a'll myself. We'll just step into this house, here, and take half a mutchkin on the bargain; and ye can give me your order on the bank for the siller. Here, Sandy, drive these beasts to Mr. Harrigals' park, at the Grainge Tolls, and then gang to Mrs. Hamilton's and get yer breakfast, and see the powney get a fced wi' yer ain, mark ye, for I'll leave the market at twal. Come awa, Mr. Harrigals, and we'll settle the business in the twinkling of a bawbee."

With that the grazier thrust his hand under the young man's arm, and forced him across the market-place. In vain did he endeavour to urge a word of explanation. The brawny Scotchman had him in his grip, and he thrust him forward through the crowd to the public-house, elbowing his way through farmers, graziers, butchers, dogs, pigs, horses, beasts, and poncys. But while in the act of crossing the street, and in the middle of this strange dilemma, the attention of the grazier was aroused by the calling out of his name in a loud voice by a person at a little distance—"Andrew, Andrew Gillespie! Mr. Gillespie, I say! Sure is the man dead or deaf—Gillespie, Gillespie—I say, hand yer lugs this way, man!" "Wha's that crying on me?" said the grazier. "Stop a wee, Mr. Harrigals, till we see," said he, turning in the direction from which the voice proceeded. A young man about the size of Sawney was bustling through the crowd, dressed in a green plaid jacket, booted and spurred. "Oh,

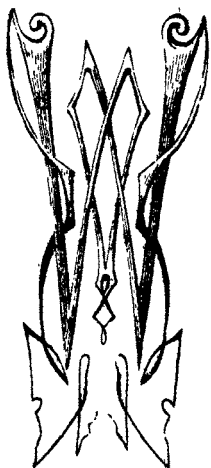
it is you," said the grazier; "how like ye are to yer brither. I've been looking for ye twa hours in the market the day, as I had promised yer father to put a gude article into yer hands. Herd Sandy's awa wi' the beasts in yer park; and now we'll gang in and hae our brèakfast thegither." "That's no my brither, Mr. Gillespie," said the young man. "You must be mistaken; and if ye hae sell'd the beasts, there is nae mair about it. But my siller is as gude as anither's; and there's as gude fish in the sea as ever came out o't." "For goodness sake," said Sawney, who began to see that he had got himself into a mess with his pretensions, "the bargain's yours, if you will take it. This honest gentlemen here has been under some mistake, which he would not allow me to clear up. Do take the animals at your own price, and pray let me go: I will never——"

"Hoot, hoot!" said young Harrigals, "has the chiel been imposing upon ye by calling himself me. Grip him, Andrew: he maun be a swindler, a cheat, a scamp, a highwayman. Grip him hard, Andrew, while I call for the police." "Wha may ye be?" said the grazier, squeezing Sawney at the neck till he was black in the face; at the same time the mob gathered round, and the cry of cheat, and rogue, and highwayman, was raised on all sides. "Gi'e him the cow's-hide," says one; "pelt him with rotten eggs," said another; "to the pump wi' him," said a third: "gibbet him—cut his comb—dry shave him," uttered the mob. At the same time the filth and dirt flew about like hail, till Sawney, and the grazier, and young Harrigals, were covered. They, however, contrived to get into the public-house, and having closed the door and barred it inside, Sawney, as soon as he had wiped his face from the filth

that covered it, began to explain himself. He told them ~~who he was~~, that his father was a linen trader, and a member of the town council; and that he had nothing to do with beasts, and knew nothing about them. When it was known that Sawney's father was in the town council, and had a shop in the town market, the character of swindler and rogue was immediately changed for that, of foolish laddie, for meddling with things that he had nothing to do with; and Andrew, the grazier, looking with fierce scorn and contempt upon the crestfallen simpleton, said, "Foolish callent, what for did ye no speak out, man? I thocht when I saw ye afeart to set your feet in the straw and handle the nout wi' yer yellow gloves, that the Edinburgh fleshers were turned unco genteel indeed. But, howsomever, I wadna cheat ye; ye need nae hae been afeart for that. Mr. Harrigal's kens that they are a gude bargain, and ye might, maybc, hae sell'd them wi' profit. But come, we'll scrape ye weel down, and sweeten ye wi' half a mutchkin of whiskey upon it. But I see how it is, ye are one of those callow fowl that want to make out yerself full fledged before yer time. But let me gie ye a word o' advice, my laddie, and that is, never to meddle wi' things that don't belong to your callings; and above all, never pretend to be what ye are not, or you may chance to buy a vast deal more than ye bargained for. And now, to get out of the scrape ye have got into, I'd advise ye to let yer maid-servant get a bit o' iron hoop, and gie ye a scrape all over, to get the mud off, and then ye'll gang quietly to yer bed; and never poke about beasties again, seeing what a beastly state they may bring you to." And so Sawney got home as fast as he could, and ever after meddled not with things that did not belong to him.

Self-Sacrifice ;

OR, THE DOG AND THE ALLIGATOR, AND THE DOG'S LAST LOOK.



WHAT a noble thing, my young friends, is self-sacrifice ! History records many instances of it. Some have sacrificed themselves for their country, some for their friends, some for their parents, some for their children, and some for a mere idea—a mere principle ; no, not a mere principle—I do not like that term ; for the deepest of all sacrifices are those that are made for great principles. It is heroic in the extreme to sacrifice ourselves for the cause of Righteousness, for the cause of Truth, for the cause of Liberty ; and should the time ever arrive that any of my young friends are called to sacrifice some advantage for any of these things, I may tell them that they ought to consider themselves happy in being chosen by God for the glorious service. *

But I am not going to preach a sermon, but to tell a story,

and that story not of a man or a hero, but of a dog—a faithful, affectionate, devoted dog. The animal I had received as a present when quite a pup—and when I was almost a pup too, for it was when I was a young man, before the days of puppyism were passed. The dog was given to me by an old seafaring uncle of mine, who knew his father, mother, and all his aunts and uncles,—all born to be faithful dogs; and my uncle had a curious idea about the stock a person, or a dog, or a horse, or a pig came from, and he thought when anything came of a good stock, there was some reason for believing that it would be good for something; so Rollo (as that was his name) was given to me in his days of puppyism, on the faith of my uncle as to his turning out a good dog, which he did.

However, Rollo was a huge, thick-headed, clumsy-legged, thick, broad-pawed, curly-polled, collop-eared, shag-of-a-rag fellow; and as he grew up, looked very much as if he had exchanged his coat for some dilapidated door-mat, and his behaviour and temper did not seem much better than his looks; for a young cousin of mine, an only child, had so irritated and teased him and ill-used him, that he lost his good temper, which he had from his father and mother, before he well knew what temper was. So that, what with his black ugliness, for he was as black as a negro, and what with his surliness, and what with his snappishness, the poor dog had not a friend in the ship in which I acted as middy, as I have, I think, before told you. Many a kick and many a blow did poor Rollo get from the seamen, and especially from the cook's mate,—a lubberly, dirty, ill-natured puppy, who often burnt his nose with the slim poker belonging to the cabose, and on such occasions, a half-angry, half-disdainful growl was

Rollo's only revenge (for he never attacked any one), and immediately he would seek me, as if in the sympathy and indulgence I showed him he felt comforted, and he ever showed, in ten thousand different modes, his gratitude.

Yet Rollo was a strange beast, for he had not been improved by his early training as most dogs now are; and although excessively fond of me, he did not exhibit that fawning and spaniel-like affection that some dogs do. He seemed to have a sense of self-respect, and a noble independence of character about him. He never fawned on any one in return for any indulgence or caress; a silent look from his large eyes, and a rapid wagging of his tail were his only acknowledgments; flattery he appeared to disdain, coaxing he would not stand from any one, and no one could humbug him. Rollo was, in fact, a dumb illustration of the old adage, "Deeds, not words."

In spite of his faults—for I must consider a surly behaviour either in dogs or men as a fault—I loved Rollo, he was my constant companion. He followed me about the deck by day, and at night crept as close to my hammock as he could lay down, as my guardian angel of the dog species. He also attended me on shore, and I have no doubt that he has created many a laugh at my expense, by following at my heels: his ugly rough coat rendered him still more unsightly by various patches of tar and pitch, gathered by lounging about the ship's deck. The dog had numbered his fifth year, when occasion directed the vessel in which I then served into the roadstead of one of the numerous islands in the Straits of Sunda to replenish our almost exhausted stock of water. It happened that I had the command of the watering party, and Rollo,

as a matter of course, went with me into the boat. In a burning climate like this, the labour of taking in water is no joke; however, by putting our shoulders well to the wheel, the job was accomplished before sunset, and the last boat was despatched to the ship.

The islet on which we had landed was uninhabited, and its still, luxuriant beauty tempted me and a brother officer to ramble among the lonely and solitary scenery: it was a sweet spot, almost a realization of what we sometimes think the garden of Eden must have been.

"It is a perfect paradise," said my companion, seating himself on a rocky knoll, and gazing with transport around him; "one might make himself as happy as a maggot in a grease-pot (a phrase, herewith not very elegant, you will say) were we here with nothing to do but to pelt the monkeys and eat the wild pine-apples."

"Very fine," said I, "to contemplate, but it is 'not all gold that glitters.' And I think we had better shout for the boat. The sun is just down, and I dare say the captain has no mind to hug the land all night, so let's hail the boat, and keep a look-out till she comes in-shore."

So I sat down on the edge of a shelving bank that ran precipitously into the sea, to await the return of the boat. The exertions I had undergone—the mild and balmy breeze that had just ruffled the surface of the ocean tempted me to a bath, and I accordingly began to undress myself preparatory to plunging in, as persons usually do. My companion, dear Rollo, observed me with a steadfast look and with evident uneasiness, fidgetting about me with a continued whine and yelp. At the time I took no notice of him, but the circum-

stance that afterwards occurred recalled it forcibly to my mind.' At length, being completely undressed, I arose to my feet, to make a preparatory run of a few paces, when Rollo, springing across my path with a piteous whine, baulked me in my career. Somewhat angrily I kicked him (and my heart bleeds now as I think of it): the poor beast stole on one side, regarding me at the same time in the most unaccountable manner, and still, continuing a howl, which I have no doubt was meant for his wise remonstrances. Again I prepared to make my spring, when the dog, starting at the top of his speed, reached the edge of the bank before me. At the same instant I was on the spot the dog was in the very act of bounding, when judge my horror and affright on beholding a monstrous alligator—such a beast!—with his vast jaws opening like a huge man-trap, and just visible above the placid water, watching and waiting for his expected prey. Unnerved at the dreadful sight, I had not sufficient command over myself to stay completely the impetus of the run I had made, and I rather fell than leaped off the bank into the sea. Even in the agony of mind I suffered at that moment, I was not wholly unmindful of my poor Rollo, and turned my eyes, as soon as I had a little recovered my breath, towards the spot where I had seen the alligator. Poor creature! he had sacrificed himself for me. I saw him vainly struggling in the deadly gripe of the huge monster, his perishing and tear-fraught eyes turned upon me, and seeming to seek those of his master—his only friend. It was a look of love and devotion, and the expression of his dull black eyes seemed to say, "If you are saved, my life is well laid out." Oh, Rollo, Rollo, my heart bleeds for you whenever I think of that last look!

A Pass in the Andes.



VERY boy knows that the Andes are an immense chain of mountains extending through South America, from north to south, generally at the distance of about 150 miles from the western coast.

The Andes differ greatly in their general aspect and character, being in some places blended together into an entire mass, and in others divided into two or three ridges. In Chili they are about one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, presenting numerous summits of prodigious height. In the north they diverge in a straggling manner. In Peru they divide again, and in Quito they form two chains or ridges, and between these there is a plain of great fertility, richly cultivated and thickly settled, having numerous towns and villages.

The approach to the Andes from the western coast has al-

ways been admired. The road leads through the most beautiful forest, the foliage of which exhibits the most lively and beautiful colours. As the traveller advances, an awful sublimity pervades the mind, and the tremendous passes and chasms, and the cataracts that roll down them, excite feelings of terror.

And if these "mighty sublimities," as Uncle Tom calls them, did not, there are other matters to do it, and so exciting are these that they sometimes take away all your pluck—and pluck is a most valuable accompaniment in these regions, I can tell you. It is not a bad thing anywhere, in this fierce uncompromising world, in which we have to wage the battle of life, sometimes without a sword to aid us, or a shield to protect us, or an angel to cheer us.

One of my boys—that is to say, one of the readers of *PARLEY'S ANNUAL*, and his other tales of twenty years ago—was of a roving disposition, so he determined to rove. He had no friends but his good spirits, his high courage, and his noble independence—but these were a fortune to Sidney Harcourt. He had been long possessed with a notion of being able to amass wealth in the climes of the sun; and he started off, with a staff of engineers, to the Bay of Panama about five years ago. He went through many adventures, and frequently wrote to a friend of mine, who shall be nameless. Many of his letters are very interesting, and from one of them I shall select an account of his passing through a pass of the Andes, in which he was fortunate enough to "save his bacon," as the saying is.

He had been exploring the west coast of South America, and to get to the east side, his party determined to go through the Andes, through the pass of Oagaca. There were nine

persons altogether, four of whom were mounted on mules. These were the principal and secondary engineers, and two officers of a sloop of war which had been wrecked on the western coast, with a round Dutchman, a lean Frenchman, Sidney, and a blackman, who had to make their way upon the most ancient of all carriages, Adams' ten-toed curricule.

Their principal wealth consisted in themselves. They had however, their luggage and various mining matters, with engineering implements and mathematical instruments, and they presented a force by no means to be despised. But somehow or other they were of more consideration than they thought they were, in the eyes of some of the wild Spanish bandits that infest more or less all the mountainous passes of the Andes, and long before they had left the coast margin, their destruction had been determined by Don Anselmo Goutuza and a band of about twenty freebooters; and, as life was considered of little value to those gentlemen, it was determined to destroy every living soul of the English party, including the fat Dutchman, the lean Frenchman, and the black negro.

So master Don Anselmo and his crew started a few days before Sidney's party, and took possession of the rocks on either side of the mountain ravine which they had to pass. They sharpened their swords and stilletos, and loaded their guns, and set them down to watch, as the tigers watch for mountain sheep and deer, expecting to obtain a great booty, for they had been given to understand by the black man that the party were diamond merchants, (so they were, of black diamonds, for they had been searching for coals along the coast), and that the diamonds were carried in the saddle-bags of the horses that bore them. Anything but a black diamond this negro, I think!

"We were passing along the valley in the middle of the day," said Sidney, 'the hot cruel sun, fierce as a lion raging away above us, and hard, hot, fierce-fanged rocks on all sides of us, a little stream struggling below through stones and fallen trees, and hugh masses of the rifled mountain. Dreadfully



thirsty, sweating at every pore, we stumbled along, the poor horses foot-sore and goaded, and all of us heart-sore and exhausted, wishing mining and engineering, and all such matters, at the bottom of the Red Sea. At last we came to a close narrow ravine, and thought that under its shaded, towering sides we might have our mid-day meal and rest ourselves

a-while. So we opened our knapsacks and sat down, spreading our store about us, with our little bottles of Carrach, and made ourselves as happy as we could. We ate and we drank, and we felt cheered and comfortable, and thought we could not do better than lie down and take our nap ; so one coiled himself near one stone, and others in various nooks and places, till at last the majority began to snore." Sidney, however, being tormented with the raging pain of his foot, which had been bitten by a centepede, slept with one eye open, and, to his astonishment, beheld the "Black Diamond" making very odd motions with his legs, as he laid on his back on the ground, twisting and turning them about, something after the manner of a telegraph. There is something in the wind, thought Sidney, and so there was, for if he had looked up he would have seen the broad hats of some of the bandits bobbing about among the rocks above him, and he would have seen the bright barrels of rifles slanting towards the party. He did not, however ; but he saw the black man whip away like a frightened snake into a cleft of the rock, and, before he had well vanished, bang—bang—bang, and whip—whip—whip went the report of the rifles from the height, and the sharp twang of the shot where they stood. These were almost as dangerous as the bullets of the apothecary and shepherd on the banks of the Deben, where poor old PETER PARLEY was well nigh slaughtered while cooking his kettle in all the security of a man of peace. But that is past, and I forgive it, like a good old Christian as I am. Well, as I said, bang went the rifles and twang went the shot. What was to be done ? Every head popped up ; but Sidney, who had his wits about him, cried out, "Lie down ! keep close under

cover! we are surprised! sneak! crawl! keep your heads down! the Philistines are upon us! we are betrayed!"

This wise advice probably saved the whole party from sacrifice, for had they jumped up to look about them, and so have exposed themselves, every man would have been cut off at the next discharge; but this was not to be, and all, except the fat Dutchman, got under cover and prepared to load their pistols and rifles with the greatest expedition; but the Dutchman, whose idea seemed to be very much like that of the ostrich, which puts its head into a bush, leaving its tail out, and thinks itself safe, exhibited so much of the inferior part of his body, that the next volley pierced him sadly, and he roared and turned up like a fat brawny boar in a German forest; but before he had done his first great roar, the engineer, his mate, and the two naval officers, with their tools in order, and, at the suggestion of Sidney, all got together under a great mass of rock, where they were sheltered from the enemies fire, and there they held a council of war as to what had best be done.

The engineer was for waiting where they were till nightfall, and then to sally forth under the cover of the darkness; the engineer's mate was for endeavouring to get away through the sheltered sides of the ravine, and to dash down another pass; but Sidney and the two middies were for converting the defence into an attack, and for driving the bandits off the field. This was plucky, and the Frenchman joined in it, and so did the engineers.

Away then dashed the bold fellows, Sidney at their head, leaving the Dutchman roaring and groaning below. Up the rocks, one by one, quietly, stealthily, with eyes upon the

sharp look out. Presently they saw the chief of the bandits, Master Don Anselmo, and eight or nine of his band descending the ravine. "Pick him off!" said Sidney; and Sidney picked him off; for at one discharge of his rifle Master Don Anselmo was a bit of dust. The engineer and his mate now fired, and then the Frenchman, and then Sidney again, and then his man. Two more of the bandits fell. "Close quarters," cried Sidney; "Close quarters," said the Frenchman; so away they went, over one rock and under the other, twisting and turning among the foliage, till they came to a knoll, from which they had full view of the robbers, who had now mustered in a body. The thicker the corn the easier 'tis reaped. "Now, into them," said Sidney, "while the bull's-eye is large;" and so another volley knocked over three or four more of the intruders, and then, like wild goats, the engineers, Sidney, and the Frenchman rushed after the foe. They only stood for a few minutes; another volley of carbine, rifle, and pistol made them break and run, leaving nine of their band, killed or wounded, in the hands of the victors.

This was pluck, prompt, and effective; and be assured of this—and this is the moral of my story—there is nothing like going right into a fellow when he is troublesome, and the best way to settle a quarrel is the shortest way. It is not necessary for me to say more than that our young friend and his party pursued the remainder of their journey in perfect safety.

Modern Mechanical Wonders.



THIS has been called, *par excellence*, a “mechanical age.” It is the age of invention and mechanical application, by which the “laws of Nature” are made subservient to our use, to counteract the otherwise uncontrolled agents which are for ever busy around us in the earth, the air, the sea, or the sky. We draw the lightning from the clouds, and render it harmless; we create lightning, or the principle of lightning, for ourselves, and make it an agent of thought. We bring from the depths of the earth’s bowels stone, iron, and other metals, and form them into houses or ships. We imitate the most stupendous operations of Nature, and create earthquakes, which shiver high and lofty mountains in an instant; and our deflagrating compounds, our gigantic batteries, our stupendous engines, our mighty applications of hydraulic power, are such as to convulse the world with wonder.

In London we have long wanted an accredited focus for the exhibition of these wonders, and from time to time various

attempts have been made to supply this deficiency. The Adelaide Gallery first led the way to establish a repository for scientific apparatus, and to exhibit the great principles of natural philosophy, and the application of those principles to art, science, or manufacture. And here the public caught the first taste for such matters. The "Polytechnic" followed soon after, and the "Adelaide" declined, and now the Royal Panopticon, with increased means, provides, on a far larger scale, the means for scientific exhibitions, and for promoting discoveries in art and manufactures. It professes to illustrate and exhibit, in a popular form, discoveries in science and in art; to extend our knowledge of useful and ingenious inventions; to promote and illustrate the applications of science to the useful arts; to instruct, by courses of lectures, to be demonstrated and illustrated by instruments and apparatus, all branches of literature and the fine and useful arts, manufactures, handicrafts, and even to illustrate history and nature by pictorial views and inventions. And here the Artist and mechanic may learn how to avail themselves of the discoveries and inventions of the master-minds who have taken the lead in their own pursuits, and, what is of more importance to the readers of PARLEY'S ANNUAL, it is here that young men may learn, by a kind of royal road, and by most striking and pleasing processes, the great wonders of the scientific and mechanical worlds.

One of the first objects that strike the visitor upon entering the Panopticon is the great fountain. It consists of a centre jet, which throws up a column of water to the extreme height of the dome, with eight minor jets, each playing upwards of forty feet, and converging to the centre. The top of the basin

is level with the floor. The water is furnished from an artesian well, sunk for the general purposes of the institution, by Mr. Baker, to the total depth of 346 feet. The pipes pass through the London clay, which here extends to 160 feet from the surface, into a stratum of sand and soft clay of 85 feet in thickness, before they reach the chalk. The fountain is worked by a pneumatic apparatus of great power, and efficiently aided by a powerful steam engine. Its most striking feature is that of illumination by coloured fires. Nothing can surpass the grandeur and beauty of the fountain when in action under this process, and the means taken to produce its extraordinary effects are so simple as to be easily comprehended by the spectators.

Another most important portion of this noted exhibition is the monster electrical machine, which cannot fail to be of the greatest importance to young people. Electricity is a science which arrests alike the philosopher in his study and the school-boy during the hours of his recreation, because the phenomena connected therewith are at once amusing and wonderful, and when they are conducted on a large scale the interest is proportionately increased. The electrical machine exhibited at the Panopticon is the largest ever constructed; its plate is ten feet in diameter, being larger, by three feet, than any other known. This enormous plate was cast by the Thames Glass Company, and weighs above eight hundred weight. The brass-frame conductor, which is pear-shaped, is at one end four feet in diameter, at the other two feet, and is six feet long. It is supported on six strong glass plates, each one inch thick, resting upon a gigantic iron tortoise, the whole weighing nearly a ton. The weight of the frame of the machine is about two tons. The machine is worked by steam power.

Among the apparatus for exhibiting on a grand scale electrical experiments by this machine, is the tube by which the phenomenon of the aurora-borealis is exhibited. One end of this tube is placed in communication with the positive conductor of the machine, while between the other extremity and the earth a connection is established. On turning the machine we notice within the tube all the beautiful appearances which characterize the natural phenomenon, the pale blue, white and violet streamers, the pencil rays and corruscations, and the ever-varying and fantastic groupings.

Besides this beautiful representation, the Thunder House affords great interest and amusement ; it serves most admirably to show not only the dangers to which high buildings are exposed from atmospheric electricity or lightning, but distinctly defines the method of protection from its devastating influence. The thunder house is made in the form of the gable-end of a building, surmounted by a chimney ; it has, piercing upwards, a brass rod, terminating with a ball of the same metal, while the lower part communicates with the earth by means of a wire. A square piece of the centre is moveable, so that the continuity of the wire may be broken. If a strong charge of electricity be passed from a battery to the terminating ball, the shock passes through the wire innocuously ; should the loose square, however, be so placed that the wire is at right angles, the square is driven out with great violence, and thus the effects of lightning, and its prevention by electrical conductors, is made strikingly apparent.

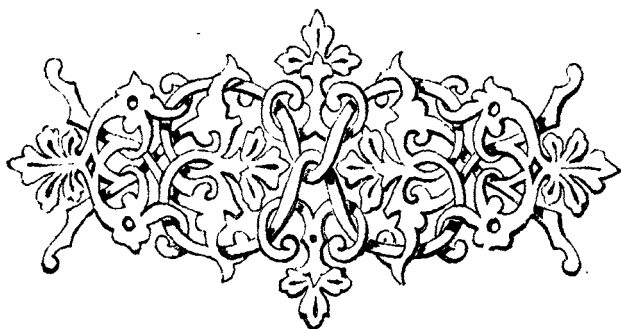
Leaving matters purely scientific and going to the practical application of them, one of the most extraordinary of all the mechanical wonders is the machine for the manufacture of

pins and needles. The manufacture of pins is one of the greatest prodigies of the division of labour. It furnishes upwards of ten thousand articles for half-a-crown, which, from the raw material to their perfect formation, have usually made a demand upon the united skill and diligence of fourteen distinct persons for home consumption and export, this country alone supplying no fewer than fifteen millions of pins daily.

One of the most important machines of the present day is the "Sewing Machine" of Mr. Judkins, which is suited to sewing either in a circle, curve, or straight line. The machine is somewhat complicated, and requires close inspection and particular explanation to enable the beholder to understand it. It is furnished with two reels of thread, one inside and the other outside of the machine. These threads are passed through the eyes of two needles, so placed that in turning the wheel at the end of the machine they pass and repass each other, and form the stitch in the material being sewn. The extensive utility of this and similar machines, in a social and national point of view, has been abundantly proved in the preparation of clothes for the army during the late war. The machine will sew 500 stitches a minute, and run up the seams of trowsers, jackets, coats, and cloaks in an incredibly short space of time. It is said that all the seam and stitch work of a whole suit of clothes has been performed by it in less than an hour.

My young friends have been made acquainted with the general principles of various diving apparatus. But the wonders of science have applied the balloon principle to the underwater practice, by which sunken property may be raised

chine, and is ejected beneath the cylinder, and, being prevented from returning by a valve, by its accumulating pressure forces up the piston, and with it all the things on the press which require compression.



“Old Times and Old Things.”

No. 1.

TOURNAMENTS AND CHIVALRY.



WHEN I was a boy, there was nothing that gave me more pleasure than to read and discourse about old things, and especially of the old times of Old England. I used to like to hear about old castles, old monasteries, and old houses, and if haunted, so much the better. Old sayings were also pleasant to me, and old doings were delightful. Ancient sports and pastimes, ancient tournaments, ancient feasts, ancient holidays, ancient fun, frolic, and adventure; and as “boys will be boys,” and are always pretty much the same, it has occurred to me that my young readers would like to live with me a little in the times that are gone by. I am not sure that, in some particulars, they are not better than the present. I am quite sure that we may learn a great deal from the consideration of them. The greatest men that ever lived belonged to ages that are passed. Shakspeare and Milton, Bacon and Coke, Newton and Locke, belonged to dates beyond that of

our great-great-grandfathers. They were men of sterling, substantial quality, meant to withstand the ruthless hand of time; and the houses and dwellings, mansions and strong boxes of their period, seemed, like them, made for eternity. We will go back—for sometimes to go back is to go forward. I say we will go back, my young friends, for the sake of a little knowledge; and first we will have a look at an ancient tournament. Boyish taste, I fancy, must prefer a Gothic tournament to the Olympic Games of classical antiquity. Instead of the naked spectacles which corrupted the manners of the Greeks, the pompous decoration of the lists were crowned with the presence of chaste and high-born beauty, from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of his dexterity and courage. The skill and strength exercised in boxing and wrestling, bear only a distant relation to the actions and merits of a soldier; but the tournaments, as they were invented in France, and eagerly adopted both in the East and West, presented a lively image of the business of the battle-field. The single combat, the general skirmish, the defence of the pass or the castle, were rehearsed as in actual service; and the contest, both in real or mimic war, was decided by the superior management of the horse and lance. The origin of tournaments is somewhat uncertain; but all historical monuments tend to show their Teutonic origin. They reached their full perfection in France in the ninth and tenth centuries, and first received the form under which they are known to us from the French. The word "tournament" is evidently of French origin.

The tournament was originally a martial conflict, in which the combatants engaged without any animosity, merely to

exhibit their strength and dexterity ; but, at the same time, engaged in great numbers, so as to represent a battle. Jousts differed from tournaments, in being single combats between two knights, while tournaments were performed between two parties of cavaliers. Jousts were of two sorts : the *joute a l'ontrance*, or the joust to the utterance of mortal combat, generally between two knights of different nations, and the *joute a plaisance*, or joust of peace, which often took place after the conclusion of a tournament, but sometimes at times and places especially appointed for the purpose. Weapons of war were frequently used even in this latter species of jousts, but blood was seldom shed in them. A favourite description of joust was the passage of arms. A party of knights assembled at a certain place, and suspended each a shield of different colours, offering to combat any knight who should present himself. The comer touched the shield of that knight whom he wished to defy or engage, and the nature of the combat, and the description of arms to be employed, were determined by the particular shield which he struck.

The tournament, however, was, after all, the most popular and splendid of their exhibitions. In these, blunted weapons were used, heralds were often despatched to different courts, inviting all the bravest knights to *prove their chivalry*. Certain qualifications of birth were required for the admission to the tourney, and their respective hotels, or tents, were assigned to the knights by the King-at-arms and heralds.

The place of combat was called the lists—a large open space surrounded by ropes, or a railing. Galleries were erected round the lists for the spectators, among whom were

seated the ladies—the supreme judges of tournaments. The heralds then read to the knights the regulations of the sport and announced the prize.

When the knights entered the list their arms were examined by the constable. The weapons used were lances, with the points removed or covered with pieces of wood, called rockets, and swords blunted or rebated. The tilting armour was of a light fabric, and generally adorned with some device of a lady's favour. Everything being prepared, the heralds shouted "*Laissez aller*," and the knights dashed from the opposite ends of the lists to the encounter. Each knight was followed by his esquire, who furnished him with arms, and raised him if dismounted.

In some of the most interesting tournaments, a strong barrier separated the combatants, and their lances were only employed. By this arrangement, many deadly heroic combats were avoided.

When the sport was over, the prizes were delivered to the successful knight by the Queen of Beauty, who had been chosen by the ladies. On the second day, there was often a tournament for the esquires, and on the third, a *melée* of knights and esquires in the list.

The great luxury and expence to which tournaments gave rise, frequently occasioned them to be prohibited by princes; and they were also opposed by the clergy, because they stopped the flow of wealth into the coffers of the church. But they fell into disuse on the decline of chivalry, and the whole art of war was changed by the use of gunpowder, and they scarcely survived the sixteenth century. Of late years, the Earl of Eglington attempted a foolish display of them at



Scotland, but as it rained as *hard* as it could pour during the three days of their exhibition, the knights got soaked, and the whole affair laughed at.

You would like to know something about the knights, I dare say. You must understand, then, that the mere management of arms did not itself make a man a knight. A true knight comprehended within himself a great variety of accomplishments. First, it was necessary that he should be a gentleman; next, of good appearance; he was also required to sing, to dance, to run with swiftmess, to ride well, to excel in wrestling; in short, he was required to be a man, both physically and intellectually, and above all, to be endowed with a high sense of honour.

The laws of chivalry required that every knight should pass through two offices; the first was a page, and at the age of fourteen he was admitted an esquire. The office of the esquire consisted of several departments—the esquire for the body, the esquire of the chamber, the esquire of the stable, and the carving esquire. The latter stood in the hall at dinner, carved the different dishes, and distributed them to the guests. Thus, an esquire was a title of office. Kings, and noblemen, and knights had their esquires, who were always gentlemen born. Now, our esquires are dealers in money (bankers), dealers in groceries, dealers in corn, dealers in horses, brewers, button makers, millers, druggists, and chandlers' shop keepers, so that to be called an esquire is now thought to be disreputable.

Tournaments and jousts were usually exhibited at coronations, royal marriages, and other occasions of solemnity, where pomp and pageants were thought to be requisite. One

great reason, and perhaps the most cogent of any, why the nobility of the middle ages, nay, and even princes and kings, delighted so much in the practice of tilting with each other, was that on such occasions they made their appearance with prodigious splendour, and had the opportunity of displaying their accomplishments to the greatest advantage. The ladies, too, were proud of seeing their professed champions engaged in these arduous conflicts, and perhaps a glove or a ribbon from the hand of a favourite female might have inspired the receiver with a zealous wish for conquest, and it often happened that a "very nice young man" lost his life for a "bit of red ribbon," as they do at the present day.


But after a time, in the natural order of change, military enthusiasm gave way, as learning came more into fashion, and a wonderful change came over the nurture, and education, and manners of our nobility. Violent exercises require strength and activity of body, and as people began to read books they became effeminate, and manly sports became the almost exclusive amusement of the lower classes. The example of the nobility was followed by the gentry, and that of the gentry, by the queer people who fancied themselves the gentry; and at last the lower classes went fully into the same effeminacies, and resorted to gambling and idleness, and that pestiferous habit called *smoking*, which enervates body and mind, and turns a young man into a "molly coddle."

Keep up these active sports my young friends; buy the "Book of Sports," and leap, and run, and jump, and play cricket and quoits, and all other manly games, and be knightly in your own right, and do not be over fast to despise the glorious days of chivalry—much better than these days of whining, slobbering, and groaning.

The Ghost-Ship.

A TALE OF THE ANTARCTIC SEA.

BY JACK SCROGGINGS, THE BOATSWAIN.



STORM among the icebergs is not to be sneezed at, my hearties," said old Jack Scroggings, a weather-beaten bit of tough salt junk, who sat in the chimney-corner of the "Lord Nelson," at a seaport town on the wild coast of Yorkshire. "Talk of storms in the channel, and they are bad enough, now and then," continued Jack; "and of storms in the North and the broad Atlantic, but give me a good gale, about ten degrees below Cape Doesn't it blow, and vere, and cut, and caper. Snow as thick as treacle, and ice, and sleet, and hailstones as big as marbles. That is the fun, my lads, to make a sailor of a man."

These flying remarks of Jack's were addressed to a group of

young fellows of an amphibious creed, half-land and half-water, who were drinking the drugged porter, and smoking the smuggled tobacco of the host of the "Lord Nelson." Jack was the oracle of the meeting, and was reputed to be a wonderful man in his way, having been a man-of-war's-man for time out of mind, and boatswain of the Harry-thew-sur, and Belly-ruffian besides.

"Aye, Master Scroggings, you knows a thing or two about the sea," remarked one of the amphibii; "'ticularly about the Polar regions, when you went out to grease the poles, you know, along with Captain Parry, and make the world jog on a little faster."

"None of your chaff, you puny rascal," responded Jack. "I only wish I had had you on board the Belly-ruffian, when I had the command of the foretop; I'd have made you pick up your own chaff, or I'd have boxed the compass round you with a rope's end to the tune of 'Rule Britannia,' and made you dance like a monkey on a cat-head. None of your chaff, you lubber."

"Belay, belay, Tom," said an old man, sitting close up behind Scroggings; "don't overhaul too much. You know that we have had some good sea stories out of Jack, and I want to hear about the Ghost Ship, as he told to the Coast Guardsmen the other night, when they where going on duty, by which means, some how or other, the jolly smugglers run their cargo clean into the cove, and no mistake. I like them ghost stories, 'specially when we know them to be true."

"And they are true. I know my story of the Ghost Ship is as true as Gospel, 'cause I saw'd it myself."

"Saw what, Jack?" said Tom, the chaffer.

"Saw what? Why, saw what I should never like to see again, and which, if you had seen, you would have shook and shivered, so that you would have shook every bit of living flesh off your bones, and would have been wandering about at this present time a walking skeleton."

"Never mind him, Jack," interposed another of the company, "but tell us about the Ghost Ship. I always like to hear stories that I can depend upon."

Jack was always ready to tell his stories over and over again, and so, pocketting the affronts that had been offered him, he deliberately filled his pipe for the ninth time, and having taken a draught of beer for the ninty-ninth began his story.

"You see," said he, "our ship, the Sans-parallel, was sent out on an expedition to the South Pole, to see if it were anything like the North Pole, and had red snow, and dancing bears, and walrusses, and eskymaws, and things o' that sort; and so, when we had touched at the Cape, we went out again, and soon loosing sight of the Table Mountain, we steered away like bricks to the sutherd, with a spanking breeze abaft, which whisked us over the degrees of latitude like 'winkin.'"

"And where did you get to, then, Jack?" inquired a dry pipe.

"Where did we get to? Well, the truth is I didn't know," responded the story-teller. "But I can tell you what we got into—such a thundering storm of snow and hail, and such a squall of wind, that our old ship carried away her foremast, maintop-gallant masts, and the whole of her mizen. Her sails were all in ribbands, and she lay partly on her beamends, with all her tackle in the water."

"That was a pretty pickle to be in, Jack," said Tom.

"A pretty pickle! What do we sailors care about being pickled! I have been both pickled and presarved, else I couldn't have been here to tell my story. But to go back to the ship. There she lay, tossing and rolling, and lollopping about, the waves dashing over her, and our captain bawling out through the speaking-trumpet for us to cut away the rigging, which, at last, we did, and then we righted and drifted right on, the waves following us behind, as if they wanted to play leap-frog, or hop-over-hie, with our taffrail. And so the day went down, and all the sky was black and blue, and yellow, and an odd sort of green about it. It looked very much like a man's black eye, just as it begins to come to, and seemed 'homminus.' Well, the day went down, as I said, like a black eye, and the night came on like a black cat, and like a black cat it was, sure enough: an unlucky sort of night, such as when the old witches are said to ride about upon their birchbrooms, to do all sorts of wicked things. But howsomdever, the night came on like a black cat, and we kept driving in the dark we didn't know where. The captain stuck to the wheel, along with me, and we heard the men swearing and lumbering about, but we could not see our own hands. All was dark above, and all dark below, and the light had been washed out of the binnacle, so that we were in a sort of an eclipse, you see. But the captain says to me—says he, 'Jack Scroggings,' says he, 'this is no mortal darkness.' Says he, 'There is somebody in this ship as ought to be thrown overboard. Somebody has done summut as he oughtent, and if we don't have him overboard, we shall all be in Davy Jones's locker before we can set the watch.' Well, I tried to think of

all my sins, from the time I was a little boy, and the only one that struck me was my conversion of the Jew ; and I really think I did murder that fellow, and no mistake."

" How was that, Jack " eagerly asked several of the company at one time.

" Why, you must know that, when we were at Port Ferrago, in the Island of Corsica—the place where ' Bona ' was—there was a thundering thief of a Jew that chiselled our men out of a good deal of money, and, moreover, we had good reason believe he chucked a little midshipman overboard, after he had stolen his watch and pocket-book. Well, this thief of a Jew tumbled overboard as he was going ashore with his booty. He swam about for some time, but, at last, I got hold of him by the stern sheets of his trowsers with the boat-hook, and there I held him up by the latter end, like a bundle of old rags. Now is my time, said I to make a convert. So I began to teach the Jew his catechis, and, when I found him quite ready to go to church, I said to him, ' Now die in the faith,' and slipped him off the end of the boat-hook, and he sank to rise no more. Well, this came up in my mind during the thick darkness, and I began to think it was very wicked to turn a poor fellow-creature into eternity without judge or jury, and so I trembled. But I wasn't going to jump overboard—not a bit of it. But our captain felt me shivering as I stood by the wheel, and he said, ' You are the guilty sinner ;' but, as he could not stand to the wheel himself, he didn't say anything to me about jumping overboard. He, however, called to some of the crew to come aft. What he intended by that, I don't know ; but no one came ; and, as I heard afterwards, every one on board had enough to do to hold on where they were

while the ship was driving. We began to think the darkness would last till doomsday. Hour after hour lagged and lagged about us. We could make no observation above, for all was thick heavy cloud; nor below, for all the lights were out. But I pulled out my old 'turnip,' and fumbled about for the hands, and I found them both together on the meridian—that is, at twelve o'clock. 'It's now twelve o'clock, Captain,' said I, and before he could say 'Is it,' there came such a clap of thunder, and such a flash of lightning, as mortal eyes never beheld; it made all about us bright as day, and, for a moment, we saw the whole deck of the ship, her shattered masts, and her crew standing all aghast, holding on like monkeys to the spars and rigging. Such a sight as I never seed afore, and hope never to see again. After the flash, which only lasted a few seconds, all was black as pitch again; and we heard the wind howl, and the sea roar, and the men groan, and some were saying their prayers as fast as ever they could say them. Then, a long way off, right over our starboard bow, there appeared a round hazy cloud of light, just in the middle of the black sky. It was a sort of milky-way in miniature—our Captain said it was one of the clouds of *Magollan*—but on it came, whiter and whiter, and brighter and brighter, till at last it expanded like a jelly-fish, and stood right over against us, and—"

"What?"

Well, Jack has now to fill his pipe again, and has called for another glass of grog, so it will be necessary for him to finish his story in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL," said Jack, as he lit his last cigar, and doubled up his pouch, "where had we got to. Oh, I recollect, in the middle of a night as dark as pitch, and with a white cloud, like a jelly-fish, bearing down upon us, and opening and shutting just as jelly-fish do, umbrella-like; there it stood, right athwart our starboard bow, as I was saying."

"And what then?"

"What then! You may very well say what then," replied Jack; "why, what should appear in the middle of that jelly-fish looking cloud, but a figure of a large ship, that seemed to swell, and swell, and swell as if she was coming right aboard of us, with her figure-head on, and her sails all set, her great broad, bulging foresail standing out like a Dutch burgomaster's big stomach—and such a figure-head!"

"A lion, I suppose, with open mouth, or a dragon, or a salamander, or something of that sort," interrupted one of the salt junks.

"Don't talk of salamanders and dragons; they were nothing to it. Her figure-head—that is to say the figure-head of the Ghost Ship, which we are talking about—was frightful. I felt the money turn over in my pocket, and my watch stopped ticking, and my old pigtail (we used to wear pigtails then), stood stiff out behind, in a horizontal kind of position, like that of the lion on Northumberland House opposite Nelson's monument. I felt it rise up behind the nape of my neck like a pump-handle."

"Belay! belay! mate," ejaculated Ben Bounce, "you are

splicing that yarn a wonderful deal too stiff; you had better take two round turns, and belay."

"Just as you like, old fellow," replied Jack, with an independent turn on his heel; "just as you like," and here he threw his cigar into the fire. "Burn them cigars, they are no more like a pipe than a monkey is like a man. Here mate, hand us over your baccy box, and let's have a good blow."

"Won't you go on with your story, Jack?" said several voices.

"I'm not going to preach to a fellow who has no faith 'cos the more I preaches the less he believes, and that will never do. Therefore, I shall cut it short; I've done."

"Go on, Jack, go on, never mind him," urged the sailors.

Jack was by no means loth to go on, but he liked everybody to give, or pretend to give, implicit credence to what he uttered, "for," as he whispered to himself, "what is the good of telling lies for nothing."

"Well, about the figure-head; that is where you were, Jack," said Ben, wishing to mollify his mate.

"Well, the figure-head. It was that of no mortal creature, that's certain. It was'nt wood, as figure-heads generally are; and it was'nt flesh and blood, as men and women generally are; but it was a lath and plaster sort of thing; nothing but ribs and marrow-bones, over which was put a very funny old garberdine, which fitted like a purser's shirt on a handspike, and was all tattered and torn, as if it had been at the battle of the Nile; and I thought I heard the wind whistle through the skeleton ribs, and pipe all hands ahoy, just as I was used to do with my whistle, you know, on board the *Harry-thew-sur*."

"Well, what did the old chap do?"

"How do you know he was an old chap? I don't know whether he was old or young; and the next thing I noticed of him was, that he knocked off one of his feet with a blow of his hand, and then he unscrewed his lower leg from his knee, and taking it in his hand, he gave it a shake as if to shake the marrow out, and, all at once, to my perfect amazement, as well as to the astonishment of all on board, he turned it into a telescope, and began to look through it with his hollow eye-sockets (for he had no eyes, only holes where the eyes used to be), and there he kept staring at us in the most unpolite manner possible—just as you see the folks in the boxes at the playhouse, only they are worse than he, for they are double telescopes, you know. Well then, he kept staring at us, and the bright light that shone around him, made him 'werry wisible,' so what does I do, but I ups with my glass, and begins to quiz him in like manner, for I thought two could play at that game; but I could'nt get the right focus; and I pushed the glass in, and drew it out, and tried at one notch, and then at another, but my fingers twittered so I could not get the focus anyhow, and, therefore, could'nt overhaul him as I ought. While I was fidgetting at my glass, I heard a hollow voice say, 'Ha, ha, ha,' and when I looked at him again with my naked eye—what do you think?"

"Can't tell."

"Why, if he hadn't turned that old leg-bone into a speaking-trumpet, and was hallooing through 't with a voice like thunder, 'Ship ahoy!'

"'Ahoy,' said we.

"'Where are you bound?' says he.

"'To grease the south pole!' says we.



JACK SCROGGINGS.

‘ “ ‘ What’s your cargo ?’ says he.

“ ‘ Oil, of course,’ says we.

“ That was all pretty civil on both sides, and as the spectre, or whatever you like to call it, seemed a little pothered at our expedition, we thought we would give him a spell.”

“ ‘ Where are you bound ?’ said we.

“ ‘ To Davy Jones’s locker,’ said he.

“ ‘ What’s your cargo ?’ says we.

“ ‘ Raw-head and bloody bones, polished skeletons, and sea-serpent’s guano !’ said he.

“ This led to another pause, during which the spectre put his marrow-bone to his eye again, and looked at us through and through. I fancied I could see up the dark hallow of that marrow-bone, and distinguished a bright blue light at the end of it, which made me curdle all over, and my skin to turn into goose-flesh ; and it worked up and down just like the skin of a worm, and I thought it would have worked my jacket off. While I was looking, he suddenly turned his spy-glass into a trumpet as before, and putting it to his mouth, hallowed out ‘ Send your boat on board.’ This was a pretty fix to be in.”

“ Well, did you send your boat on board ?”

“ You don’t think we were such fools as to do that, do you ? Besides, we were all too frightened to launch a boat in such a sea ; and, independent of that ere difficulty, we knew that if we did, that them as went aboard would never come back again ; and so we returned for an answer, ‘ It’s impossible !’

“ ‘ Then look out for squalls,’ said he. ‘ You have a murderer on board, and I must have him ; his name is Jack Scroggins.’ Now, I would just ask you, you disbelieving lubbers,

how you would have felt, and what you would have done, had you been in such a delicate situation."

"Go on, Jack," said the sailors.

"Yes, it is all very well to say, 'Go on! go on!' but what I wants is a little symphony. Tom, just lend us a bit o' bacca will you, to put in my pipe. Now give us a light. Good! Now put your little finger in the bowl, and act as stopper. Good again! What I likes is a little symphony. It's all very well to say, 'Go on! go on!' Here, give us a sip of your grog Tom, will you. My throat's as dry as a biscuit-locker with hard talking. Here's to ye!"

So Jack took a prodigious drink at the grog, and a long drawn whiff at his pipè, and resumed.

"Well, let us see, where was I got to. Oh! where the old gentleman, or whatever he was, asked me to come on board. Now, if he had done that ere in a polite and gentlemanly sort of way, the case, on course, would have been very different. But I wasn't to be ordered about, seeing, as Boasin, I had to order others about. But I didn't want to be exactly uncivil. I thought the best way would be to try and work the proper dodge by a little palarver; so making a speaking-trumpet of the hollow of my hands—

"'Have you got any grog on board?' says I.

"'Plenty of spirits,' says he.

"'What sort?' says I.

"'Rum, says he.

"'That's comforting,' says I. 'I should like a sight of that same,' says I.

"'You shall have it,' says he.

"With that, bilgewater and scupper-holes! such a cat-squall

' came on, that it twisted our old ship round like an old witch (beatle) upon a pin, and the sea seemed all at once like a sea of fire, and we heard such a crackling and chattering and rattling of bones, and smelt such a strong smell of sulphur, and everything all at once turned very blue, and in the blue light which surrounded the ghost-ship on all sides, we saw millions of spirit forms, and *rum* spirits they was—skeletons of every degree, black, white, and tawney; and we heard the clank of their joints, and their dismal howls, and we shuddered as they grinned at us, and felt sick at heart, and our captain, who was still standing by the side of the wheel by me, for mind you I never left the rudder, called out 'Go Scroggins, go on board and save us from destruction; pray go! pray go!' and then I heard from the other end of the ship, from the poor fellows clinging like cats to the rigging to keep themselves from being washed overboard, 'Go, Jack, go! Go, Jack, go!' to which I replied in the same jingle. 'Oh, no! no!'

" 'Now suppose you had gone, Jack,' interrupted Tom Chockoblock.

" 'Suppose! what's the good of sposing! You may spose this, and spose that, and spose t'other. Spose my head was a bunch o' greens, and my fingers bunches o' carrots, and my legs a couple of mangle wurtzels, and suppose you was an ass, of course you would give me a precious bite, nobody knows where. It's no use you sposing. I might spose you wouldn't give me another pipe o' baccy, or another glass o' grog, but on course it would turn out quite contrary.' Jack suited this hypothetical sentiment with the corresponding action of filling his pipe and his glass once more.

"I tell you it's no use sposing. I wasn't a going to go. Where would the ship have gone to had I left the wheel, I should like to know? I saw through the dodge, and so held on, and kept the old creature close to the wind's eye. 'Jack Scroggins! come on board,' roared the skeleton through his marrow-bone trumpet. "Come on board, and be numbered with the murderers.'

"'No!' said I.

"'Then you von't come?' said he.

"'That's certain,' said I, and I threw my quid at him.

"'Has you any old closch, or old voch, or ring, or jewels?' said he. 'Any old closch?'

"'Why, it's that thief of a Jew as I let down with the boat-hook,' says I. 'Let loose the twenty-four pounder, you shivering lubbers. I'll teach him. I know how to settle him.'

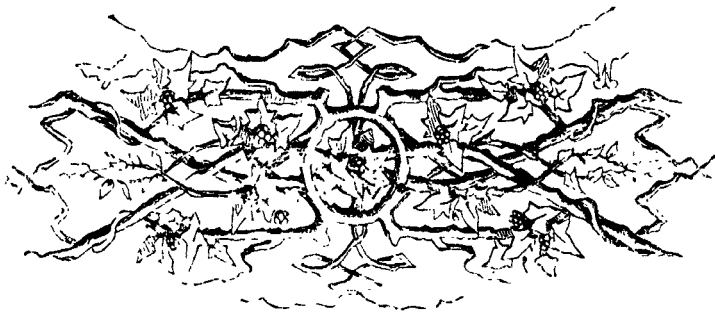
"So we rammed into the twenty-four pounder several bladders of hog's lard, which we happened to have on board to grease the south pole with, and bang they went at the Ghost-Ship. In a moment, down she went with a tremendous clap of thunder and flash of lightning, and our ship was sucked into the whirlpool she made when she sank, and I felt going round, and round, and round,- and over, and over, and over, and over, now swimming in the sea, now mounting in the air, now up, now down, and at last, I found myself kicking about under the piles of Portsmouth Hard, having got too much that night at the "Admiral Rodney," of pine-apple rum."

"And all this, then, was nothing but a dream!" uttered the sailors simultaneously. "A regular sell!"

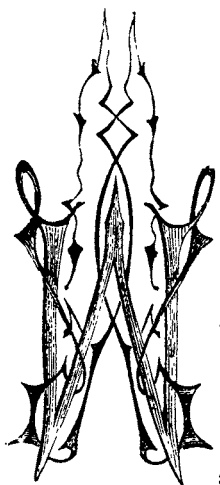
"You may call it a dream if you like," Jack replied, "but

'I am sure it warn't. It was my soul as was taken out of my body and made to go through that ere what I've now described, and if you don't believe it, never give me a drop more grog, or lend me another pipe o' baccy.'

"Bravo Jack!" Then there was a strange rapping of the table, an unmusical jingling of glasses, and a great deal of slop and tobacco-ash, and a most uproarious laugh, which made old Bawdsey Cliffs ring again, while Jack sat and looked particularly modest, like some juvenile lecturer at a mechanics' institution, after a vote of thanks has been passed upon him, and just before he rises to reply,



Wild Boar Hunting.



WILD hogs and wild boars were the especial delight of our forefathers. Among the Saxons the sport of hunting them was looked upon as a glorious thing. England, at the time of their domination, was largely covered with forests, and in these vast droves of hogs, the property of a thegn, or ceorl, or, as we should now say, lord of the manor, or loose landed proprietor, were driven, to feed upon the acorns and mast, under the care of trusty thralls, or bond-slaves, who were answerable for their safety. Nor was their task easy; the same woods were frequented by wolves, whose ravages, both of the sheep and swine, were very extensive. In a Saxon calender, which illustrates the agricultural labours of our forefathers, the following statement of a shepherd duly occurs:—"In the first part of the morning I drive my sheep to their pasture, and stand over them, in heat and in cold, with dogs, lest the wolves devour

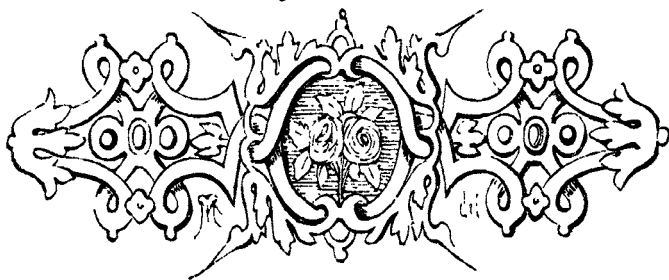
them." The same care was used by the swine-herd. In an ancient Saxon grant the deed thus runs:—"I give food for seventy swine in that woody allotment which the country call Wulferdeutch." With reference to the field-sports of the people, we read:—"In September is boar hunting; in October is hawking." The wild hog then existed in our island as it does at the present time in the large forests of continental Europe and Asia.

In its unreclaimed condition, the hog is an active, powerful, and formidable animal. His motions are prompt and rapid, and his attack impetuous. Armed with enormous tusks, he strikes right and left, lacerating the body of his antagonist, and producing the severest wounds. Hunting the wild boar was one of the favourite sports of our forefathers, and is still kept up in Germany, where a breed of large hounds is used for driving up the game.

The hunting of the boar is, and always was, attended with considerable danger, a good deal of sport, and, occasionally, with many laughable incidents. The male, when living apart, offers the most dashing sport. Common sporting dogs will not do; for strength and weight, not swiftness or address, are required, and thus large mastiffs,* or crosses between large mastiffs and bulldogs, are employed. When driven from its course, the boar does not run off, as it would find but little safety in flight. It stalks off with glaring eyes, and if the dogs run in upon it before it is a little wounded, it finishes them one by one, with a single application of the tusks. Old boars are not quite so formidable as those which have just gained that age at which they separate from the parent flock, and these, too, happen to be the young ones that are most readily

found. They can hold out longer, so that the dogs are more fatigued, and the tusks are sharper and straighter, and inflict more deadly wounds.

Hog hunting in the woods is a first-rate sport in India, but I believe the wild hog there is not quite so formidable as in more temperate climes. When the Indian people, that is, our English officers and their under servants, set out for a hog hunt, they make a kind of picnic party of it, take their horses, sometimes their elephants, and never go without plenty of champagne, London porter, or Bass's ale. Having turned up their game, they try to surround him, shoot at him, run at him with spears, bait him with dogs, hack him, and hew him, taking care of his tusks all the while, and so slaughter him; then he is cut up, his head fixed upon a pole, his hind-quarters slung over another, to be made into hams, and then he is settled and done for. But there is none of the fair gallantry and bravery in this kind of hog hunting as there was in the boar hunting of our forefathers, and PETER PARLEY is sorry for it.



To Little Willey.

A MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

'TIS sweet to watch thee in thy sleep,
When thou, my boy, art dreaming !
'Tis sweet o'er thee a watch to keep,
Or mark the smile that seems to creep
O'er thee, like sunshine beaming.

'Tis sweet to mark thy tranquil breast
Heave like a small wave flowing ;
To see thee take thy gentle rest,
With nothing, save fatigue, oppressed ;
Health on thy soft cheek glowing !

To see thee now—or when awake,
Sad thoughts, alas, steal o'er me !
For thou in time a part must take,
That may thy fortune mar or make
In the wide world before thee.

But I my child have hopes of thee,
And may they ne'er be blighted,
That I years hence may live to see
Thy name as dear to all as me,
Thy virtues will requited.

I'll watch thy course of joys, and mould
Thy little mind to duty,
I'll teach thee words as I behold
Thy faculties like flowers unfold
In intellectual beauty.

And then, perhaps, when I am dead,
And friends around me weeping,
Thou'lt see me in my grave, and shed
A tear upon my narrow bed,
Where I shall then be sleeping !



George Trevanion ;

OR, TACT AND PERSEVERANCE IN A YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.



ABOUT the year 1841, a fine merchantman, of 1,000 tons, named the "Antelope," returning from the South Seas, was steering up the Atlantic, under a press of sail, with very heavy overcast weather.

She was somewhere in the latitude of Cape Ortegal, the southern cape of the Bay of Biscay, but the sky having been clouded for many days, there had been no possibility of taking the meridian altitude of the sun, and, as the nights had been as beclouded as the days, there had been as little opportunity for taking an observation.

The ship was running for the British Channel before a hard south-west gale, and it was of considerable importance that she should reach some port in England without delay, for her captain was not only charged with despatches that required immediate

delivery, but the ship itself was short of provisions, and almost without that necessary article, water. The only chronometer on board happened not to be very good, and the sky had been overcast for more than a week, hence the captain was uncertain of his longitude to the extent of a degree, at least, and as it was a dangerous thing to run for land in stormy weather, when the ship's place was not known, he was extremely nervous. He did not like to loose a magnificent wind, before which the ship spun along at the rate of ten knots an hour, under a reefed topsail, and close-reefed maintopsail. While daylight lasted it was pretty safe to go on, but as soon as the dull and dreary night set in, amidst the doubts and difficulties of channel navigation, it seemed highly advisable for the ship to lay to, and wait for the daylight. She was accordingly brought into a proper position, and her course was stopped for the night. The captain went to his berth, and the ship being put under the charge of the mate, all was considered settled for the night.

But while all were sleeping, or watching upon deck, there was a young midshipman, George Trevanion, not quite seventeen years old, on board, who, having been trained in practical mathematics by Woodthorpe Collett, and in practical navigation by Jameison, thought himself a match for the difficulties of his situation. By the dim light of a little swinging lamp, let us watch him poring over a chart. He had thought over the whole matter well, and felt sure that if, by any means, he could keep in the latitude of fifty degrees, or within ten or a dozen miles of either side of that parallel, the ship would have clear ground to run over for three degrees, of longitude at least, greatly within which he felt sure the error of

the chronometer must lie. But how was he to determine this point with any degree of certainty in such weather. This was what had puzzled the captain, and this was what was puzzling him.

After pondering and pondering away, with his head on his hand, for some hours, he at last bethought him of the pole star, which is truly the sailor's friend, and having fixed his sextant by the cabin light, at the angle about which he knew the latitude must give the altitude of the pole, he cast his boat-cloak over his shoulder, went on deck, stationed himself on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, with the instrument, sheltered from the rain and spray, under his cloak and firmly grasped in his right hand, while he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on that part of the heavens, in which he hoped, by some momentary opening in the clouds, to detect the bright star of his mighty fortunes. He patiently waited for more than an hour before anything occurred like a chance, by which time his limbs had become cramped and stiffened by the constraint of one posture, while his eye ached and throbbed in its vain attempts to pierce the thick course of clouds sweeping past him.

At last, however, he suddenly got a glimpse of the star, and although it glimmered so faintly through the fleecy mist, as to be but slightly discernible, he knew, from its altitude, that it must be the "Polaris," the star he was watching for. The horizon was very indistinctly seen in the dark; nevertheless, he succeeded in bringing the star in contact with the edge of the sea in the north, where, fortunately, there chanced at that moment to occur a faint gleam in the lower atmosphere. He ran below as quick as a monkey, read off

the angle, computed the latitude, and found it to be not more than twenty miles from the captain's calculation, and quite enough to keep the ship safe for some hours more. But, as he rightly considered, one isolated observation, made under such circumstances could not be depended upon. He hastened upon deck again, and presently, that is within half-an-hour, caught a second glimpse of the friendly "light-house" in the sky. The result agreed with that of the first observation within five miles, and, of course, gave him such confidence that he communicated his success to the chief mate, and urged upon him the propriety of calling up the captain and of continuing the course homeward.

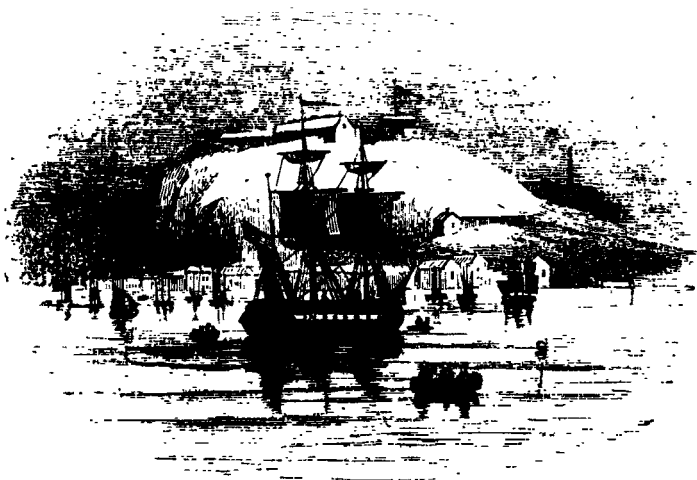
To this, however, the mate strongly objected. "What can a boy like you determine upon? You must wait," said he, "till you have eaten another thousand pounds of pudding before you can give an opinion,"—and advised him to go to his hammock. "In such a dim night as this, and with such an uncertain horizon," continued he, not quite displeased at the youngster's perseverance, "it is impossible to rely upon such observations in running into the channel with such a wind; besides which, your observations are both to the north my young fellow, which you know is only one side of the question."

"Then I will take the other side," said the young midshipman to himself. So he very quickly took up his former place below, and began to fish for a star on the southern side of the zenith, and, after a little poking about in the ephemeris, was rejoiced to find that a brilliant planet, Jupiter, came to the meridian before midnight. On deck he went again, sextant in hand, and although he possessed no very certain means of

telling "the time at ship," he watched resolutely for the planet, and at last caught it for a moment, not very far from the meridian, as he knew from his compass-bearing. With a flushed cheek, and a hand trembling so that he could scarcely hold the pencil, he worked out the latitude, and found it to differ from the mean of the two results by the pole star, a little more than ten miles. A second cast at the planet, after it had passed the meridian a few minutes, gave, when properly reduced, a latitude which differed only five miles from the first. Putting all these observations together, he felt quite certain that the ship's course lay within the lines marked along the chart as a sure track, and that she might be put before the wind with safety. Having demonstrated all this to the mate of the ship, by a series of arguments founded thereon, it was agreed to call up the captain, and give him the results of the investigation, with a view to have the ship put about. The captain was, therefore, called up, and, although not well pleased at being woke up in the middle of his sleep, felt it a duty to investigate the whole of the calculations; and so convinced was he of their accuracy, that he immediately gave orders to put the ship before the winds, complimenting George for his extraordinary cleverness and perseverance.

The ship was accordingly set free before the wind; a reef was shaken out of the mainsail, and away she went homewards, through the dulness of the night, with perfect confidence. Before day dawned she had spun over nearly a hundred miles, and before midday, all on board had the satisfaction of discovering the well-known Lizard Point, with its two lighthouses shining brightly in the sun.

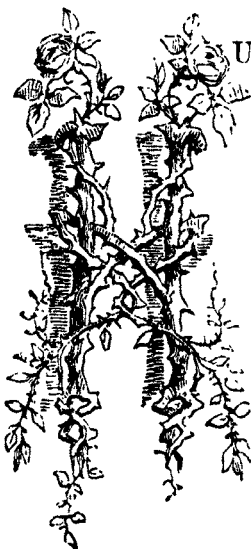
This little episode in the life of George was of very great importance to him, for the captain having retired from the sea service with the completion of that voyage, the mate was put in his place, who, confident in the nautical abilities of George, promoted him to the office he had vacated; the same course of steady perseverance in a few years obtained for George the command of the ship, which he now holds in the esteem and confidence of his employers.



"Old Times and Old Things."

No. II.

HUNTING.



HUNTING is almost as old as the hills. Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and the Babylonian bricks of Mr. Layard exhibit the old Chaldeans as exceedingly addicted to the hunting of the wilder sorts of animals with bows, arrows, clubs, and spears. In those days, to protect the herds and flocks from the ravages of wild beasts, was a duty, and man turned the duty into a pleasure, and hence the origin of hunting.

Hunting constituted an essential part of the education of a young English nobleman so early as the ninth century, and, probably, long before. Although it had not been thought

necessary to teach Alfred his letters before he was twelve years of age, we learn from his biographers that he was a most expert and active hunter, and excelled in the branches of that most noble art. Edward the Confessor, though he was more of a monk than a monarch, took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice, as saith William of Malmsbury.

During the tyrannical government of William the Norman, and his immediate successors, hunting was carried out with extraordinary vigour, and the most abominable oppression was exercised with regard to it. Whole districts were depopulated to make a course for the royal hunting-grounds. Churches were overthrown, parishes swallowed up, and villages destroyed without remorse. To destroy any of the beasts of the chase within the wide limits of those royal preserves, was as penal as the death of a man. A stag, for instance, although only kept for pastime, was deemed a much more valuable life than a peasant, and even the dogs of the poor obtained more lenient treatment than their owners. Such was the worthy origin of our game laws, whereof enough still remains to make them a demoralising curse to the commonality, as well as to the legislature.

The despotism of the monarch in all that bore relation to field sports soon began to be imitated by the nobles. "In our time," says an old writer, "the nobility think it the height of worldly felicity to spend the whole of their time in hunting and hawking, accordingly they prepare for them with more solicitude, expense, and parade, than they do for war, and pursue the wild beast with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country.

The passion for the chase soon extended itself to the clergy, the bishops and abbots of the middle ages going out to hunt in great state, with a large retinue of servants and retainers. Chaucer, who lost no opportunity of lowering the priesthood, frequently accuses the monks of being more addicted to riding, hunting, hawking, and blowing the horn, than to the performance of their religious duties. Richard the Second, indeed, issued an edict, prohibiting any priest or clerk, not possessing a benefice of the yearly amount of ten pounds, from keeping a greyhound, or other dog, for the purpose of sport. This act was like a net which only caught the small ten-pound flies, but let the great blue-bottle incumbents do as they would; therefore, these haughty and pleasure-loving priests had their coursing-grounds, and hawking-grounds, and hunting-grounds in abundance. The single see of Norwich, at the time of the Reformation, was in possession of thirteen parks, well stocked with deer, and other animals of the chase. What would Thomas à Becket say to this?

In former times, the ladies often formed the hunting parties. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the chase. "Her Majesty," says a courtier, in a letter, dated the 12th of September, 1600, when she had just ended the seventieth year of her age, "is well and excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long." When she visited Lord Montacute, at Cowdrey, in Sussex, we are told that her Highness took horse, and rode into the park at eight o'clock in the morning, where there was a delicate bower prepared under the trees, in which her Highness's musicians were placed, and a cross bow, by a nymph, with a sweet song, was delivered into her hands, to shoot at

the deer. Some thirty in number were put in the paddock, of which number she killed three or four, and the Countess of Kildare, one.

It is said that the Londoners especially delighted themselves with hunting, which they now call "unting on orseback." Riding and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds was a great pleasure to them. This was called the "common hunt." Of this nothing now remains but the Easter Monday stag-hunt, in Epping Forest, and the civic officer, who I suppose still retains the functionary name of Mr. Common Hunt.

The "common hunt" of the Cockneys is ridiculed in an old ballad called the "London Customs," of which I shall give my young readers three stanzas only.

Next once a year to Essex they would go—
To see them pass along, it is a pretty show—
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street, and so to Aldgate pump,
Each man with spurs in his horse's sides, and his back-sword over his
rump.

My Lord, he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er—
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before—
A creature bouaceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh,
My Lord, he cried, "a hare ! a hare !"—it proved an Essex calf !

And when they had done their sport, they came to London, where they
dwell,
Their faces all so torn and scratched, their wives could not them tell,
For 'twas a very great mercy so many 'scap'd alive,
For out of twenty saddles carried out, they brought back only five !

In a manuscript made for the use of Prince Henry, son of Henry the Fourth, the mode of hunting of royal princes and




the like is set forth. It appears by this, that when the king should think proper to hunt the hart in the parks or forests either with bows or greyhounds, the master of the game, or park-keeper, or the forester, being made acquainted with his pleasure, was to see that everything be provided that was proper. It was the duty of the sheriff of the county, where the hunting was to be performed, to furnish fit stabling for the king's horses, and buildings for the reception of the king's train. Early in the morning, upon the day appointed for the sport the master of the game, with the officers deputed by him, were to see that the greyhounds were properly placed, and the person nominated to blow the horn, whose office was to watch what kind of game was turned out, and by the manner of grinding his horn, signify the same to the county, that they might be prepared for the reception upon its quitting the cover. Proper persons were then to be appointed at different parts of the enclosure to keep the populace at due distance. The yeomen of the king's bow, and the groom of the trained greyhounds, had in charge to secure the king's standing, and prevent any noise from being made to disturb the game before the arrival of his majesty. When the royal family and the nobility were conducted to the places appointed for their reception, the master of the game, or his lieutenant, sounded three long wootes, or blasts, with his horn, for the uncoupling of the post-hounds. The game was then driven from the cover, and turned by the huntsmen and the hounds, so as to pass by the stand belonging to the king and queen, and such of the nobility as were permitted to have a share in the pastime, who might either shoot at them with their bows, or pursue them with the greyhounds at their pleasure. The king and the no-

bility then shot with their bows as the animals passed by them. Sometimes they would to horse, and with spur or bow pursue the game, and ride over forest and moor, leaving their meaner attendants far behind.



The Electric Light.

 Is it possible that the sun should be eclipsed ; that gas should have a shadow ; that composites should be mere twilights, and dips darkness ? Well, it is possible, for the electric light casts all these meaner lights into the shade !

I saw the electric light intensely busy on a bright sunny afternoon. The sunbeams were obliterated, and those of a candle—bless my heart ! they seemed mere moonshine—mere apologies for light ! Apologies are, however, very often mere moonshine. On holding a lighted dip between the electric light and the wall, the flame of the dip cast a black shadow. What shall we come to after this !

How is the electric light produced you inquire. This wonderful light, more wonderful than Aladdin's lamp, or the "Everlasting Fire of Persia," or the ever burning flame of Weymouth, how is it produced ? Well, it is merely light written by pencils !

Pencils ! yes pencils ! Two points of carbon in the shape of pencils, through which are transmitted streams of positive and negative electricity ! How is this produced ? you will say.

Simply by the employment of a galvanic battery. A battery of cast iron or zinc is employed, and is arranged in such a way that the former is separated from the latter by a porous division of earthenware, the iron being excited by a mixture of saltpetre and sulphuric acid (oil of vitrol) diluted by water. This is known as the Maynooth battery, and the electricity generated by it, is carried along the wires of the battery to the points or pencils of carbon brought into juxtaposition, and the light flashes forth.

The electric light is even now rather too costly to be made available for ordinary purposes. It has been likened to some beautiful animal which is found to consume more than it is worth. The electric animal swallows too much iron, zinc, copper, acids, and salts to pay for its works, and is something like many noble steeds who are said to eat their own heads off.

However, as even the horse that eats his own head off very often produces good manure, as our gardens can testify, and comes to us again in the shape of green-peas, cabbages, and cucumbers, so the electric light has valuable products in its way. The process by which these products are produced is as simple as it is beautiful. In the iron and zinc battery, nitric and sulphuric acids are employed in a diluted form, the ordinary resulting waste of which are solutions of nitrate of iron and sulphate of zinc. Instead of these residuary liquors being thrown aside as undeserving of care, they are removed separately from the chromatic battery, and having been brought to a certain heat, by means of steam, are blended with a solution of prussiate of potash, which, with the iron liquor, throws down a splendid blue pigment—Prussian-blue,

in fact, of great purity ; while, with the zinc liquor, it precipitates a fine ultramarine-blue. This being dried and worked up into cakes, makes the fine blue pigment which artists value so much.

Not only blues, but gorgeous reds are produced by the same agency, and by boiling the zinc-yellow residue with lime in various properties, viz., a combination of the zinc-yellows with the iron-blues, a series of beautiful greens are produced, and the most intense and brilliant yellows are produced by treating the waste liquor of the lead and nitric acid, with chromate of potash. If, instead of this, prussiate of potash be added to the same residuum of the lead and zinc battery, a delicate white pigment is the result.

Hence it appears that this animal, the electric light, is not all barren, and that the time is not far distant when he will be able to hold up his head and not eat it off. If we can lower the cost of the materials employed, and the working, by the results, and get the electric light for nothing into the bargain, we shall then do another of those wonderful things that astonish the world, and improve it at the same time.

The electric light would be of the most extraordinary use. It cuts through the fog like a Toledo blade, London smoke is nothing in its beams, for it is lightning made handy—nimble it always is. It can be distinguished at forty miles distant. Think of this ye mariners, who have to buffet about in darkness, fogs, storms, and tempests !

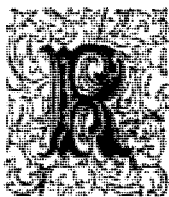
“ Let there be light,” God said, and all was light. Let there still be light, for all that is good comes from Him—light of the eyes, light of the mind ; and let us pray for universal illumination, intellectual and moral.

Riding Extraordinary;

OR, HOT WORK, IN HOT WEATHER, IN A HOT CLIMATE.

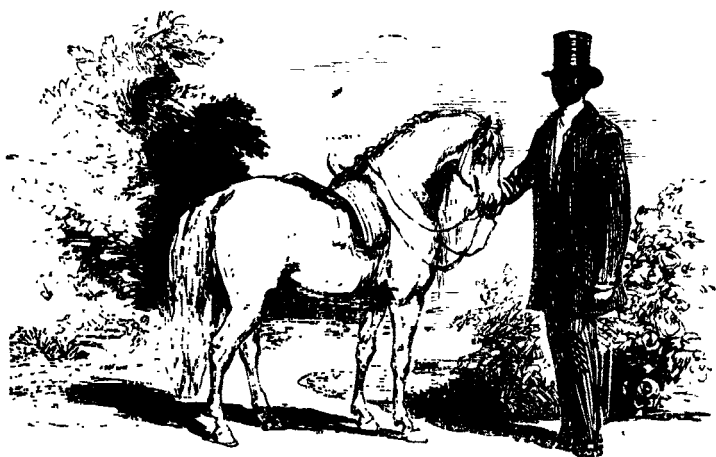
"Tis hot where the tea grows,
Hotter where the negroes
Sheep skins round tie them
Lest the sun should fry them.

A horse you may pride on :
'Tis warm work to ride on
A horse, or a mule, or a quagga, or ass,
Without muscles of iron or sinews of brass,
In a land without grass."



RIDING!—Who does not like riding? What boy does not like riding? What girl does not? Little doddies, before they can well run alone, contrive to get grandfather's stick between their legs, and before they can well talk, to say, "Tchek! tchek! gee up! gee up!" and then what a sensation does the first wooden horse create, with its body daubed over with mottled chalk, to represent a steed of iron-grey, having a rabbit's tail for a mane, and a bunch of no one knows what, for a tail, and four motionless legs, and four

moveable wheels, so closely put together, however, that the resplendant steed won't run far without turning over on his side, and which, after one or two such overturnings, is generally broken-kneed or broken-headed, and only fit for firewood. Then comes your fine rocking-horse, the true glory of childhood, to be mounted on which, whether boy or girl, is ecstasy, in spite of the various tumblings upon the nose and head which furious riding usually brings to the equestrian. And, lastly, comes the pet pony, white, plump, long-tailed, small-headed, and sure-footed. Just such a beauty as we see in the picture. Look at him ! for to look at him is to admire, to love him.



How delicious is riding ! To sit easy on your saddle, firm in your stirrups, to lead your horse over the flowery meadow or wild heath, to leap over hedge, or ditch, or five-barred gate,

to clear fences at a gallop, to trot ten miles an hour high up in the wind, and with a noble view on every side; to do this with some pleasant companions, or with some old huntsman, or veteran of the hoof, or, what is far better, with a congenial and a dearly beloved sister, for instance, as we see below, is



indeed a pleasure worth being born for; worth being topped and bottomed, Daffied, and Godfreyed, and Dalbied for, worth even being birched and pedagogued for, and put upon dampers and doughboys for, with all the horrors of some "Establishment for Young Gentlemen." Blessed, therefore, are the days of horsemanship, and blessed are the mountings and

dismountings, and all the freaks connected therewith, be they racing tumbles, loss of leather, or broken bones.

It was at Sierra Leone, a country both hot and pestilential, that I had my first "lesson in riding." Here, as every little boy and girl knows who reads PETER PARLEY, everything is hot. The sun scorches above, and the ground bakes below. You may be stewed in the marshes, parboiled in the swamps, broiled on the sides of the mountains, fried on the plains, and baked as in an oven in your domiciles; and there are other nice little matters of comfort, snakes and vipers, and hooded cobras, and ugly-looking reptiles of all kinds, to lay hold of you in your path by day and by night. Oh! cruel. There is the treacherous scorpion or sly centipede lurking under your pillow; the enormous cockroach crawling over your body, and nibbling the ends of your fingers and toes. The prying mantes also swarms, a fat loathsome green insect, held in great awe by the blacks, who believe that it causes blindness by attacking the eye with its crab-like claws. Then there are mosquitoes, one of which in the chamber will destroy all night repose; and the little "bug-a-bugs," small amberants, infesting every house, and eating away its wood work, and these spread themselves thickly over every bed; while large tarantulas fall from the ceiling upon the sleepers; and gigantic black crickets ingeniously perch themselves near the ear in some hidden nook; but, above all, the intolerable prickly bubabo sticks into the white man its thousands stings, and makes him start from his bed, raving and despairing.

It is, of course, joyful to get out of bed, out of house, out of home in such a place, and to get into the free air on a free steed—for riding at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an

hour the various reptiles, either winged, or poison-fanged, can't very well get up with you, and you have relief in some way or other. I was at Sierra Leone on liking, as they call it; my father was deputy-governor, and I was sent over at the age of sixteen to be hardened to the climate. My father had been hardened before me, but was now very rickety, and quite used up although only at the age of forty-four.



Well, I had blacks to look after, and merchandize of all sorts, coming in and going out, and hard work at the desk, and considerable fagging; but then my father had plenty of black niggers to do all the active work, and several of them

were capital fellows, and enjoyed a joke better than the whites; and as for riding and having to do with horses, there were none like them, and the best of it, the blacker the nigger the more he liked a white horse—pure white—"as white as driven snow, massa," although never a nigger had beheld driven snow in his life.

In the picture in the preceding page you see us preparing for a start. There am I in my hunting cap, and there's "Sam" Ebony, the groom proper, with white top boots, a light blue coat, and black velvet collar, and cords to match; and there is "Quanky," the country house help, a rare fellow at quill driving and chaise driving; and there is my beautiful old "white pony," sleek and handsome, and full of play as a colt.

It was in the hottest time, in the hottest year, in the hottest country I ever knew, that after a dreadfully hot night, with the thermometer at 95 degs., we, that is to say, Ebony and Quanky, and myself and our "Cockney curate," as we called him—who was fonder of a horse than of a book, and who had vanity inconceivable in such matters, thinking himself the finest equestrian in West Africa, and a stunning preacher besides—set off, with flourish of whip, a free bit, and a flowing bridle, for a ride.

I rode in the middle, being A, No. 1 in that concern; Quanky on my right hand, and the "Cockney curate" on the left; Ebony being buckled up behind to my great-coat, jockey fashion, or rather jockey-tiger fashion, and we determined, when we got "far away," so that the governor might not smell a rat, to have a steeple chase, although there was but one steeple in the whole colony, and that looked like a vinegar-cruet, or pepper-box, or something of that sort.

But there was a tall, spiky, white looking mountain, about thirty miles off, whose extinguisher-looking top pierced the clouds, when there were any, and which could be seen at the whole of that distance, and which seemed to be of no other use to the whole world than as a goal for a steeple chase, and as the said mountain looked very much like a steeple, we determined to ride for it.

So we betted, that is, I, and Quanky, and the "Cockney curate"—a hundred weight of real East Indian Manillas to the first man in, to be paid by the last man out; and so, taking a whiff in our mouths, and a gumtickler to season it, we were off.

The "curate" sat proudly on his steed. Upright in his saddle, with his toes turned out, and holding his reins the wrong way; he tried, moreover, to ride military, with long stirrup-straps, and held his right arm straight down by his side like a dragoon. Quanky clapped close hold of his horse with his legs, and sat as firm as if he had been glued on; as for me, I took it easy, being a very light weight, so that it was impossible for me to fall off, as I thought, but you will see.

We had first of all, to scour a broad barren plain, with nothing interesting about it but ugly stones and coarse gravel. The sun was high in the heavens, and began to pelt down upon us his fiery blessings, but away we went, and the motion through the air brought the cold winds to our relief. Bye-and-bye we approached a rivulet—if so it might be called—but rather a slowly moving slough, full of all kinds of nasty things, and upon the surface of which the brown coats of the alligators lay pretty thick. This was rather a poser, for although going through the water might be cooling, yet to go through a covey

of old alligators was likely to be warm work ; for there were some score of the goggle-eyed, big, sprawling, vermin, still as death, with their noses tilted upwards, and their jaws shut, but ready to be opened, like a man-trap, and clutch with a crack.

What was to be done. There was a kind of phalanx of alligators, and the beasts seemed to be aware of our presence. The galloping of our steeds no doubt shook the earth near to the swamp, and agitated the thick gruelly waters. There was a sluggish move among them, a sort of rolling motion, such as we see among spawning-frogs in a ditch : but while I was about to consider what was the best to be done, Quanky gave a flourish with his whip, and a shout, "Go ahead, Massy !" and away he scampered over the broad backs of the hippo-tanica. I followed, and the curate followed me, not, however, with such complete success, for I reached the other side of the pool in safety, but the ugly old creature, Jasper, upon which the curate was mounted, backed up against a tree, and sent the unfortunate gentlemen in blacksouse among the alligators. The gigantic reptiles had never seen a clergyman in their lines before, and being no doubt alarmed by our sudden and rude approach, skriggled about in all kinds of slap-dash ways, now with their thick heads out of the water and their button-eyes glaring, now skriggling downwards to the bottom, now floundering side ways, in the midst of which commotion the curate was plunged, to his utter fright and discomfiture. But he either looked too black to eat, or he was not fat enough, or he smelt too much of the midnight oil, or he was too sacred, or something, for the alligators hurried away from him as if he had been a lump of poison. Poor fellow ! he called out lustily,

and skriggled a good deal, and Ebony, who was on his side of the pool, rushed to his assistance and offered aid by quickly unbuckling his stirrup-strap, and throwing him a line. The unfortunate clerical seized it with avidity, and Ebony held on and hauled ; but just as he was pulling him up the bank, a sly old alligator who had sat quietly upon the watch in a corner, gave a lunge and a grip at his coat-tails behind, which he took clean off and grazed the skin, besides making the victim roar with fright more than pain. He, however, was got out safely, while we and some "Black fellows," who had come to the rescue, stood and laughed at the fun.

Such is the commencement of our Steeple Chase in the Hot—. I shall tell you what befel us afterwards in another chapter, in the *coolest* manner possible.



CHAPTER II.

I LEFT our poor curate just out of the pool, mangled by the sly old alligator, who seemed to think all flesh was grass, and that a nibble could do no harm. But flesh does not grow again so easy as grass, and it was fortunate that Muttlespout—for that was the name of our victim—only lost the nether part of his nether garment, and being as plucky as Cockneys are said to be, determined to go on. Besides, a steeple-chase ought to comprehend a church-rate, and so, at a church-rate speed, off set the four steeple-chasers, towards the spiky mountain.

It was necessary, however, that Muttlespout, as well as Ebony, the polished groom, should cross the quagmire. The latter rode a few paces up the side of the swamp, and there found a ford, and the whole having joined company on the other side, set off like new born hunters for the sport, having each taken a fair start a second time. By the laws of this sort of riding it would have been fair for Quanky and me to have ridden on, leaving the curate free to the alligators; but this could not be allowed to a Cockney, and, therefore, making a fair start, away we trotted.

The country, landward of Sierra Leone, presents great variety. A few miles along the coast-margin it is sandy and desert-looking, but as you advance the vegetation becomes rank and luxuriant. Millet, grain, plantain, and rice are cultivated; the morasses and marshes are infested with

various reptile forms, with snakes and alligators in particular, and the mountains are overrun with wild animals, particularly lions, from the multitude of which the place seems to have derived its name. Then there are swarms of insects of every variety, which come in clouds, and buz about you,



and annoy you with their sucking or stinging apparatus to your heart's content.

From these circumstances, a steeple-chase in this country is one of the oddest things in the whole annals of equestrian

performances, and when our excursionists made up their minds for a thirty miles' ride across the country, they knew not exactly the perils that awaited them; but away they go—they are off again, and we must follow them. Away they dashed, over nobbly and roving plains, now leaping over rice enclosures and floundering among the half-drowned crop, now among the plantain-groves, and then again leaping some sluggish stream in which alligators show their noses. After having dashed through one of these rivulets, the heroes of the turf plunged into the skirts of a forest, which had been partially cleared, and holding their heads low to prevent their being knocked off by the branches of the trees, they proceeded for some distance among the fallen timber without much difficulty; after awhile, however, the trees became more thick, and the foliage more and more dense, till at last they were brought to a standstill.

“It's all up with us this way,” said Quanky.

“It's no go this way, certainly,” observed the curate.

“The old trees stand as close as the rank and file of our regiment of black exotics when at muster,” remarked Quanky. “It's no use to charge them, is it?”

“Not considering they are about ten miles deep, Massa,” interrupted Ebony, “so we had better go.”

“Back,” he would have said, but just at that moment, “Eugh, eugh, eugh, eugh, evgh,” and so on for twenty times, broke the forest stillness, and brought the party up short again.

“That's a lion's ‘very particular,’” observed Quanky; and the black nigger looked pale, and the Cockney curate a little bothered. I felt, too, I must confess, rather posed, while

the three horses and pony began to quiver like so many aspens.

"Fe, fo, fum," said Quanky, "me smell the blood of a Cockney man; let's be off as soon as we can."

"A draw then, is it to be?" "Yes, it must be a draw, I suppose," I replied, in relation to the bet—"we had better go back."

"Yes, we had better go back, Massa," said Ebony, shaking very much like a jelly in a glass. "Turn him about, pony."

And so we turned our horses' heads towards the starting-point, but at the very moment we did so, "Eugh, eugh, eugh, eugh, eugh," and so on, for at least twenty times in succession, within a few yards of us, and just in the direction in which we were going.

That's the old lioness," remarked Quanky; "she is replying to her mate; that is the way they always do it at this time of day; it is called a Sierra Leone duet. There is the tenor and the counter-tenor; you will hear the chorus presently."

And, indeed, we did hear it, for as soon as the twenty "eughs," or thereabouts, were finished, we heard another roar to the right, and then another roar to the left, and then one or two behind, and three or four before; now answering each other fiercely, as in opposition; now in reply amicable; and lastly, in enormous discord and confusion of roars, like claps of thunder all around us; and we all felt boxed up pretty considerably.

"Get ready your pistols, for heaven's sake!" cried Quanky. "Put in double charges; we shall have plenty to do presently. Get off your horses, put them before you for a barricade, and be prepared to sell your lives dearly."

"Can't we get up into a tree," ejaculated the curate.
"There is a passage in the sixth ode — of —"

"Trees! why, any of these roarers would whip up a tree like a cat, and gobble you up like a dicky-bird before you could say grace. Out with your tool, man, load and prime, unless you mean to make yourself a mausoleum in a lion's maw. Quick! prime and load!"

The lions kept roaring all the time, with a tremendous noise.

"Goodness gracious! what will become of us!" said the curate; "we shall all be massacred! I can see the teeth of an old fellow there, in the jungle, and can hear the snapping of his tail, just like a coachwhip. He is lashing his side with it, too."

"Hold your jabber," replied Quanky fiercely, "giving the clerical a poke with his foot behind. Level your pistol at him if he comes this way, but not till he is within a yard of you, or you will miss him to a certainty. I have my six-barrel revolver all ready."

"And me have my two bulldogs ready, Massa," urged Ebony, who stood with two short blunderbusses behind the pony, and levelling them from the pony's back.

"And I have my revolver," I added, "and woe be to the lion that crosses my path. Now, come on you vermin of the forest, come on!"

"For goodness sake don't call them this way; don't enrage the animals; may be, they will let us pass quietly. There is plenty of room for us all in this world, if they would just understand that I am a man of peace. Why should we meddle with them if they don't molest us? An ounce of grease is

worth a cartload of grit ! Speak kindly to them, sir, pray do ; be a Christian when you can ! ”

“ If you don’t stand out of the way with your precious parlarver, I’ll make a Daniel in the lion’s den of you. Get out of that, and let me take aim at the throat of that fellow ! He is just going to roar again.” And so the lion, who now came boldly out of the jungle and stared and flourished his tail, as a coachman does his whip, opened his mouth to roar.

He had just got into the middle of his roar, when Quanky let fly at him, saying, “ There’s a bolus for you, old boy ! ” Crack—pop—and the lion fell down dead, for the ball had entered his mouth, and came out at the back of his head.

“ What a quiet departure,” muttered the curate.

“ Quiet ! I should think so ; those pills are quietusses ; but the quietude of the place was immediately disturbed, for on the report of the revolver, the whole herd of lions, for there appeared to be such, were thrown into a strange state of excitement, as it seemed from their roars, growls, and savage yells, accompanied with the snapping and breaking of the underwood in which they were concealed.

“ There’s another on your left hand, just by the plantain tree ! ” I called out to Quanky.

“ I see him ! ” he replied, “ but you look out for yourself ; there is one opposite your right hand. And so there was ; a female ‘ particular ’ with two cubs by her side, and she looked as if she came to make inquiries about her defunct lord and master.”

“ Oh, Massy ! ” cried Ebony, “ here is a whopper in my eye, just dare by de piccalbury bush. Look him blazing eye ! Shall I do for him ? ”

"Stop! stop! stop!" said the curate; "what shall I do for this one coming out of the bush. He's going to pounce; let's shoot him first; he is making a dead go at me, and my hand trembles so, I can't take aim at him."

"Stuff!" said Quanky "but I'll ease you off this time." So crack went another of the barrels; and—no—he wasn't killed this time, but only hit in the leg, and down he came on his hind quarters with an awful yell.

"There, you haven't killed him!" cried the curate, "and he will come upon us all the same," his fears magnifying his danger." "Hit him again, Quanky, do, there is a dear Quanky! You know you are very fond of my sister, Quanky, and if you do love her take care of your sacred brother."

Now, however, it was necessary for every one to take care of himself, for aroused on all sides by the reports of the firearms, the whole covey of beasts had hastened to the spot and surrounded the party, five or six showing their huge bodies among the jungle at one time.

"I have heard," said the curate, "that—oh, dear! what was I going to say." So frightened was this Cockney gentleman with the roaring that he could not keep his ideas fixed for more than a few seconds. When he recovered himself, "I have heard," said he, "I have read it in a book—I think it is in Virgil, or in Hesiod, or in Homer, or in Theocritus, that nothing will frighten a lion like the crowing of a cock—oh, yes, it is in Æsop—or the braying of an ass. I can do both of them beautiful, for you know I was at one time intended for Parliament, but the rotten borough was swampy, and so"—

"Bray away!" replied Quanky, "while I load my barrels. Crow away, my cock, as loud as you like!"

So, thereupon, the curate began to crow to such infinite perfection, that the lions in sight pricked up their ears amazingly, and seemed quite posed. "The experiment succeeds!" he ejaculated, with wonderful delight; "they turn tail!" He then changed his note to a "bray," worthy the finest nuddy that ever sported on Blackheath. "Heigh-hough, hough-heigh—heigh-hough—how-ke—how-ke—ke—ke." Whether the lions thought, by hearing these two familiar sounds, that they had unwittingly come into the "haunts of men," and the civilisation of mortals, and such like, it is impossible to tell; and whether this be the true reason of accounting for their conduct; but it is certain that upon the hearing of these dulcet sounds, which, to do him credit, the curate performed with wonderful truth to nature, the lions, seemingly alarmed, turned tail. One old fellow, who seemed just on the point of making a spring, gave a lash with his tail and a snuff with his nose, then a caper, then a bound, and off he went. Seeing this, the "clerical" kept up his music louder and louder, giving it speaking-trumpet fashion, through the hollow of his two hands placed in juxtaposition before his mouth, and this most extraordinary music had such an effect upon the other lions, together with the example of their superior, that they followed him at a scamper.

"There!" cried the curate, triumphantly, "that is what you get out of Greek."

"Greek chorusses, of course," said I, "such as Mitford delighteth in."

"It's all owing to Greek authors. I could give you twenty passages from Sophocles, and Euripides, and Homer, and Theophrastus, to prove that lions are always alarmed at

the crowing of cocks and the braying of asses; and I say 'every man his own donkey,' besides how much better this than the shedding of the blood of these innocent animals. But come, let us to horse;" and, proud of his exploit, the curate felt himself a leader, the first man of the party, and leaping upon his steed, cried out, with a triumphant air, "Forward—follow your leader!" and dashing Sierra Leonwards, he galloped off at full speed, the rest of the party following at a kind of humble distance.

Away they scampered, and after sundry stumbles, and one or two capsize, they got out of the jungle into the open ground, and having, as they supposed, left danger behind, they pulled rein, with the object of breathing their horses and having a laugh at the adventures of the day. The curate was just beginning to speak of the superiority of eloquence over brute force, quoting Cicero to that effect, when Ebony called out in a dreadful fright, "Here dey com; herè dey com gin massa; here dey com, gin!" and, sure enough, there came three of the lions, leaping and running along, their gigantic carcasses as nimble as greyhounds; and before the Curate had time to "crow," swoop came one of the lions upon the haunches of his steed: down went the horse, and over rolled the curate.

It was fortunate that Quanky had received the warning from Ebony, so as to give him time to put his revolver in action. In a moment he fired, and shot the lion through the shoulder, when he turned up with a loud roar. Another came close behind him, but hearing the report, seeing the flash, and smelling the powder, he stopped short, just in time to receive the discharge of three of my revolver barrels, one after another,

which doubled him up like a paper for the post. The other lion, seeing this disaster, made a circumbendibus motion, put his tail between his legs, and sheered off as if a tin kettle had been tied to the end of it.

So—breathing time again—but first we finished lion number one, and then went to look at lion number two, who was finished, with his tongue lying out of his mouth, and bleeding prodigiously. Quanky out with his hunting knife and took off his head in a moment. He then in a few seconds, stripped the rest of the skin from the carcase, and threw the detached head over his horse's loins. The curate's horse had been sorely lacerated, but was still some good, and mine and Ebony's were as fresh as daisies. So off we set at full pace, and never stopped again till we reached the place from which we started at Sierra Leone.

The curate would have it that the whole glory of the day belonged to him, notwithstanding the final rencontre; and he more than ever preached the humane doctrine of passive non-resistance and donkey-braying; as for cock-crowing, seeing, he believed, his wisdom in that respect founded upon the best classical models, he has been crowing ever since, and will continue to crow, so long as he lives, over this famous steeple-chase and victory over the lions.

A Sublime Sonnet.

BY A BIGGISH BOY.

WRITTEN IN THE AGE OF TINDER-BOXES.

DARK was the night, and loud the wind-storm
howl'd ;

Above, around, the vivid lightnings glare ;
The thunder's awful voice terrific growled,

In dreadful peals, along the misty air ;
When Arthur bent his lone and careful way

Across the corridor's all dangerous gloom ;
Seiz'd on the massive door, then made essay,

And enter'd slow the horror-breathing room.
Trembling with deep amazement, now he stood

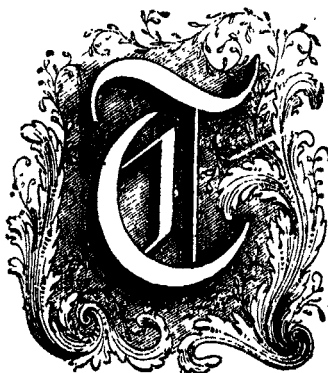
(His breast by hope and doubt alternate sway'd),
Reach'd where full well he knew there erst had stood

A table—dimly gleaming in the shade,
He felt—then utter'd, with despairing fear,

"Where is the tinder-box ?—it isn't here !"

A. M.

Story of the Cobra de Capello.

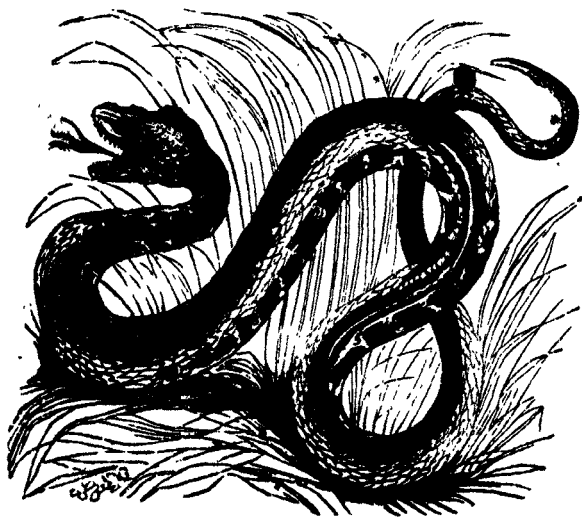


HIS exceedingly disagreeable companion is a native of India, and is, when full grown, about eight feet long, and more than an inch in thickness. It is a hooded snake, and it tapers from the head towards the tail. Its bite is so venomous and deadly that within a few seconds of the injection of its poison through the fangs, the victim is in convulsions, and death rapidly supervenes. Many persons have been victims to its bite in India, where it is frequently met with. Many others have had narrow escapes from its poison. Among other stories, that related by a young cadet, named Maitland, deserves particular notice, and he gives it in a very graphic manner. He had been out sporting, and had laid down to take a short nap in the heat of the day under a tamarind tree. He had two dogs with him, and had not laid down more than a quarter of an hour before he was aroused by the

barking of his faithful companions. When he awoke he beheld a snake of the Cobra de Capello species directing its sinuous course towards him. He says, "the moment the reptile became aware of my presence, it boldly gazed at me with expanded hood, its eyes sparkling, and its neck beautifully arched. The head was raised two feet from the ground, and oscillated from side to side, in a manner plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized a short bamboo, left by one of the bearers, and hurled it at my opponent's head. I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell from its imposing attitude and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of a tree, and thinking it was dead very coolly set down to examine the mouth for the poisonous fangs of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stick, I suddenly felt the head sliding through my hand, and, to my utter astonishment, became aware that I had now to contend against the most deadly of reptiles in its full strength and vigour. Indeed, I was in a moment convinced of it, for as I tightened my hold of the throat, its body became wreathed around my neck and arm. I raised myself from a sitting posture to one knee; my right arm, to enable me to exert my strength, was extended. I must in such an attitude have appeared horrified enough to represent a deity in the Hindoo mythology, such as we often see emblazoned on the portals of their native temples. I was no longer a curious spectator, but engaged in a dangerous struggle for my life. To retain my hold it required my utmost strength to prevent the head from escaping, as my neck became a purchase for the reptile to pull

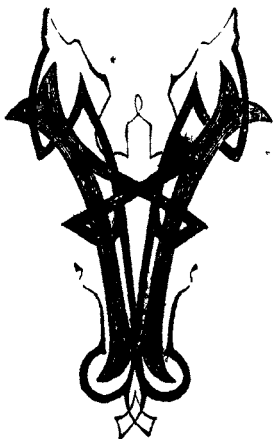
upon. If my young readers are aware of the universal dread in which the Cobra de Capello is held throughout India, and the almost certain death which irrevocably follows its bite, they will, in some degree, be able to imagine what my feelings were at that moment. A shudder, a faint kind of disgusting sickness, pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the cold, clammy fold of the reptile's body tightening round my neck. To attempt any delineation of my sensation would be horrible. I had now almost resolved to regain my hold. Had I done so this tale would never have been written, as no doubt the head would have been brought to the extreme circumvolution to inflict its deadly wound. Even in the agony of such a moment I could picture to myself the fierce glowing of the eyes, and the intimidating expansion of the hood, ere it fastened its venomous and fatal hold upon my face and neck. To hold it much longer was impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted with the very firmness by which I held it. My hand was luckily gloved; finding however that in defiance of all my efforts, my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, I was anxiously considering how to act in this horrible dilemma, when an idea struck me that were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs, should it escape my hold. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared the very thing required, which, with some difficulty I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right arm was now trembling from over exertion, my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw up to its centre. There was then

little difficulty in freeing my arm, and ultimately throwing the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighbouring stream, to bathe my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters, was my first act after getting rid of my formidable enemy."



One Head worth four pair of Hands.

A PLAGUESOME STORY.



ICKEDNESS," saith the Proverb, "is a fruitful flower, and bringeth forth its meat in every season," and there are often characters engaged in crime who cannot be deterred from their evil deeds by anything short of the sense of the most imminent danger. Nevertheless, it is very amazing to observe how easily the fears of wicked people may sometimes be worked upon. "The thief doth fear each bush an officer,"

is a very old saying, and the following story illustrates very pleasantly how a little wit can foil a great deal of villany.

It is well known that during the great Plague of London many thousands of persons fell victims to that awful pestilence, and although most persons looked upon the disease as a judgment of God upon the wicked, and almost everybody grew suddenly religious (as they do under every calamity of the kind), yet hardened wretches prowled about for the sole purposes of plunder, and carried on their depredations not

only in the metropolis but also in the suburban towns and villages.

Four of these desperadoes met together one Sunday night by appointment, at a place called "The Bald-faced Stag," on the borders of Epping Forest, having made a plot to rob a certain gentleman's house lying between Walthamstow and the village of Chingford in that neighbourhood. The family had gone off for fear of the plague into Yorkshire for the sake of a more wholesome air, and the house was left in the care of an old man-servant much beloved for his fidelity. The gang of robbers having advanced to the house with pistols in their hands, crapes over their faces, and dark lanterns under their clothes, while the wind was howling around them, it being a dark and stormy night, presently came to the door. They found all shut up, still, and every window securely fastened. They tried in vain with their housebreaking tools to obtain a quiet entrance, and at last it was decided in a whisper among them, that in a feigned voice they should try to get the old servant and guardian of the house down to the door by pretending to be distressed wayfarers. The principal of the desperadoes then advanced to the portico of the old mansion, and having made a grievous knocking, implored in piteous accents, that the inmates would suffer him to come in for a night's rest, as he had lost his way in the forest, and must otherwise lie in the rain till the morning.

The old man, whose name was Sturdy, after much imploring, opened a little casement in a kind of lobby over the portico and replied to the thief who called to him, "In the name of all goodness," said he, "what do ye want here, my masters? Why come to the house of death and devastation I have no lodging to give you!"

"How does he know there are more than one of us?" said Sheepskin, one of the gang. "Know!" said Blackface, the leader, "because you would not hold your gab when I told you;" and so Blackface, being flushed with liquor, threw off his disguise, and ceased to plead any longer in his whining voice, but growled out like a savage bear as he was, "We are come to get what we can out of the house, and if you don't let us in we will presently break open the door and beat your brains out, so let us in or take the consequence."

"There is nothing to take here," said the old man, "but tables and chairs, and large chests and boxes with nothing in them, but you shall come in if you like and have my place and keys to look. If you only wait an hour or, perhaps, two, you may all be lords of this domain, for I am in a sad way of death, my glass is nearly run, nothing now can stay its sand."

"Come, come, you old dolt, no preaching!" said Blackface; "if you don't open the door, and let us in, we will break it with our axes, and when we do come in your head shall share the same fate. Let us in, I say, or—" Here Blackface swore a dreadful oath, which brought the old man's heart into his mouth; however, he composed himself, nevertheless, and answered again mildly, "Ye shall not need to be so barbarous," said he, "and shall have free passage; but I give you fair warning, that though I be but a poor, single, nearly spent old man, dying with the grievous disease, and without weapons, yet shall your coming in cost you some of your lives, for within these walls is that dreadful giant that has and is still slaying his thousands in the city, and in the villages, and even in the depths of forests, and the loneliest places of the earth,—even here that cruel disease, the judgment of God upon guilty men, the plague, is

fallen, and the red spot is upon me." At these dreary words the courage of the robbers began to ooze out a little, but Blackface, who had more liquor within him than the rest, spurred them on, and said that what the old man said was nothing more than balderdash, and urged them at once to break open the door.

"Alas!" said the old man, who overheard these arguments, "what I say is indeed a sorrowful thing, the truth of which you may ascertain for yourselves, if you will; as for the door, I will open it with my own hands, beseeching you, for your own sakes, to stand a little apart and out of the taint of my breath, which is sure destruction. There is one child herein, a dead corpse, as you shall behold if you have so much courage, for it lieth unburied in the hall." So saying, he descended, and presently flung open the hall door. The villains withdrew a little backward, and they saw verily by the light of a rush, which the old man carried, that he was clothed only in a white sheet; he was, moreover, looking very pale and ghost-like, with a most dismal circle round each of his eyes, and, as his sheet fell apart a little from his body, they saw the red plague-spot glaring upon them.

"If ye disbelieve me still," said the old man, with a croak-voice, like that which the people with the plague always fell into; "if ye do still doubt, look inwards when I draw back from the door, and ye shall see what was a living child this day, but is now a corpse hastening to corruption. Alas! in the midst of life we are in death! she was seized at play." With these words he drew aside, and the robbers, looking through the door, perceived it was even as he had said, for the dead body of the child was lying on the hall table, with the

same black rings round its eyes, and dressed in brocades and ribbons, as if death had carried it off even as he said, in its holiday clothes.

"Now," said Sturdy, after they had gazed awhile, and looked very chapfallen, "here are the keys;" therewith casting them on the ground in a huge bunch; but the villains would no more meddle with them than with as many adders or scorpions, looking upon them in truth as the very keys of Death's door. So, after venting a few curses on their ill-luck, they began to depart in a savage, sullen humour, grinding their teeth and muttering savage wishes. But the old man called to them in a piteous tone to hear his last words.

"Doomed men," said he, "as ye are, and although you came here with villany, and perchance murder in your hearts, against me, yet, as a true Christian, will I forgive you your wicked intents, for as my hours, nay minutes, are numbered, I forgive my enemies in the hopes that I may be forgiven. I not only forgive you your wicked intents, but would advise you how to shun that miserable end which my life is now coming to so very suddenly. Although your souls have been saved from sin, yet doubtless ye have not stood so long in this infected air without peril to the health of your bodies, so, by the advice of a dying man, go straight on to the town of Leytonstone where there be tan-pits, and sit there for a good hour in the smell of the tan, which has more virtue against the malady of the plague than even tobacco, or the odour of drugs. Do this and live, for the poison is strong and subtle, and slayeth ere one is aware." Thereupon he uttered a dismal groan and howl, so that the robbers were now more frightened, and ran towards Leytonstone as fast as they could, moaning

and groaning dreadfully all the way ; till at last they reached the tan-pits, where they set themselves down, lamenting and blaming each other for the expedition, yet snuffing up the odour of the pits as if it was to be to them the breath of life.

They had not been thus sitting in dolor for more than half-an hour, when there entered several persons, one of whom was carrying a lantern. Thinking them to be the tanner and his men, they begged pardon for their entrance, but each man was suddenly seized upon and bound in a twinkling, and the constables, for so they were, began to laugh. The man with the lantern turned it upon his own face, and then the villains saw it was the old man of the mansion, who, having washed the charcoal from his eyes, appeared well enough. As for the dead child, that was only a loose waxen doll, which had been left by a puppet-showman as a model of Hygeia, or the goddess of health, which used to be carried in their pageants. And thus it was that one head was worth four pair of hands, and a gang of burly, strong, and fierce desperadoes were overmatched by a weak old man and a wax doll.

To a Mother.

IN the 'sweet days of other years,
When o'er my cradle first thy tears
Were blended with maternal fears,
And anxious doubts for me,
How often rose my lisping prayer,
That heaven a mother's life would spare,
Who watch'd with such incessant care
My helpless infancy.

Those happy hours are passed away,
Yet fain I'd breathe an artless lay,
To greet my mother's natal day,
For oh! it gave her birth.
Hope whispers that it will be dear
As angels' music to her ear,
And she will hallow with a tear
This tribute to her worth.

Mother thy loving voice would be,
More sweet, more welcome far to me,
Than greenest wreathes of minstrelsy,
Plucked from the fairest bowers ;

And round this lowly harp of mine,
I'd rather that a hand like thine
One simple garland should entwine,
Than amaranthine flowers.

My childish griefs were hush'd to rest,
Those lips on mine fond kisses press'd,
Those arms my feeble form caress'd

When few a thought bestowed ;
When sickness threw its venom'd dart,
My pillow was thy aching heart ;
Thy gentle looks could joy impart,
With angel love they glow'd.

This world is but a troubled sea,
And rude its billows seem to me ;
Yet my frail bark must shipwrecked be
Ere I forget such friend ;

Or send a prayer to God on high,
That begs not blessings from the sky,
That heaven will hear a daughter's sigh,
And long thy life defend.



"Old Times and Old Things."

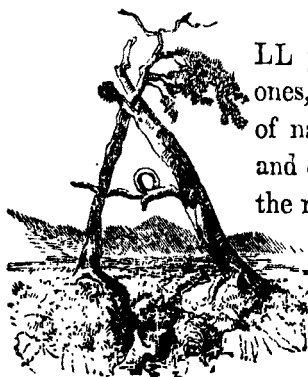
No. III.

THE COUNTRY MAY-POLES.

MAY MIRTH AND MAY GAMES.

—◆—

It is a pleasant sight to see
A little village company
Drawn out upon the first of May
To have their annual holiday.
The pole hung round with garlands gay :
The young ones fooling it away,
The aged cheering their old souls
With recollections and their bowls.



ALL you little ones, or middling-sized ones, or full-grown ones, who are lovers of nature, of sweet sounds, and odours, and colours, and the all happy faces of the rural world, with its eyes of sunshine—all you that are lovers of air, and exercise, and of joy and merriment, go forth on May-day, or the earliest May morning, if it be fine, and pluck your flowers, and green boughs, to adorn your rooms with, and to show that you love nature.

Remember, my young folk, for it is to you that I always address myself, that "May," or thereabouts, was the great festival of our forefathers. It was later than it is now, owing to the alteration of the old style into the new, which is twelve days later, so that the first of May with them was on the twelfth, as we now reckon it—a time when nature was more advanced, and, consequently, more gay and bright, and full of odours and sweet sounds.

Then, at the dawn of the May morning, the lads and lassies left the towns and villages, and, repairing to the woodlands, with sounds of music, they gathered the May, or blossomed branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then, returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated their lattices and chambers with the sweet-smelling spoil of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes. Spenser's "Shepherds Calender" beautifully records these customs, and, as I would have my readers know something of Spenser, I will quote him.

Youthes folke now flocken in every where
 To gather May baskets and smelling breere,
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,
 And all the kirke pillars ere daynight,
 With hawthorne buds and sweet eglastime,
 And garlands of roses and sopers in wine.

A prose writer, quite as quaint, and almost as poetical as Spenser, speaking of our ancient pastimes, says that the after part of May-day was chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were conse-

crated to the Goddess of Flowers. Sometimes the May-pole was brought from the woods on an immense truck or wagon,



to which twenty-four yoke of oxen were attached, each ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the top of his horns,

and these oxen were also further ornamented with bows of ribbon and garlands. The poll—now pole—was covered all over with flowers and shrubs, bound round about with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with rare-colours, and following it, two or three hundred women and boys, and lads, and lassies, and children, and others, with flags, and streamers, and handkerchiefs. Being adorned, it was reared up with great spirit and merriment, and round about it were built many arcades and bowers, and cool sitting places, and then all that willed came and ate, and drank, and feasted, and made merry, and danced at wassaille, and sung—

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands' around it,
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown it.—HERRICK.

These were the days which royalty itself delighted in, and even corporations patronised. One of the old chroniclers describes a royal Maying. "In the month of May," says he, namely, on May-day, in the morning, every man, except he had an impediment, would walk into the green meadows, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind. And, for example hercof, Edward Hall hath noted that King Henry the Eighth did, in the thirde year of his reigne, and divers other years, and so namely in the seventh of his reigne, on May-day, in the morning, with Queen Catherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, ride a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground at Shooter's-hill

where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred; and then the king and the queen, and the noble lords, and the knights, and the esquires, and yeomen, all did great cheer, and they mixed with the common people, and danced round the May-pole, and the king himself was, as he was wont, to take the prettiest damsel of all the flock, whether poor or rich, gentle or simple, and would dance with her, and give her a kiss, to the great delight of those present, and to the great glory of England."

Well done, old chronicler! and so say I, to the great glory of himself, and to the pretty girl, and to the Queen Katharine, and to all the lords and ladies, and to merry England herself; to the great glory, I say, of merry England.

But the sweetness of England went into a kind of ferment during the religious troubles and disputes that followed the upsetting of the Pope by King Harry, who set himself up for Pope in his place. It was a great object with some of the more rigid and early reformers, to suppress amusements, particularly May-poles. One Stephen, a Curate, preached against them so fiercely at St. Paul's Cross, that the old May-pole which used to be kept in store from year to year, by the London apprentices, under the caves of the church of St. Andrew (called, in consequence, St. Andrew's *undershaft*), was broken to pieces, and burned by the zealous. The Puritans called the May-poles idols, idols of the people; and these idols, as zeal grew hotter, and Puritanism grew sourer, were, day by day, pulled down in various places; and when the Houses of Parliament grew into positive sour juice, or

nitric-acid, they passed an act for the pulling down of all the May-poles, some of which, they said, were higher than the church steeples, which was, indeed, a lofty blasphemy; and therefore, they were, by act of parliament, put down, down, down to the dust, and the constables, and the boss holders, tything men, the petty constables, were ordered to be fined a crown weekly, in case they ever suffered May-poles to be put up again; accordingly down went all the May-poles.

But "sourcroust" was not a popular dish with the English people for long. Vinegar Sundays, and vinegar Mondays, and vinegar Easter, and vinegar Whitsuntide, soon created such a sickening acid on the popular stomach, that upon the death of Old Noll—Oliver Cromwell—a great reaction took place. The people all at once changed their demure looks to a curious hilarity, and the restoration of King Charles the Second was the signal for the restoration of May-poles. On the very first May-day afterwards, in 1661, the May-pole in the Strand was reared with great ceremony and rejoicing, and a curious account of this is found in a rare tract. "Let me declare to you," said the triumphant narrator, "the manner in general of that stately cedar, erected in the Strand, one hundred and thirty-four feet high, commonly called the May-pole. This tree was, at a most remarkable price, ordered at the cost of his sacred Majesty, with the illustrious prince and Duke of York. It was made below bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland-yard, near the King's palace, and from thence it was carried, April the fourteenth, to the Strand, to be erected. It was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, drums beating all the way, and other sorts of music. It was supposed to be so long that landsmen and carpenters could

not possibly raise it. Prince James, and the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, commanded twelve seamen off aboard, to come and do the business; whereupon they came and brought their cables, pullies, and other tacklings, with six great anchors; after this was brought three crowns,



lore by three men, bare-headed, and a streamer displayed all the way before them; drums beating and other music playing; and numerous multitudes of people thronging the streets, with great shouts and acclamations all day long. The Maypole being then joined together, and hooped about with bands

of iron, the crown and cone, with the king's arms, richly gilt, were placed on the head of it; a large top like a balcony was about the middle of it—(that was the sailors' main-top idea no doubt). This being done, the trumpets did sound, and in four hours' space it was advanced upright, after which, being established fast in the ground, six drums did beat, and the trumpets did sound, again great shouts and acclamations the people gave, and it did ring throughout the Strand."

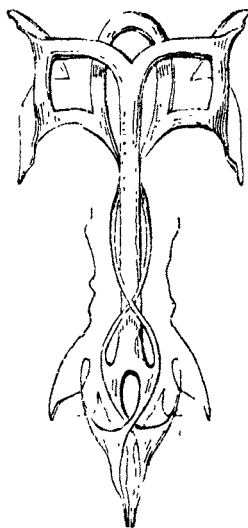
After that came the morris dancers, finely decked with purple scarfs, in their half skirts, with tabour and pipe, the ancient music, and danced round about the May-pole. Upon the top of this famous standard was also set up a royal purple streamer; about the middle of it was placed four crowns more, with the king's arms; likewise there was also a garland set upon it, with various favours, under which was placed three great lanterns to remain as three great honours—one for the King, one for the Duke of York, and the third for the Vice-Admiral. It was placed where the "Old May-pole" formerly stood; that is, as my young London readers ought to know, just opposite the shop of my good geological friend, Professor Tennant, at the west end of the church in the Strand, near Somerset House. It was higher than the church steeple, a significant hint that the state was above the church, and there was nothing in Europe like it, as saith the chronicler, and then he goes on. "Little children did rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying, "Golden days begin to appear;" and he questioned not but that the childrens' huzzas and the old peoples' hand-clapping will ring like melodious music throughout every country in England."

But it is of no use to write joyful things about May-poles. Their glory is departed, like that of the tilting knights in steel, and the archer men in green. I am sorry for it, but can't help it. I have seen so much in my time, and lamented so much with that most excellent of excellent men, Mr. Fitzgerald, the decay of the old English sports, that I cannot refrain from sighing after the May-pole. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the want of this happy simplicity that the decline of the custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant have gradually disappeared in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and prefer the drugged beer at the public-house to open-air rejoicing.

Some attempts have been made to rally back the public feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity, but I fear the time has gone by, Mr. Fitzgerald; the middle classes have no sympathy with the lower, and only ape their betters; the feeling of rustic enjoyment has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic; the country apes the manners and amusements of the town where it can, and where it can't, it is soured and be-gloomed, and be-clouded by ascetic denunciation. So May-day is left to the paper-polking chimney sweepers, and maid Marians may wield the soup-ladle, and Jacks-in-the-Green make the last move in a blind and stumbling direction, and old PETER PARLEY must sigh in vain. . .

A Doleful Tragedy.

IN THE SCHOLASTIC LINE.



HE beautiful morning sun, full of light, speaking of the freedom in every ray, the merry birds fluttering to and fro on every sprig, the thistledown, sauntering along with the idle wind, and the balmy air, all bursting forth in the joyous month of June, after a long, dark, and hard winter, and a cold, rude, unfeeling, miserable spring, all these were forgot, and free and delicious things greeted Simon Simple, "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school," on Monday morning, June the first, at the glittering hour of half-past eight.

Peter had a bag of books over his shoulder, a slate under his arm, to which were tied three or four great books of the quarto size, and in his pockets,—aye, it would be a difficulty to tell what he had *not* in his pockets, which bulged out on either side like an ass's panniers,—there were a score or two of marbles, three or four tops, a couple of top lines, a bat-trap, that, I believe, was shoved out of the pocket into the hinder part of the lining, and gave a sharp poke out behind; and in the pockets proper, were, in addition to what I have mentioned,

a squirt, a Jew's harp, half a dozen fish-hooks, and a tangle of lines, a ball of shoe-makers' wax, a brass cannon, the hull of a boat, (this was on the opposite pouch with the bat-trap,) and about half-a-pint of grey peas, which filled all the interstices between the aforesaid tops, marbles, cannon, squirt, shoe-makers' wax, and other things; so that if the possession of property implies being happy, Simon Simple was that happy individual.

But Simon was not happy, for, in the first place, he hated Latin, and he had to learn it. Musa, musæ, musæ, musam, musa, musa, musæ, musarum, musis, musas, musæ, musis; bonus, bona, bonum, boni, bonæ, boni. Propriæ quæ mari-bus and the as in præsentī to the very sickening of his soul; and, therefore, not being happy in his Latin and less in his Greek, and not over pleasantly disposed with his "fractions" and algebraic formula, he was a doleful black cloud on that bright and gay morning. All its glories and all its joys were no joy to him, for he had a desperate load upon his breast, a dull heavy bearing-down over his rather thick pericranium, and so he trod onwards to school, as if his legs had been glued together, or affected with that worst of all possible complaints, called the "lazy go!" "Happy birds," said he to himself, "they don't have to learn Latin; and the sheep there, nibbling away, how happy they are in having no Euclid; the cows in having nothing to do but extract the grass-top instead of the cube-roots;" and so Simon wished himself a little bird or a silly sheep, or a stupid cow; and I really believe he would not have minded had he been suddenly transformed into a crawling toad, or a brisk young water-rat, could he have escaped from his school.

He knew that the formidable Mr. Thwackum sat upon his high-legged stool with his portentous black eye-brows, and fierce little crab-eyes pushing out beneath them like brad-awls, and he fancied that his old cane had been newly vamped by certain twinings of waxends, and that it was ready to descend upon the unfortunate shoulders of those unhappy creatures who failed in their tasks; and he knew that he always failed in his, and that, therefore, by a very simple process of syllogistical reasoning, he inferred that a good whacking awaited him, as naturally as a good shower comes after a thunderstorm; and so he groaned, and then he sighed, and then he groaned again; then he conned his book, and "tried himself off," as the boys say; and then, in utter desperation and despair, he threw his book upon the ground and stamped upon it, with fierce rage, and burst into tears.

At this interesting point of Master Simon's Monday performance, he was overtaken by two bright luminaries of the scholastic line—Timothy Simons and Jonathan Sniggings—two delectable youths for dog-fighting, rat-catching, bird's-nesting, mole-hunting, and the like, and especially prone to "play the wag," that is, truanting. They had very decided views on the subject of education, and having studied the matter in all its bearings, from A B C to Y Z, they had come to the conclusion that it was an unmistakeable B O R E, and cared for very little of it. They did not see what could be the use of "Latin, and Greek, and mathematics." Timothy was going into his father's business, that is, a dry-salter, pork, and provision merchant; and Jonathan was shortly to be initiated into the mysteries of a tanner and currier; and they could see no possible connection between a Greek root and a barrel of

'pickled pork, or a Latin epithet, and bullock's hide; and so they, although not quite so dolorous as Master Simon, were equally disposed to be idle, and coming up with him at this particular out-pouring of his eyes already mentioned, one of them, Timothy, naturally enquired what was the matter, by making use of the simple question. "What are you crying for?"

"Crying! I'm not crying," replied Simon; "I am only savage that I can't say my inflections, and I know I shall catch it."

"Oh, don't bother yourself!" said Jonathan, "look at me; I can't say one, and, what's better, I never tried to learn one"

"Then you will catch it," said Simon, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I don't care for that," quoth Jonathan, "I'm padded! There's half a dozen mats upon my back, and a dozen 'Family Herald's' behind me! He may whack away as much as he likes."

"And I am padded, too," interrupted Tim; "I have got two chamber-towels under my waistcoat, and all the shreds out of the parlour fire-place on my seat. Thwackum must hit pretty hard to get at my skin. Why don't you pad, you silly fellow. Let us pad you, and you need only get your lessons up just when you like."

"I have not got anything to pad with," remarked Simon, with great simplicity."

"Then pad yourself with grass; I have often done so. Here, let us stuff you," urged Jonathan. "Pull off your jacket behind, we will show you how!"

A DOLEFUL TRAGEDY.

So, without more parley, Master Simon Simple submitted himself to the operation of padding. Many handful of grass were torn up and thrust carefully into all those places upon which the school-cane, strap, or rule usually make the most touching impressions, and, in a few minutes, our hero appeared as plump as a sucking-pig.

Feeling himself all over with a doubtful touch, Simon tremblingly enquired, "Do you think it will answer?"

"Answer!" replied Jonathan, "I will answer for its answering; we have tried it often enough, hav'nt we Tim?" Of course Tim assented with a nod of his head. "Feel me! feel Tim!" Jonathan continued. "Try me with this stick! Give me a good cut or two across the shoulders. Give it me! I can stand it! Well done! that's a good one! (Simon gave him a good one.) There, I don't flinch, do I? Now try me lower down; hit as hard as you like;" which Simon did, laughing all the time most heartily.

"Now let us try you," said Jonathan; and taking the stick suddenly away from Simon, he began to wind it over his hips and shoulders in first-rate style, as if he really had learnt something at school after all, in the way of using a stick. "There," he continued, "that does not hurt you, does it?" and while he continued saying this, Simon roared out rather lustily. "Oh, you must not mind a bit of a pinch, that, of course, you must expect, but it does not hurt you; you won't have any blacks, or blues, and long carrots on your skin. Why, before I tried this dodge, after I had a good caning, upon going into the water to bathe, the boys all used to run away from me frightened; they thought I was a tiger, I was striped all over like one; but now I never show marks, do I Tim?"

Tim gave his negative assent and added, in addition, that since he had padded he had been a happy boy. That he never knew what happiness was till he was seized with this art and invention, which he thought ought to be patented; that it was also a good thing for the schoolmaster, for he could then

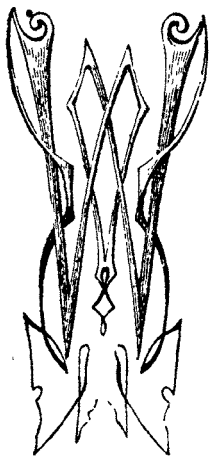


spend his fury without danger. Tim, moreover, said that, "he and Jonathan never padded boys for nothing, and that Simon must pay his footing, seeing that he had never been padded before, and as he was sure to derive great benefit and comfort from the proceeding." To this doctrine of recompense, Jona-

than cordially agreed, offering sundry reasons for Simon's due performance of the obligation he had incurred, and ended by suggesting that a portion of the pocket-stuffings, which had been disembogued by the padding operation, should be divided; and, consequently, a reconstruction of the rights of property was made with the marbles, tops, brass cannon, fish-hooks, fish-lines, and grey-peas, with which the side-pockets of Master Simon had been crammed.

Under these interesting circumstances it will be now necessary to leave this youthful trio till the next chapter, and we shall then, perhaps, be able to test the value of the stuffing.

CHAPTER II.



HE left Master Simon *padded* with green grass, Master Jonathan with "Family Heralds," and Master Timothy with chamber-towels and the thread papers of the fire-grate—all slowly wending their way to school, with their tasks neglected, and their school time wasted; yet they were fearless, bold, and desperate. They thought themselves armed *cap-a-pie*, and proof against all the assaults of the cane, the strap, or even of that sudden missile, the ruler, which used to fly with unerring aim from the raised desk of Mr. Thwackum to such unfortunate wights as could not keep their tongues still in the temple of learning. Simon, who had always feared the lowering of the black leech-like eyebrows of Thwackum, felt his courage getting up like the effervescence of a bottle of ginger-beer, and was becoming quite a care-for-nothing. He, am sorry to say, gave way to his raised and expanding feelings, and bestowed certain naughty, and not very complimentary, epithets upon his liege schoolmaster. He talked largely also about kicking his shins, and of crying murder, and of jumping through the window, and of many other modes of annoyance, should he be "leathered," as he called it—that is beaten. In short, so far from having any horror

at the expected thrashing, which he felt was his portion, he really began to long for the "affair," for he knew that he should be speedily raised among his schoolfellows to a hero, and looked upon as a thorough Spartan; in which noble sentiments Tim and Jonathan backed him up with all the eloquence with which they were endowed.

But all this preparation, and brag, and silly blustering came to nothing, as you will soon understand, for it so happened that the dominie, Mr. Thwackum, had that very morning been seized with a spirit of truantism, and a horror of Latin verbs and Greek roots. He was very fond of fishing, and had been out early in the morning with his hooks and lines, rod, &c. He had rejoiced in some very good sport, and met with a most agreeable tussel with a crafty old jack, who had dodged and bothered him for a long while after the schoolbell had rung. With certain roach, dace, and carp in his basket, and the gallant old jack on a hand-string, he was sauntering schoolwards, while on the other side of the thick-set hedge the stuffed schoolboys were dawdling their time away, and he thus became acquainted with the wonderful preparations they had made to receive his assaults and batteries.

"Oh, ho!" quoth he, "that is your game, is it, my young gentlemen. Two can play at that, I'll warrant you." So, with a grim smile upon his features, he vowed to give these young gentlemen such a blistering, as they should not forget to the longest day of their existence—and he was a man to keep his word. The pleasure the old dominie experienced in catching out these youngsters was so great that he put speed to his heels, and, with a certain number of jerks and leaps, and springs over hedges, and short cuts through bramble-bushes,

A DOLEFUL TRAGEDY.

he reached the schoolhouse long before the unfortunate young monkeys had got out of the meadows.

"There's gruel for them !" said the fierce old schoolmaster, as he looked through the little window at the corner of his old mahogany-desk, and saw the three unfortunates entering the playground. "There's gruel for them—and they must have a very long spoon to eat it with me," continued the dominie; and he contemplated their onward movements towards the schoolroom with savage delight. The old man prided himself also upon a certain small wit that he had at his fingers' ends; and sometimes, when he used to take the cane for the purpose of flagellation, would say, "Two brothers are we—you are CAIN, and I am ABEL;" and then would he flourish his cane in a sort of ecstasy, tuck up his coat-cuffs, and prepare for cuffing, with the appearance of an ability truly exhilarating to himself at least.

Timothy, Jonathan, and Simon wended their way "with stealthy steps and slow," over the playground, and hoped to slip into the schoolroom unobserved. Timothy led the van, and poor Simon followed in the rear. It was a hot day—the door of the schoolroom stood wide open, and there was a little snug corner at one end of the room—a sort of little sanctuary, which, if gained, promised less molestation than the more busy parts of the school, from its being a little beyond the angle of the pedagogue's sharp crabby eye—and so the boys made for it. There was a side door that opened to it at the other end of the schoolroom, and so, slinking round to this entrance, and each slipping in like an eel into a cranny, they quietly sat themselves down at the desk, as we see them in the picture, looking as innocent as if they had been the most praiseworthy students in the world.

Old Thwackum used to sit with one eye shut and the other open, and the eye that you thought to be shut was the one that was open, not wide, but with a keenness of sight through its little slit of half a line in width, that took in all the tricks



of the scholars. Thwackum saw as clearly as the daylight the dodge about to be practised, and determined to have some of that cruel sport with the youngsters for which he was so celebrated, for he liked to get the boys into a thorough

fix, for the benefit of laughing at the surprise and consternation that took place when their cunning ways were detected. And, besides, the old fellow, when he really determined upon "making an example" of any unfortunate wretch, used to put on the smoothest, softest, most urbane, and polite manner, and the cuts of his cane were the most terrible when they were accompanied with kind and consolatory expressions.

Timothy, Simon, and Jonathan thought they had done wonders; they had reached the sanctuary; the dominie seemed remarkably cheerful and good tempered; he had been showing some of his favourite boys the jaws of the extraordinary great jack he had captured, and ventured a little into the natural history of that fish, repeating some of Mr. Jesse's stories, as that he had heard of a jack that swallowed a little child, two years and a half old, and digested every thing about him, except the steel buckle that went round the poor little fellow's waist, and a leaden cockshy it had in its hand when it fell into the water. The boys were delighted at the stories; the school was full of glee, and Timothy, Simon, and Jonathan thought themselves almost happy.

Their happiness was not, however, of long continuance, for watching the pedagogue's eye, they fancied it had a twinkling and twitching that boded no good; his nose, too, seemed to be in one of those nervous fidgets, which always indicated that a storm was brewing. And, besides these indications of a tempest, the old man had opened his desk, and sat holding up the leaf of it with his head, so as to screen his face from the school while his hands seemed busily at work in the interior of the desk, and, from the motion displayed by his elbows, he seemed to be investing and twining a wax-end round the tip of his cane

—which was in fact the case, and he was bestowing mighty pains upon the operation, with a view, no doubt, that the instrument of torture should bestow corresponding pains upon the unlucky urchins whose sad fate condemned them to flagellation. Timothy and the rest saw this, but they did not quail, not they, they were padded, and defied the cane: as to Tim, he longed for some fun, and almost felt inclined to go up to the dominic and ask him when the performances were about to begin.

But the dominic was in no hurry—not he. There were certain preliminaries to be settled before he could go to work. He knew, too, that he had got some very odd fish to deal with, and having scented the padding and its concomitants, he had wisely determined to unskin his victims before he began to skin them. But this he determined to do in a most gracious manner. So calling out, in his most silver-toned accents, to Master Simon, he asked him to be so good as to come to his desk, as he had a conundrum to propose to him as a reward. This was frequently the dominic's custom; and some of his conundrums were very funny, and, when answered readily, called down many a high encomium upon the fortunate guessers.

“Now, Simon,” said the dominic, with a sweet and mild expression of face, an oily tone of tongue, and a soft expression of eye, “you are a very clever boy, Simon—very clever indeed.”

Simon nodded, as if to own the soft impeachment.

“Can you tell what was the first dress of our first parents in the Garden of Eden?”

“Fig leaves, Sir,” said Simon, as bold as brass, and ready as a gun.

"Before the fig leaves, my dear Simon?"

Simon was pozed, and hung down his head.

"Give it up, my clever child? 'Twasn't grass, Simon, nor 'Family Heralds,' Simon, nor towels, Simon. No, it was *bare skin*. Bare skin, Simon?"

And so all the boys laughed, and Simon's eyes twinkled.

"And now," continued the dominie, "perhaps, as you are so very clever, will you be so good as to give us a specimen of this bare skin?"

"Off with your coat, Simon!"

Poor Simon! his heart felt dead within him.

"Off with his coat, Skraggs," reiterated the dominie to the usher, who stood by.

Simon was too faint-hearted to resist.

Off went his coat, and down fell the grass, enough for a donkey's dinner, amid such a shout of laughter that it made the schoolroom echo again.

"Off with his shirt!" cried the dominie, spitting on his hand, and brandishing the cane with woeful indication. "I will pad you! I will teach you how to pad! Take him up, Skraggs!"

So off came poor Simon's shirt, and up went Simon's body upon the back of the usher so quickly that it seemed a work of magic. And now on high flourished the fresh-made cane, and now the pedagogue's fierce and savage grin. Simon, in the moment of despair, determined to make one effort for his liberty, and laid hold of the usher's ear with his teeth, which made him scamper about on all sides of the school, roaring most lustily. In vain did he try to drop Simon from his back; but no—Simon held on. The usher

kicked and rushed to and fro. The dominie made blow after blow at random, cutting in among the scholars, and giving the unfortunate usher a dreadful cut over the eye. Away he went, Simon and all, out of the school into the playground, the dominie after them in hot haste, and the whole school in the rear, shouting prodigiously. At last down fell the tutor Skraggs, from sheer exhaustion, and up got Simon, who immediately tried to make off; but no, the schoolmaster was close at his heels. Yet Simon ran as it were for his life, and the pedagogue followed him full of wrath and fury.

Now, it so happened that there was a moat or dyke, which the dominie had caused to be dug to separate the playground from the orchard and garden, and, as it was at the best but a sluggish ditch in the hot weather, such as it then was, the said ditch became a quagmire of black and fetid mud, in which toads croaked, and slimy things crawled continually. There was no other chance. Simon was a good leaper, and he determined to make a spring: he did so; the dominie followed close behind, but could not so suddenly stop the impetus which his body had received under the influence of rage and mortification, so he went clean into it.

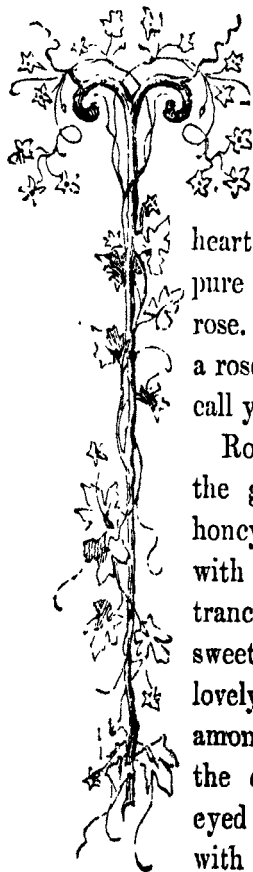
And dirty out of it you will say. I say that dirty is too meek an expression for the state of the dominie. He looked as if he had tumbled into his own inkpot. In he went, head over heels, and there he floundered for some time, vainly endeavouring to extricate himself, like a fly in a treacle tub. And, oh, his "white choker!" You should have seen his "white choker" and his "nankeen pants"—the boys did see them, and they shouted as if their hearts would burst with pleasure and satisfaction.

And when they dragged him out, oh, how very disagreeable was the scent, and how very chopfallen and peacefully disposed was the man of war, with his mouth full of mud, his hands stung with nettles, and his eyes bunged-up. Poor dominic, it was indeed a lesson to him. He never attempted "bear skin" any more, for the whole affair got wind, and the dominic from that day began to lose his scholars.

And as to you Master Simon, you may think yourself well off. And as to you, Masters Timothy and Jonathan, I can only say to you, as I do to all schoolboys, that you are a dishonorable set of knaves if you ever try to shirk your tasks. I say, don't be afraid of tasks. Look at them as lions in the way if you like, but don't be afraid of them. Walk into them in grand Grecian Spartan style. Master them; tear their hearts out, as Richard Cœur de Lion did. Don't be afraid of anything in this world. Be afraid of nothing, my young friends, but of *doing wrong*.



The Queen of the Flowers.



HERE she sits—little Rosa. Rosa by name, and Rosa by nature. Her cheeks are twin roses; her lips are twin rose-buds; her dimples are like the centres of full-blown roses; her heart is as lovely as a rose; her mind is as pure as a rose; her breath is as sweet as a rose. Little Rosa, dear little Rosa, you are a rose all over, and, therefore, well may we call you the “Queen of the Flowers.”

Rosa is fond of flowers. She goes into the gardens with the bees, and sips their honey; she hangs over their fragile forms with the butterflies, and seems to be entranced with their beauties; she smells their sweets, she admires their varied colours and lovely forms. Now, she is in the meadows, among the blue-bells, and the butter-cups, the daisies, the dandelions, and the blue-eyed speedwell. Now, on the sunny banks, with the little scarlet pimpernel, the wild convolvulus, the foxglove, or harebell. Now, amid the glens and watery places, seeking “forget-me-nots,” water-

lilies, and yellow-flags, and bogbeans. Now, among the woods, snatching the chesnut blossom, the hawthorn blossom, the lovely eglantine, and the fragrant branches of the ash-tree. Now, among the cornfields, after the blue cornflower, the scarlet poppy, the borragé flower, or the yellow peaglé. And so she wanders through the seasons, a child of Flora, a little sprite of nature, a "Queen of the Flowers."

Sweet little Rosa! Her mind is a garden of flowers. Innocence, like the snow-drop, has a deep root in it; truth, pure and holy as the first spring violet, grows there perpetually; and an angelic goodness, beautiful and abundant as the everlasting blossoms of the monthly rose, never ceases to bud and blossom there. Lovely child! well mayest thou wear that green fern leaf over thy sunny brows, to hide the blushes of thy modesty; well mayest thou look so joyful and yet so happy. Grow, on, thou sweet one; bloom on, thou happy one; more and more beautiful mayest thou be. Fade thou must. Thy golden hair will become grey, thy rosy cheeks will become pale, thy pretty lips will become shrivelled, and the chaste and beautiful lily of thy skin will perish also. But thy soul, thou gentle one, will still live in all its native sweetness and beauty, and bloom for ever in that Garden of Paradise, where the rose of Sharon, the lily of Eden, the heartsease of Him that heals all hearts, shall be thy everlasting companions—never fading—ever blooming.

"The flowers of earth may die;
The flowers of Heaven, like stars in the sky,
Live eternally.

Rosebuds and full-blown blossoms rot,
But faith and goodness perish not,
But bloom on high."

—HERRICK.

More about Lion Hunting.



ION Hunting is a glorious sport, as my young friends may imagine, by what I have told them in my affair of Sierra Leone, but I think it is due to them to tell them something further of lion hunting. One of the greatest lion hunters is Jules Gerard, called the "lion killer;" he is, as everyone knows, a Frenchman. Equal to him, at heart, is Gordon Cumming, a Scotchman, and with their adventures you would be delighted.

Should any of you youngers ever be so happy as to fall in with a lion in any of your adventures, it would be well to know how you could kill him to advantage. Don't attempt it, however, if you should happen to belong to that increasing

school of young people who think that dawdling away their time, and reading books merely amusing, will make men of them. To be a man you must be bold, expert, prudent, and resolute; you should also have good muscles, a firm foot, a steady hand, and a quick eye. With these you must have a "gun," a couple of "pistols," or, what is better, a six-barrel revolver—that is your best safe-guard.

Then, if ever you should be in the lion's territory, in South or Central Africa, you may have capital sport, when the sun is hot, and the air is dry, and the nights are full of moon. That is the time for hunting lions. And be careful should such a thing occur, to give up smoking or drinking, or any other enervating habit, for you want all your pluck and nervous strength, I can tell you, if you go lion hunting.

First, should lions be in the neighbourhood where you may happen to be, whether in Africa, or the Peninsular of India, be sure you find out where they "lodge," and then, if you want a skin, take care and go as close as you can to his lodgment. You may go alone, but you had better hunt lions in pairs.

Find out whether the lion roars, if he is alone, or accompanied by other lions; get a description of him if you can, but for greater certainty, go yourself, during the day, with your guide along the paths which lead to the lion's lair, and try to discover his foot marks or some other trace. If the ground be dry, look for a moist or even damp spot in the path, and when you have found the lion's track you can judge of its size and sex in the following manner:—place your open hand on the foot mark, and if you cannot cover the claws of the animal

with outspread fingers you may conclude that it is a full-grown male lion. If your hand covers the foot it is a lion-cub or a lioness.

Wait for a moonlight night. Do not be impatient ; wait till the moon shines out. You must wait—for to hunt the lion in the darkness of the night would be an act of madness. Therefore wait for the moonlight, and then—

Listen to what Jules Gerard did. He had killed two lions before the exploit I am going to narrate. He had heard that there was an enormous old lion in the vicinity of the French camp, at Drean ; so, early in the morning, in the month of August, he set out for the retreat of the beast. Having made inquiry among the natives in the vicinity thereof, he was told that every evening at sunset the lion roared on leaving his den, and that at night he descended into the plain, still continuing his music. A meeting, therefore, seemed inevitable, so he loaded his two guns and kept on the *qui vive*. He had hardly finished loading when he heard the roaring of the lion in the mountains.

But the moon had not risen, and it was growing dark. It soon became so dim that, at a few paces, things were very indistinct, but at last, he, with a single Arab guide, found his way through a jungle to a brook. It was a pond not above knee-deep.

He tried to reconnoitre his position, but all was so dark that he could not even see his Arab guide ; it was impossible to distinguish anything. He began to descend towards the brook, feeling all the way with his hands, for the track of a horse or sheep. It was certainly well sheltered and difficult of access. Having found a stone, which served as a seat, at the

edge of the brook, and just beyond the pond, he sent away his guide, who wished for nothing better. He told him, however, to keep within call, and then he took up his position on the stone. The lion was still roaring and approaching nearer and nearer.

Having closed his eyes for some minutes, so as to get them into a still better adapted state for seeing in the dim light, he saw, upon opening them, at his feet, a perpendicular ditch, formed, no doubt, by the overflowing of the brook, which ran some yards beneath him; on the left, and at the very muzzle of his gun, was the ford. He formed his plan immediately. If it should be possible to distinguish the lion on the bed of the river he determined to fire upon him there.

It was now about nine o'clock: the roaring he had heard about an hour before. He now heard another roar, about a hundred yards beyond the brook—a long guttural moan. He raised his eyes in the direction of this strange sound, and he perceived the eyes of the lion fixed on him like two flaming coals of fire. The fixed look of the lion made the hero's heart quail for a moment. He grew into a fever, and the perspiration poured from him.

He now heard the lion's first splash in the stream. Then all was silent. Was he lifted off his legs by the current? No; he was wading stealthily out of the brook, and was slowly ascending the steps of the ford, when a movement his foe made caused him to stop. He was four or five steps only off, and might make his death-spring in a moment.

Now, faith in the gun. Bang! The flash enabled him to see an enormous heavy mass of indistinct form. A fearful roar rent the air; the lion was hit. His first cry of pain was

followed by a series of angry yells. He moved forward, Gerard fired again, but the bullet only grazed his skin, and the lion came onwards.

Now for the tug of war. Gerard descended the side of the brook, to meet his foe with his "jager-knife," and, dashing bravely forward, made for the lion's heart. The beast rose up on his hind legs, and came down with all his force upon the devoted man, griping him with his claws. But the Frenchman had fixed his knife in the monster's flesh, yet this only served to irritate him, and both rolled from the bank into the ford.

This disconcerted Leo, but gave Gerard time to "whet his knife." Lions can't fight under water, and he tried to leap to the other side of the brook; while in the act of doing so, however, Jules dealt him a blow under the fifth rib, and the lion immediately returned with a tremendous swoop upon his foe.

Both were again down at the side of the brook, the man underneath, and the lion lying upon him with the whole weight of his body, so as to keep him down, but the Frenchman was still active, and while all hope seemed gone, struck his sharp steel up to the hilt in the lion's heart, and he fell dead.

All was still, except the bubbling of the blood as it oozed out of the wound to dye the quiet brook; and Gerard felt for the lion's heart; that was still, too, and all the muscles relaxed. The lion was dead. Gerard was almost, though not quite defunct; he was dreadfully torn and mangled, but managed to crawl away, shouted for his Arab guide, dressed his wounds, and slept in the jungle till daylight, and in the

morning he went to view the lion, a rare monster, weighing five hundred pounds, and with a mane like a mulberry tree.

Gerard was fortunate, for a lion will eat a man at a meal. A proof of this occurred while the French were at Algiers. Among the number of persons confined in the prisons were two brothers, who were condemned to death; they were desperate characters—assassins, cruel and bloody. The Dey, to prevent their escape, ordered them to be rivetted to each other, the foot of one man being fastened in the same ring as that of the other. No one knows how it happened, but these men escaped from prison, but they could not break their fetters, and after wandering about during the night they at last met a lion. He stood and looked at them for some time; he then walked round them, and at last sprang upon them from behind, threw them down, and immediately killed and began to eat one of the brothers, the other feigning himself dead; when he came to the leg that was enclosed in the shackle, he bit it off close to the ankle, he then went to a spring to drink. The other brother immediately got up and made off as quickly as he could, dragging his brother's part of a leg after him. But, at the break of day, he was discovered by a party of Arabs on the look-out, and brought before the Dey.

The Dey, astonished at this accident, and believing by it that it was in the decrees of Providence that the man was not to die, pardoned him, and sent him into a condemned regiment. This is a tale well authenticated, and by it we may see that a man is a meal for a lion.

Dangerous things, indeed, are lions, but recollect, my young friends, that there are "lions in the way" everywhere,

seeking our destruction. Lies are lions ready to kill us—deceit, falsehood, revenge, injustice, wrong. Let us pray to be kept from these, and from that Evil One, who is said to go about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.



Aunt Susan and the Peaches.



WHAT can be more beautiful than a peach tree in blossom! It smiles upon us like the rosy beams of morning, and perfumes our very thoughts. The delicate tint, the lovely efflorescence, the breathings it has of spring, and the noble appearance it makes amid the first of the pleasant things of that sweet season, the childhood of the year, makes it an especial favourite with old PETER PARLEY, and the more so when he can associate it with some moral nearly as beautiful as itself.

My old aunt was a very kind, good-hearted creature. She was very sensible and shrewd; and if ever any of us boys, or any of the girls, did anything wrong, or mean, or foolish, aunt was always sure to find it out, and then she did look black! I have heard that a true picture of darkness was to imagine a

real negro sitting at midnight in a dark coal-cellar, nursing a black cat; well, when we did wrong, and especially if we told a lie, Aunt Susan looked as black as that.

One day she had been to our country town. She was particularly fond of peaches, and never could resist buying some for us children when they were cheap, and ripe, and good. So she bought half a dozen very fine peaches, two for herself, and four for us four boys, that is, Peter, and Paul, and Barnabas, and Luke. So we capered around Aunt Susan, and when she gave us the nice peaches to eat, we thought her equal to the very first princess that had ever appeared in any of the fairy tales; nay more, we thought her equal to the best of all the good fairies we had ever heard of, read of, or thought of, in the whole course of our lives.

At night, when we were going to bed, Aunt Susan, who always heard us say our prayers, and very frequently took that opportunity of going over the events of the past day, and over-hauling us in regard to our moral doings one towards the other, took the opportunity of saying, "Well, boys, how did you like your peaches?" We little thought that Aunt Susan was playing us a little bit of her "wisdom trick," not we, and so were thrown completely off our guard. "How did you like the peaches?" said she.

"Oh, very much," said I, for I was generally head speaker, and my "parley" was always ready. "Oh, beautiful peaches, full of juice! I have put by the stone, and when the spring comes I will plant it in the ground, and I shall then have a peach tree and lots of peaches." "Very good," said Aunt Susan, "the best thing you could do with the stone, and I hope you enjoyed the peach. What did you do with yours,

Paul?" "Ate it," said Paul, "and threw away the stone; I had half a mind to make an apple mill of it, but it was not worth the trouble." Paul was a little boy, and so Aunt Susan told him to mind and do better next time. Now came Master Barnabas: "What did you do with your peach?" said our aunt. "Ate it," said Barnabas, "cracked the stone, and ate that also, and wished I had had half-a-dozen more. Why did you not buy a dozen, Aunt Susan, when you were about it? then we might have had two a-piece, and you would have had four, you know."

Aunt Susan looked now as black as that black negro nursing at midnight the black cat in the dark coal-cellar, but she said nothing; we would rather she had, for her black looks were at all times worse than her scoldings.

However, next came the lesson of little Luke. "Well, Luke," said she, "I suppose you enjoyed your peach as well as your brothers?" Luke hung down his head, looked very sheepish, and said nothing. "Ah!" said she, "I suppose you did a more foolish thing than all the others; you generally do very foolish things."

"That he did," said Barnabas, "for he never ate his peach at all." "Yes, he gave it away!" said Paul, "and never tasted a bit of it. You won't give him peaches again, will you, Aunt Susan?" enquired Paul.

"Tell me to whom you gave your peach?" said Aunt Susan to Luke. "I took it," replied Luke, "to poor little Amy Sinnet, who lives in the back lane, and is very ill; she would not take it at first but I laid it on the bed and ran away. I hope you will forgive me, dear aunt, I did not mean any harm."

"Come to my heart!" cried Aunt Susan, and her face looked as bright as a lovely peach tree when the sun first bursts on it in a clear and beautiful morning; a blush of joy overspread her features, sweet as the blush upon the peach blossom when bees do suck it; and her eyes, oh! they looked more brilliant than the morning sun, and she squeezed Luke to such a degree that he looked a little frightened.

Then Aunt Susan held Luke a little way from her, then she looked at his tearful eyes, then she kissed his forehead, then his cheek, and then she gave him another squeeze or hug, so ardent that I thought poor Luke would have been squeezed flat.

However, he got over it; and we, somehow or other, gathered up as fragments of the peach feast a batch of moral lessons, that there are better things to do with peaches, sometimes, than eating them ourselves; and that the reflection of having done a good action is as delicious as the flavour of the finest peach; and that Aunt Susan was the best and kindest friend we ever had.

The Secret Sorrow,

OF A BOY IN THE MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.



O H, let me from the festive scene
To thee, my mother, flee ;
And be my secret sorrow shared
By thee—by only thee !

In vain they spread the glittering board,
The rich repast in vain ;
Let others seek for pleasure there,
To me 'tis only pain.

There was a word of kind advice,
A whisper soft and low ;
But ah ! that one persuasive smile,
Alas, why was it so !

No blame, no blame, my mother dear,
Do I impute to you ;
But, *since I ate that gooseberry fool*,
I don't know what to do !

W. B.

"Old Times and Old Things."

No. IV.

ANCIENT PLAYS, MORALITIES, AND MYSTERIES.



MYSTERY is a very ancient thing, my young friends, aye, and a very important one too; to shroud things in mystery has been the trick of evil and designing men from time immemorial, and there has been no age without a vast deal of mystery connected with it. It is used for various purposes of concealment; it is also used for purposes of enlargement—as the sun looks larger through a mist—not quite so bright, but more grand, perhaps, and imposing. There are, I am sorry to say, a great many people in this world who are fond of the mysterious; they like to have their minds put on the stretch of doubt and perplexity; they like uncertainties; they like speculation, and are fond of

the dim, the shadowy, the semi-obscure and the visionary. Therefore, it is no wonder that the sharp-witted, and the clever, should take advantage of this noodleism, and administer to it for their own profit and advantage; and so we have the love of mystery among the weak-minded and the superstitions of the half-cracked continually turned into money. All false religions have traded largely upon mystery. Mysteries were among the Greeks, and afterwards, also, among the Romans, turned to important matters. They had their mysteries in secret religious assemblages, which no uninitiated persons were permitted to approach. They originated at a very early period, and were designed to interpret those mythological fables and religious rites, the meaning of which it was thought proper to conceal from the people at large—a fatal blunder, for say what you will, there is nothing like open-faced sincerity and honest-hearted truth.

In all the “Mysteries,” that is, the religious or state mysteries of the ancients, there were dramatic exhibitions relating to the exploits of the Deities in whose *honor* they were celebrated. The most important Greek mysteries were, first, the Eleusinian; second, the Samothracian, which originated in Crete and Phrygia, and were celebrated in the former country in honor of Jupiter. From these countries they were introduced among the Thracians or Pelasgians, in the island of Samothrace, and extended from thence into Greece. They were celebrated sometimes in honor of Jupiter, sometimes of Bacchus, and sometimes of Ceres. Thirdly, there were the mysteries of the Dionysia, which were brought from Thrace to Thebes, and were celebrated every second year. The transition of men from barbarism to civilization was likewise represented

in them. The women were clothed in skins of beasts. With a spear bound with ivy in their hands, they ascended Mount Cithæron, where, after the religious ceremonies, wild dances were performed, which ended with the dispersing of the priestesses and the initiated in the neighbouring woods. But at last these and other mysteries became so exceedingly great, that they were forbidden in Thebes even in the time of Epaminondas, and afterwards in all Greece, as prejudicial to public morals.

But we have not to do with the mysteries of classical antiquity. We only have to exhibit the old customs of ancient England, and what we would speak of are the Religious mysteries and miracles which our forefathers used to delight in. They were a kind of rude drama, a favourite spectacle in middle ages, represented at solemn festivals. The subjects were of a religious character, and the ecclesiastics were at first the performers and the authors. They were called mysteries and miracles because they taught the mysterious doctrines of Christianity, and represented the miracles of the first Founder of the Faith, of the saints and martyrs. The first play of the sort specified by name, appears to have been *St. Catherine Wootten*, by Geoffry, a Norman, about 1100. They sometimes took several days. One is known to have lasted eight days, which began with the Book of Genesis, at the Creation, and ended with the Revelations.

These were miracle plays, and were usually performed in the open air, and supported by the largesse of the spectators. The place of performance, the stage, or theatre, was a large scaffold, set on six or eight wheels, consisting of two rooms, a higher and a lower. In the lower room the

performers dressed, and in the upper one the performances took place. The higher room, or rather, as it may be called, the stage, was open in front, that all beholders might hear and see. On the day of performance, the vehicle was wheeled by men from place to place throughout the city. The floor was strewed with rushes; and, to conceal the lower room, wherein the performers dressed, cloths were hung, and on these cloths, or draperies, the subject of the performance was worked in tapestry. The higher room of the vehicle was embellished and ornamented with carved work, and had a crest, while others had vanes with streamers flying.

The ecclesiastical plays were usually performed in churches, and the priests, churchwardens, and other church officials acted in them. Sometimes the subject was the "Conversion of Saul;" at others, the "Casting out of Devils from Mary Magdalene." In the former, Saul, being on the ground, is made to speak as follows:

"Most doweitd man, I am lyvyng on grounde
Goodly be sure with many a rich havlement;
My pere on lyve I trow ye nott yfound,
Through the world fre the oryent to the occydent.

There is a beautiful speech for you, if you can understand it; if not, it is no great loss to the understanding. It is a very curious fact that the Prince of Evil is always made the principal comic actor, and is frequently the true hero of the piece. He it is who, like the clown in the play, is for ever getting into a mess, yet slipping out again by his wit and cunning, while his odd noise, strange gestures, and funny sayings, excited the laughter of the populace.

When the mysteries ceased to be played, the subjects for the drama were not taken from historical facts, but consisted of moral reasonings in praise of virtue and condemnation of vice, on which account they were called "moralities;" and these performances, requiring some degree of invention, laid the foundation for our modern comedies and tragedies. The dialogues were carried on by allegorical characters, such as Good Doctrine, always represented as a fat, jolly-looking man; Charity, a plump, handsome damsel; Faith, slim and genteel; Prudence, rather old maidish; Discretion, a middle-aged gentleman, rather grey; Death, gaunt and bony, and Satan, with a prodigious pair of horns and long tail; or, when any one of his qualities was personified, as Pride or Hatred, he had his appearance greatly modified. But it was still the province of those personifying to be very witty—as Jonson writes:—

" But the old vice
Acts old iniquity, and in the fit
Plays excellently the droll and wit "

So that vice and folly were very properly put together in the moralities.

Besides the mysteries and moralities, our ancestors had their secular plays, which differed greatly from them. These were acted by strolling companies composed of minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, jesters and the like. Of course, such plays were of higher antiquity than the ecclesiastical plays, and they were much relished by the vulgar set of people as well as the nobility. The courts of the kings of England, and the castles of the great earls and barons, were crowded with the

performers of the secular plays, where they were well received and handsomely rewarded. Sometimes the secular players had the wickedness to act some of the religious plays, but this impiety was speedily put down by the church. Then there were interludes, often of a very peculiar nature. Something of this kind was the representation made before King Henry the Eighth, at Greenwich, thus related by Hall. "Two persons played a dialogue, the effect whereof was whether riches were better than love, and when they could not agree upon a conclusion, each called in three knights, all armed, and then, suddenly, they began to fight in earnest style a fair battle, and when they had both been disfigured much, then came there in an old man, 'Wisdom,' who decided that riches and love were good things together, and thus the picce ended."

This seems to be very foolish child's play, does it not my youngsters—such as boys and girls at the present day would sneer at? But we must not forget that the wisdom of our ancestors is not the wisdom of grey hairs, but of the cradle. Let us look forward to the wisdom of manhood; but, believe me, the world is not yet out of its petticoats, and bibs, and tuckers; bye and bye it will be breeched and look like a man, and after that may learn to be wise. It is for you my young friends to help in this onward movement, and that you can best do by cultivating your minds, and enlarging your understandings by reading books of sense, as well as books of amusement. • With the reading should go reflection, and with the reflection will come wisdom, if we are only true to ourselves, and to the high and glorious powers which God has given us.

Emmerling and Marianne.

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTERS.

CHAPTER I.



II! sweet are the uses of adversity. Sweet is the devotion of children! Lovely, aye, lovelier than the loveliest of flowers, is affection and innocence; and more beautiful than the most beautiful is humble-minded virtue.

He was a rare old school master of the old school, kind-hearted, strict, and assiduous; had a due and proper respect for small, round, and text hand; found a glory in the rule of three and fractions; he loved old Fenning and old Walkingame to the very last; and the "Beauties of History," "Enfield's Speaker," and "Blair's Class Book" were to him the greatest things in scholastic literature. A fair and bold penmanship was to him one of the great perfections of the

human species; and ornamental hand, "old English, and German text," a kind of immortality on earth.

Such was the father of Emmerline—an honest and worthy man, who kept a school at the pretty little town of Cowbridge for more than sixty years. His eye was scarcely dim, or his natural force abated at that period of life which the inspired writer declares to be the limit of human existence; and he wrote a free running hand to the last. He died as he had lived, respected; and hundreds have still to thank him for all they ever knew.

It was a felicitous sight to see this dear old schoolmaster sustained and comforted by his two children. To see their affection increasing as his strength failed, and to behold their devotion multiplying as "age" took away, one by one, the pleasures of life. Marianne, the eldest, and Emmerline, the younger, vied with each other as to who should be the first in duty, and not less did a faithful and attached domestic do her part to lighten the burden of the old man's latter days. All seemed harmony, devotion, and love, among this little family. Each seemed to know her duty, and did it. To endure "privations," to make "shifts," to keep down "expenses" with a rigid economy, that the father and master might be better cared for, was their "household creed." Nor was this all. Kind words and affectionate caresses were mingled with all their doings, and the old schoolmaster died "happy" in the love of his dutiful children.

Emmerline was at an early period brought under the discipline of necessity, and the bounding days of youth gave place to the more sober requirements of life. After the death of the good old schoolmaster, the two girls were left entirely

without "resources," except their own industry. This heavenly inheritance they improved to the utmost of their power; the elder sister, by keeping to the old profession of school-teaching; and the younger formed her plans for taking "little ones" to educate. In this task both were to a certain degree successful, but many were their trials, many their solitudes, many their misfortunes. They were, however, supported by a sense of rectitude, and a consciousness of their having done their duty to their dear old father; and God blessed them.

Nothing could be more delightful than to see these two sisters mutually surrender to each other. They shared alike in everything—they gave way to each other—they consulted each other—they devoted themselves to each other with the fondest affection. And thus, in the humble path of duty, they progressed onwards in the walk of life. The world, so fond of looking after parade and show, and which even mistakes pretence and phantasmagoria shadows for tangible realities, took little or no notice of the sterling virtues of these maidens. Few noticed them among the "great little people" of their country town, which, full of stuckupishness and paltry pride, scarcely condescended to speak, much less to exercise sympathy with the deserving. Balls and parties took place, but rarely, if ever, were Emmerline and Marianne invited to the gatherings. But these circumstances, so far from damping the spirits of these young persons, only seemed to throw them more on their own resources, and the cultivation of their minds; and the hours that might have been spent in frivolous, idle, and, perhaps, expensive entertainments, were devoted to subjects well calculated to improve them in the art of education.

But notwithstanding this beautiful love and devotion to each other, this strict performance of every duty, the dispensations of Providence were doomed to be painful. Emmerline was seized with a severe illness, the consequence of which was the loss of all her pupils. For eleven months this poor young person was confined to a bed of sickness; and Marianne, through over-anxious care, fell sick also, and was confined to her bed before her sister had strength to go about.

Their little means had been more and more reduced during their sickness, and although friends had here and there started up for brief periods, they became more or less wearied out, and the dependent situation in which the girls felt themselves did much to retard their recovery. But still they struggled on, husbanding their scanty means, refraining from debt, making shifts, and enduring privations of the most severe kind, without a murmur. The old domestic, too, who ever felt a motherly care for the "children," as she called them, gave up her little "saving's bank" hoardings to carry them through their troubles. But even this was not sufficient. Still confined to the house, and unable to attempt the school business, they grew poorer and poorer. First their little trinkets were sold to buy their food—then their small reserve of plate, such as teaspoons, and other trifling matters, were disposed of—then articles of household ornament, and even of use, were turned into money for the supply of the necessities of the passing day. At last poverty stared them in the face, and they expected daily to be without food. Yet, firm in their principle of not running into debt without the means of paying, the poor girls suffered silently, placing their whole trust in that Divine Providence they knew would never forsake them.

Months wore heavily away. The faithful and kind domestic, the indefatigable Bridget, clung like a piece of green ivy round the decaying trees, and was determined to twine round them to the last, nothing daunted by the hopelessness of the circumstances that surrounded her. It was but little in the way of food that the sick sisters required, and that little was provided daily with the last remains of the little sum which had been lodged in the saving's bank—a sum that with every day's rising sun grew less and less, and dwindled away almost to nothing. But signs of amendment began to show themselves as the last resource seemed vanishing, and the bloom of health gradually mounted into the cheeks of Emmerline, while her heart beat responsive to that Divine Goodness which had sustained them so long and through so many trials. Marianne also began to recover; and at last the sisters were able sit up in bed, although quite unable to resume the duties of the school. But being ever industrious, the girls, even in their state of weakness, found something to turn to account. The crochet fever was just beginning, and collars and sleeves, and such matters were in request. Cotton was procured, and the girls set to work with rare ardour. They worked early and late—sometimes sitting up in bed, sometimes lying on the pillow; but still working—working—working—working—cheerfully—heartily—kindly—without a sigh or a murmur, and only thankful to the good Providence which had put this means of a livelihood into their hands when all other means seemed to fail.

One might imagine that the angels from heaven could look down upon a sight like this. This was heroism indeed; and true religion also—for, my dear children, religion does not

consist in merely talking about God, the Saviour, and of spiritual gifts; of comparing texts of Scripture, and hugging closely some particular article of creed. It consists, more truly, in trusting in our heavenly Father's goodness through Christ our Saviour, and in doing our duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call us. Not a cold, blind, rigid duty, but a warm, cordial, cheerful devotion of the heart, soul, and mind to the circumstances God places before us for our trial, for our advancement in grace, and for our triumph over toil, and neglect, and sorrow. And acts of devotion, such as these poor girls performed, are dear in the sight of that Divine Being whose tender mercies are ever near to all those that call upon him, trust in him, and strive to do his will.

This was their trial, and they triumphed. The sisters got well again; their school was resumed, and with an increase of pupils. One by one the little articles of use were replaced, and the house resumed, after a few months, its wonted appearance. Cheerfulness, happiness, and contentment, reigned in the breasts of all. Prosperity—such as they called prosperity—broke in upon them; and they only remembered the past sorrows as clouds in their existence, whose shadows were more beneficial than even the bright glare of perpetual success; and they were happy. In this happiness I shall leave them awhile, and, in my next, conclude their little history.

CHAPTER II.



EMMERLINE and Marianne were left enjoying their triumphs of principle in the happiness of domestic home: we shall now follow them a little further in their career of goodness.

The winter came on in all its severity. The month of November, full of gloom and terror, threw the acorns from the oak tree, the beech-mast from the beech, and hurled the ships upon the seashore. A terrible gale swept over the eastern coast of England, and some hundred ships were dashed to pieces on the coast. Among these was the Indian ship, the *Hazelwood*, which went to pieces and broke up at Sizewell Gap, on the coast of Suffolk, with the loss of all hands, except one passenger, and a poor little cabin-boy. It was a cruel sight to see the dead bodies washed on shore, after that dreadful storm, and sad to behold the only living things saved—a young boy, and a poor wretched old man.

It was at the close of a dark and stormy day, that Emmerline, Marianne, and Bridget were sitting round their small but cheerful fire, after the children had been put to bed. The girls were busy at their "crochet work," for that was still a

kind of sheet-anchor to their fortune, producing almost as much as their school teaching, when a gentle knock was heard at the outer door. The girls paused in their work and listened. Again! and the wind howled, and the hail pattered against the door. Again! and Bridget hastened to the portal. It was opened, and a most woebegone, wretched, weather-beaten object presented himself. "What do you want?" said Bridget, with the door half closed. "Shelter and food!" replied the poor creature, "for I am starving."

"Goodness forbid!" cried Emmerline. "It is one of the poor shipwrecked sailors; yet he does not look like a sailor." "Never mind what he looks like," cried Marianne, "but he is sinking for food. Give him some of our carraway cordial, and let him come to the fire." So the poor man was brought to the fire, and some warm stomachic was given to him. As soon as he was slightly revived, he took hold of each of the girls by the hand, and bursting into tears, cried out with a voice of emotion, "I am your Uncle John."

"Our Uncle John!—our mother's brother!—our dear uncle that sent us those pretty shawls from India!"

"Yes, it is your uncle. It is, indeed," replied the wretched man. "Poor he went forth to make his fortune; poor he comes back to his old town, to linger a while and die."

The sad man then told them how he had returned, after spending his life in India, hoping to have spent the remainder of his life in quiet in his native town; but that all his hopes were frustrated, all his little savings had been lost with the ship that had been wrecked a few nights before.

"We have a home," said the girls; "it is a poor one, but while we have it, it shall be yours, dear uncle. You loved my

dear mother, and we will love you, and be daughters to you. Cheer up your spirits, we will make you some tea, and put you to bed, and on the morrow will see what we can do to make you happy."

So the shipwrecked man was put to bed, and the girls consulted as to what was best to be done.

Poor Bridget was overwhelmed with anxiety, for she knew, that afflicted as they had all been, it was very difficult for them to make "ends meet," and to have an addition to their family, with their slender means, would in all probability paralyse their future exertions, and, perhaps, from the anxiety it would occasion, might have the effect of again throwing the girls on a bed of sickness.

"Take care therefore," said the prudent Bridget to the girls, "that you do not attempt to do what you are unable to perform. We can barely keep ourselves," she urged.

"It is our duty to do all we can for our poor relation," replied Emmerline, with a voice of sweetness. "Besides, what would he not have done for us had it been in his power. A way is always made out, for those who strive to do what is right. Let us take courage."

And so this little family took courage, not trusting in their own power, but in a power that is infinite, as love is infinite; and before the night was spent, had resolved to keep their poor old uncle from destitution; and so they went lovingly, sweetly, and happily to bed, and fell asleep in all the calm repose of innocence and goodness.

When the morning came, they looked for their poor old uncle's appearance at breakfast with some pleasure, and had prepared a little savory morsel for him; but he came not,

They went to his bedroom ; the door was open ; the old man was gone. Perhaps out for his morning's walk. This was a matter of conjecture ; but the breakfast hour past and he came not. His absence caused some alarm ; but the alarm was quickly dismissed by the appearance of the young sailor. with a message to the effect that the young ladies were not to



make themselves unhappy about their uncle's absence. He had got up during the night, and, hastening down to the sea-beach, was watching the wreck, and would be home in the evening. *Home ! Home in the evening !*

"Did he say home?" enquired Emmerline. "Did he really say home?" enquired the affectionate girl. "He said

home," replied the young sailor, "as plain as he could speak, Miss. Home he said, and home he meant."

"Then we are happy girls. We will indeed make a home for our dear good old uncle."

My young friends, there is such a thing in this world as gratitude. Some people say gratitude is a sense of benefits to come. Perhaps it is sometimes; but true gratitude is a very rare plant, and grows in the warmth of a generous heart. It is a plant, too, that does not belong to an ignorant and low-minded person. It is united, most frequently, with the highest order of minds, because, to be grateful, requires us first to understand and have a sense of the goodness that confers the obligation upon us, and of how disinterested might be the person that conferred it. This, however, was not the case with the schoolmaster's daughters.

In the evening the old uncle returned, haggard and tired, yet there was a brightness in his eyes, and cheerfulness in his look, that scarcely accorded with his careworn appearance. It was supper time. He sat himself down, and fell to at a pigeon-pie that had been prepared for him. He then took a good draught at the table-ale, and, without saying much, began to fill his pipe, and got close into the chimney-corner, where he puffed in silence for some time.

At last, when he had got nearly through his first pipe, he pushed the hot weed up in the bowl with his little finger, and paused. He then looked at the girls, and said:—

"My good girls, I have come to the determination to be no burden to you."

The girls' cheeks flushed, and both echoed the word "burden!"

"Yes, burden," replied the old man ; and put his pipe into his mouth, puffing away solemnly. "I've got some stuff in me yet. I can work."

"My dear uncle, do not talk so ; you shall share all we have, and with pleasure will we be to you as daughters. Here is a home for you ; we have enough for ourselves, and a little to spare for you. Only be a father to us, and direct and guide us by your counsels, and we shall be so happy." This Marianne said, and the tears came into her eyes.

"No," said the old man. "I will not sponge upon you, or upon any one. I will not take from you what you have not to give. I would rather die in a poor-house than rob you of a meal, my dear children. So I pray you let me go ; Providence will take care of me."

"My dear uncle," replied Marianne. "You have been very kind to us while you have been abroad. Kind to father, kind to mother, kind to all, and we will share our last crust with you. You shall not leave us ! If you attempt it, I will follow you ; you shall not leave us. You shall share all we have, and we will be daughters to you, and God will bless our endeavours."

The old man dropped his pipe on the floor, he turned away his face to the chimney, and seemed to be suddenly seized with a cough and sneezing, and a sense of choking ; but he held out his hand to the young people, who seized it, and kissed it most affectionately. Suddenly the old man rose, and with his eyes full of tears, he strode towards the door, at the entrance to which he had dropped a small portmanteau. He returned with it, placed it on the table, and having taken a key suspended to his watch chain, opened the treasure-box, for such it was.

What did it contain?

More than two hundred guineas in gold; more than two thousand in bank-notes; more than ten thousand in Indian bonds and securities, besides a large number of diamonds and emeralds of great value.

The girls looked on with astonishment as the old man laid the contents of his portmanteau one after the other before their eyes.

"It is a dream!" said Emmerline.

"It was a dream," replied the old man, "that roused me up at four o'clock this morning to go down to the wreck. I dreamt your mother came to me, and beckoned me to the scabeach. When I got there I saw the whole of the stern-quarter of our old ship had come ashore, and with it all my treasure—no longer mine, my dear girls, but yours. Yes, all shall be yours. All! all! all! and I only wish it was ten thousand times more than it is, for your sakes. I heard your talk last night after you thought I was asleep. I have heard and know now of your work, goodness, and gratitude, and all I have is yours.

I must leave my young readers to imagine the joy and the rapture that followed, and what was the effect of the old man's wealth. But I may say this, that although one of the young ladies is married to the high sheriff of the county, and the other to a gentleman of rank, and though Dorothy is an independent lady, yet all are as humble, as kind, as good, and as grateful as ever, and that God blesses them not more by the wealth he has bestowed upon them, than by the good and holy feelings with which he has inspired their hearts to every pious and charitable work.

Holiday Frolic.



CHILDREN are bursting like young bees
From yonder grandam village school,
Now swarming underneath the trees,
Amid the blossoms beautiful.
Oh, what a shout of liberty !
Oh, what a heartfelt joyous bound !
Their hearts are even with the sky ;
Their little feet despise the ground.

It is half holiday ; the dame,
Well glad to send them all away,
Cries, " Get along, and take your game ;
" I'm glad I've done with you to-day."
Away they go, both great and small,
Mingled together, girl and boy,
And many an urchin has a fall,
E'en in the madness of his joy.

There's Alfred Jones, I know he's stout ;
There's Lizzy Bushnell full of glee ;
See how Frank kicks his hat about—
There's not so wild a dog as he.
And see that Susan : ah, good lack !
The little jade should better know
She has her brother on her back !
There, trip and tumble ! Down they go !

Away they go, the afternoon
To spend it free as it was made,
To revel in the weekly boon,
And pant and sport in sunny glade ;
To leap o'er hedge and ditch alert,
Wild plums, sour crabs, red hips to find,
To scrub up pignuts from the dirt,
And many nosegays wild to bind.

Butter-cups and daisies white,
Still their blossom-buds unfold,
Make the verdant meadows bright,
Silver spangles, wrought with gold.

Caper, topple over-head,
Down each slope they run and stumble,
Or upon the grassy bed,
Roll and foss, and kick and tumble.

O'er the wide and rugged heath,
With the humble bees they hie,
Soft and velvet turf beneath,
And above the laughing sky.
Through the yellow furze in glee,
The rabbits popping in and out,
They laugh and halloo fresh and free.
Like sad young madcaps skip about.

And see, upon the mossy lips
Of some sweet little bank they stray,
While the girls with scarlet pips
Heads and necks in beads array;
Others dandelion chains,
All so busy now are making,
While the boys are taking pains
Every moment for their breaking.

And now a hasty tear, and now
A flash of passion from the eye;
And then a smile, and then a show
Of pity, like an angel by.
Here, hold your pinafores," says one,
"For cherries sweet, and sour wild sloe!"
And pelting in his happy fun,
Soon charms away the puny woe.

Now amid the scratching bushes
Robins' cushions strike their eyes ;
Now among the tufted rushes
Swamps will take them by surprise ;
Now among the sedges sallow,
Where the water-lily glows,
Graceful blossoms, bright and yellow,
And the bullrush stately grows.

There ! Look there ! Young Edwin Riddle—
Goodness gracious, he is in,
I declare, up to the middle !
Deeper—deeper—to the chin !
Now he flounders, now loud bawling,
Struggles, splashes, more and more,
Then upon the mud lies sprawling,
Like a dying fish ashore.

Now they wipe him, scrape him, scrub him,
He the while enjoys the fun,
Dances, capers, as they rub him,
And he soon dries in the sun.
Then the reeds and rushes quiver
With their laughter as they see,
And the ripples of the river
Chatter with them in their glee.

Butterflies in madness chasing,
Hither, thither, in and out ;
Now play "horses," now wild "racing,"
Ditch and meadow round about ;

Game on game in quick progression,
 "Prisoner's base," or "hunt the hare,"
"Leap frog," "stag out," in succession,
 "Draw the oxen," "baste the bear."

So they caper, so they gambol,
 Till the happy day declines;
Now they scamper, now they amble,
 While askant the red sun shines.
Homeward, full of wild flower posies,
 Cowslips, blue-bells, meadow sweet,
Honeysuckle, hedge-row roses,
 Cornflowers blue, and ears of wheat.

Now farewell, those parting kisses
 Show your hearts of love are full,
Gushing over with soft blisses,
 Lovely, pure, and beautiful.
Happy children, yours is pleasure!
 Pleasure innocent and gay;
Life to you is one pure treasure—
 A delightful holiday!

—WILLIAM MARTIN.



The Village Church, AND CHURCHYARD LAMB.

“ Here the restless one may rove
From mead to mead, from grove to grove.
Now the village church he views,
Nestled in its ancient yews ;
Fields of corn, or pasture green,
And strips of barren heath between.”

—*Banks of the Deben.*



HERE is nothing more beautiful to the sense or to the soul, than some far retired, quiet village church, sanctified by time, and made holy by old associations of the bright, the pure, and the good. Often when wandering on the rural banks of the River Deben, have my steps turned involuntarily to the sweet little church of Martlesham, perched upon a rising knoll, and embowered in trees of ancient date, with its unobtrusive cross, the symbol of our faith, glancing from above the door of the sanctuary upon the grassy mounds of those who have fallen asleep in Christ. It is to this sweet spot that PETER PARLEY oftentimes wanders on the Sunday morning. The jingle of the little chime in the

moss-grown tower, not much louder than the tinkle of a sheep-bell, seems to urge him to praise and to prayer. He cares not to see the pulpit-vanity of some popular preacher powerfully displayed, or to hear the ravings of some puritanical fanatic in fierce denunciations—but, to listen to the words of peace and salvation to guilty men, pronounced by one whose simplicity of manner and life, whole-heartedness, and warm and generous sympathies, do more to charm our hearts, and win our souls to religion, than all the fine preaching in the world.

But, as the clown says in the “*Tempest*,” “to go back again to our first thoughts.” There is something in the antique village church more in agreement with our ancient faith than in some of our new erections, with their cauliflower-crosses on the tops of extinguisher spires. The newly erected church very often resembles the fantastic notions of some modern divines, being a barbarous admixture of all kinds of incongruities; but the venerable tower of the village church speaks a far different language. The stillness of age is upon it; the green youth of the ivy is forcibly contrasted with the grey of the mouldering stone. He who died yesterday reposes by the side of him who died centuries before; and there the rich and the poor meet together. The past and the present, the high and the low, are strangely interwoven. On viewing the newly-erected house of God, we certainly may rejoice in the structure as a proof of the spreading influence of the Holy Gospel, and consequent increase of civilization; but the shrine, hallowed by age, stands like an ancient landmark to tell us that, despite the wrath of man, the deluded fanatic, or the attacks of infidelity, our religion has survived the

shock, and claims our affection for the perils which it has surmounted.

The appendages to the old village church add greatly to the beautiful ideas with which it is invested. Often do we see, cropping the green grass from the graves, the churchyard lamb—a touching symbol of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. There often do we see another feature, inspiring much moral reflection; there is the venerable sun-dial—a stone in which, indeed, there is a sermon, or, at least, a subject for one, namely, some Scripture text rudely carved. The immovable index to revolving time, it looks with silent apathy and indifference upon all around it; and although wanting the tone of the turret-bell to give utterance to its speechless admonition, the silent shadow that it casts expresses a visible rhetoric—a language that the simplest rustic can understand. It is true that it will not go ten degrees backwards for us; but it can send us ten degrees backwards into the mazes of memory, and, by engendering in us moral reflections, assist us by its warning to live a life, though short in days, yet long in deeds of goodness and Christian charity.

Then there is the “old church porch,” where the rustic pilgrim, before he enters the house of God, rests his toilworn limbs. And here, too, sometimes congregate the ancient dames, with their prayer-books neatly folded in their glazed handkerchiefs. And here the little children—the girls with their neat white tippets, and cottage straws, and red elbows peeping beneath the blue stuff—and the boys in their green velveteens and red vests, and thick high-lows. Observation will find an ample field to roam over in the church porch

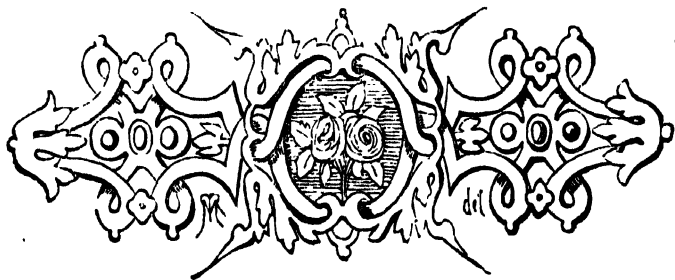
even, and the benevolent Christian will rejoice in contemplating the unpolished throng approaching the altar of God to pray, with their countenances clad in the smiles of Sabbath peace. He will reflect on the sweet repose of that everlasting Sabbath, when we shall rest from our labours, and partake of "the joy unspeakable, and full of glory," promised to those who love God.

Opposite the church, and in a sheltered corner, stands the vicarage house, such a one as Hooker would have loved to have eaten his bread in peace and privacy. And often do we find in our district many a pastor active as Gilpin, learned as Hooker, and poor in spirit as Herbert. He is not a dumb dog that does not bark, nor a fierce dog that disturbs the neighbourhood by his howling; but a watchful dog, who scents well the wolf, and keeps him at bay; as well he may,—a guardian of the flock—a physician, spiritually and bodily—oftimes not an homœopathic dispenser of infinitesimal concoits, but the giver of honest physic to the soul. He is a councillor to the foolish; a reprover of the wicked; an encourager of the lowly and meek-hearted; a father to the fatherless; a husband to the widow; a prop to the aged; and a guide to the young. He meddles not with matters of state, he eschews polemicals and controversy, but he "lives sermons." He is often more hospitable than his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by the cheerful manner of his giving it; and he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his example and his good deeds for a legacy, and they in requital erect every one of them a monument for him in their hearts.

These are the words of the inestimable Fuller, and in these

has he written his own character, and the character of other pastors. Many villages in our district, and throughout our happy land, have such pastors ; and let us trust the time will arrive when every village, and every township, shall have such men to enlighten and bless them ; for it is on such men, primarily, that England must depend for that glorious moral advancement which shall make all other nations of the earth look to her as the pole-star of their future hope, and thus spread righteousness, and truth, and goodness through the world, and hasten the Redeemer's kingdom.

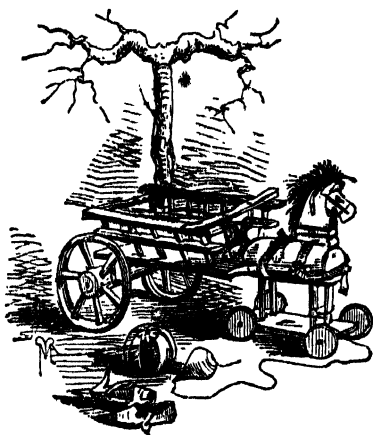
Farewell, then, thou village church, and churchyard lamb, emblems of salvation, of "Peace on earth, and good will towards men!"



The Ferocious. and Sanguinary Combat

OF

THE ALPHABET, IN 1855.



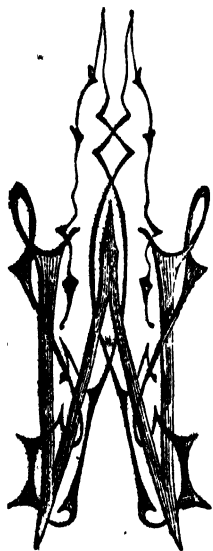
HE war I am about to describe has been a very fierce one of late years. Pedagogues and scholars, the old drummers-up of alphabetical forces, have been thrown into the shade by modern publishers, and poor letter H has been thrust forward as generalissimo of all the *aspirants* for *literary* fame ; and, as to battles, the war of Troy, the

combats of the frogs and mice, the Punic, first and second,

and even Waterloo and Sebastopol, sink into insignificance when compared with the war of words, or rather letters.

In this sanguinary contest the ever-renowned great was the formidable head of the other of the belligerent parties. There was A against H, and H against A, both field-m Marshals with batons big. Both of the old generals had suffered many hardships, having been most barbarously hacked and mangled by the different orators of the day; besides, they were spurred on vehemently by hourly encroachments on the rights of each other. Their several partisans were equally violent and vindictive, each side contemptuously rejecting or adding its favourite or rejected letter. For instance, if the animal or the building of their several names were to be mentioned, Cockney C, the enemy of H, would talk of *is orse* or *is ouse*. In some particular circumstances, as is pretty much the case in the leaders of all parties and factions, there were a set of men who did not scruple to drop a small portion of their *Honesty*. The admirers of H, equally vigilant on the other side would always repair my loss or damage he sustained on the way, by placing him before his antagonist, without rhyme or reason, for they were resolved to have their *hoxen*, their *haltars*, their *hornaments*, while some of the little boys set up a shout of defiance against the H's, and in favour of their *llidays*.





and V stood in the same predicament. They were subalterns—little corporals, as it were—to the two opposite factions, and, like two noisy little monkeys, were so fond of their finery, and so jealous of each other, that the whole army was pestered with their janglings. V, partial to himself, was always asking W, “Vy he vos so foolish as to compare vith him, ven he knew it was all in wain.” He, too, would say, “Wcal, vine, and winegar, vere werry good wittles, he wowed;” and he would often reply to his jobber, that it was “werry waxatious, but that wirtue vould wanquish; W was a wile warmint, a vicious warlet, and was as wergacious as winegar.”

U, another enemy to great A, took every opportunity of stepping into his place, and was everlastingly talking of veng-*u*-ance and his defi-*u*-ance. U, during the whole war, continued to make stolen marches on the united troops of A and I, “because,” he said, “he was certain they were two vill-*u*-ns.”

R and E, a couple of turbulent letters, like pert swaggerers as they were, whenever they could thrust their noses in any place, never had the good manners to wait for an invitation; and Propriety was very much shocked at the improp-er-iety of their behaviour.

Such was the battle of the letters, and all I have further to

say is, that I hope my young readers will not only mind their P's and Q's, but also take care of their H's.



"Old Times and Old Things."

No. V.

ARCHERY.



NAT boy does not like his "bow" and arrows? What boy does not like to hear of "Robin Hood," and his exploits under the green-wood tree; or of "William Tell," whose arrow found out the tyrant in the storm? Therefore, "Archery" shall be my aim on the present occasion; and with these words I make my bow and begin.

Let us go back—there is nothing like going back when by going back you may be said to go forward. From the moment when the flocks and wild animals fled at the approach of man there was felt an urgent need of some weapon which, without danger or fatigue to the hunter, should enable him to outstrip the fleetest and destroy the fiercest of the roving quadrupeds. Necessity is the mother

of invention, my young friends: every tree would supply a bow and arrow, the entrails of beasts furnished a string and thus was procured a rude instrument of destruction, which was doubtless the first ever wielded by man, unless the club as ancient as Cain, and the stone, perhaps, more so, may be called weapons.

As to who invented bows and arrows, we shall never, I suppose, get at that. Different classical writers talk of Apollo: Apollo was a gentleman, and perhaps made the first classical gentleman, but Adam was a gentleman before him, being the first to bear *arms*, and, being a gardener, I should think made a bow with his back long before Apollo. Some say Scythes, the son of Jupiter, the founder of the Scythian kingdom was, the first bow man. But, as we shall not get on by going back in the dark, let us go forward in the light. It is sufficient to state that the bow was the most ancient and the most common of all weapons. Ishmael, it is said, became a wanderer in the desert and an archer, so were the heroes of Homer, and the warriors of every age and country seem to have been acquainted with the use of similar arms.

Cæsar brought the bow with his Roman legions into this country, as we gather from the "Commentary;" and when, in the year 449, the Saxons came to the assistance of the Britons, they are known to have brought with them both the long and cross-bow. Alfred the Great is often depicted attending to his bows and arrows. The Danes were great archers, and shot to death, in Suffolk, St. Edmund the Martyr, and the tree against which the royal fugitive was bound survived the event till a few years ago, when it was blown down by a great storm, and when cut into, the

heads of several Danish arrows were found therein, closely grown over and embedded. This is a very curious fact.

The Normans were capital bowmen. Their flights of arrows at the battle of Hastings so astonished the natives that they staggered under them. Henry the Second carried them into Ireland, and they astonished the natives there also, for they mainly contributed to the English conquests. At this time the Welch were the most formidable of "long bows," and the historians of that period seem also as if they well understood drawing the long bow. Giraldus Cambrensis cites several stories of the Welch bowmen. "During a siege," says this ancient writer, "it happened that two soldiers, running in haste towards a tower situate a little distance from them, were attacked with a number of arrows from the Welch, which, being shot with prodigious violence, soon penetrated through the oak doors of a portal, although they were the breadth of four fingers in thickness." It happened, also, in a battle in the time of William de Bensa, (as he himself relates), that a Welchman having directed an arrow at a horse soldier of his, who was clad in armour and had his leathern coat under it, the arrow, besides piercing the man through the hip, forced its way also through the saddle, and mortally wounded the horse on which he sat. Another Welch soldier having shot an arrow at one of his horsemen who was covered with strong armour in the same manner as the before-mentioned person, the shaft penetrated through his hip and fixed in the saddle; but what is most remarkable is, that as the horseman drew his bridle aside in order to turn round, he received another arrow in the hip on the opposite side, which passing through it, he was firmly fixed to the saddle on both sides—this is the effect of the *long bow*, one sort or the other.

Of the great power and precision with which arrows may be discharged, we have better credence than is afforded by the questionable exploits of Robin Hood and William Tell. It is well recorded that the Turkish ambassador, in the fields near London, and in the presence of Mr. Strutt, shot an arrow, with a round wooden head, upwards of four hundred and eighty yards* from the standing. Carew, speaking of the Cornish archers two centuries back, says that the butts for long shooting were usually placed at a distance of four hundred and eighty yards, adding that their cloth-yard-shafts would pierce any ordinary armour.

We all know how the English archers were instrumental in gaining the battle of Cressy. From a passage in store we find that Richard the Second had a numerous guard of archers, for in the year 1397, as the members were one day leaving the Parliament House, "a great stir was made as of usual, whereupon the king's archers, in number about four thousand, compassed the Parliament House, thinking there had been some broil or fighting, with their bows bent, their arrows notched, and drawn ready to shoot, to the terror of all that were there; but the King coming pacified them." In the battle of Hallidown Hill, in the year 1402, the historian tells us that "The Lord Percies' archers did withall deliver their deadly arrows so lively, so courageously, and so grievously, that they ran through the men-of-arms, bored their helmets, pierced their very swords, beat their lances to the earth, and easily shot those who were more lightly armed through and through." At the battle of Agincourt, my young friends may recollect, the English archers did their duty well. The archers being so formidable a body, many laws

were made respecting them. In the thirteenth century, every person not having a greater annual revenue on hand than one hundred pence, was compelled to have in his possession a bow and arrow, and all such as had no possessions, but could afford to purchase arms, were commanded to have bow and arrows. In the reign of Richard the Second a law was made to compel all servants to shoot on Sundays and on holidays. In the time of Edward the Fourth every Englishman was ordered to provide himself with a bow of his own height, and butts were directed to be put up in every township for the inhabitants to shoot at on feast days. Alas! we have no feast days now or holidays; and byc-and-bye the poor and the rich will be alike shut out from all wholesome amusements.



The Mind of a Little Child.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER.

THE mind of a child, of a dear little child,
When the bud is just bursting on nature's bright day ;
Ere sorrow hath blighted, or sin hath defiled,
The pure gem of love that's enshrined in its clay.

When it hangs in full bliss on its dear mother's breast,
What a full gush of feeling it drinks from her eyes ;
And how sweetly and calmly it sinks to its rest,
Like the tenderest glory of midsummer skies.

It wakes, and the smiles from its fond mother's face
Are reflected again—again multiplied there,
Like the sunbeams that on some pure rivulet trace
Their daylight of joy in the fresh morning air.

How its young soul will feed on that sunshine so bright,
Of love and affection thus blooming around,
Finding joy upon joy in the new things of sight—
In the sweet gales of scent and the pulses of sound.

And what force has its dear little efforts of speech,
When it strives the full meed of its bliss to impart;
And how quickly its tears and its sorrows will reach
That purest of temples—a fond mother's heart!

How sweet 'tis to watch the bright dawn of the soul—
Of the soul that shall live when the sun shall be dim;
But sweeter to know that its God will control,
And the soul that exists is existing for Him.

Then be it thy care, in the season of youth,
To train up this flower—not alone for the earth;
As the bud is thy hope, let its blossom be truth,
And the fruit will be happiness, virtue, and worth.

Love—but beware not to worship thy child!
“Thou shalt have no Gods,” saith the Lord, “except me;”
Then be thy affection not thoughtless and wild,
But reflective and pure, as a mother's should be.

Remember, though lovely thy darling may seem,
That it yet wears a taint of corruption within;
And how bright and how glowing its young eyes may beam,
Its heart hath the natural darkness of sin.

Thy knee make its altar ; its offerings there
May be daily, and hourly, and momentarily given ;
And the sweet voice of praise, and the soft one of prayer,
Be wings for its soul, rising upwards to heaven.

Then pray for the Father's good spirit to move
Its spirit in meekness and holiness on ;
And pray for the life which His undying love
Hath vouchsafed in the soul-saving death of His Son.



Reindeer Hunting.

Reindeer! reindeer! over the snow,
Over the mountain tops you go ;
In the whirlwind's rage, and the tempest's wrath,
On the dizzy heights, on the rocky path.
The eagle looks out from her eyry on high,
For the reindeer to dash out her brains and die,
To feed her brood with the carrion food,
And so she swoops in the mountain sky.

—MARTIN.



REINDEER! who has not heard of reindeer? Most people have, in the tame or domesticated state; but its wild habits are not so familiar, so let us have a little talk about the wild reindeer. Wild reindeer are abundant in the mountain ranges in Norway, where my young friend Hart is travelling—a wild Hart, which is akin to a reindeer, you know—mounted on his Suffolk Punch, well groomed by that 'cute jockey, Tom Prentice. This Hart, or Roebuck, or whatever other kind of buck he may be, will tell us all about the wild sports of Norway, but till he comes home I must talk a little about the reindeer.

Well, then, reindeer are abundant on the mountain passes in Norway, on the Dovre, the Hardanger, and the Fille fjall; and they are seen in herds of several hundreds, and sometimes to the number of a thousand. Nelsson says, that in the month of April, when the snow leaves the lowlands, the reindeer come from the mountains, and that the herd frequently extends so much that the eye cannot embrace the whole of them at once. On the Herjendalen mountains, as well as on the north-eastern portion of Lapland, up to the North Cape, they are also abundant, but in Western Lapland are scarcely to be found.

The reindeer, in a wild state, is far from an ignoble animal, but he is not so graceful as our deer, owing, principally, to the position of his neck, which obliges him to carry his head in a somewhat stooping posture, thus forming nearly a straight line with his back, instead of holding it erect, like most others of the deer tribe. His legs are also shorter and thicker than those of the red deer. Occasionally he attains the weight of about three hundred and fifty pounds. His colour depends on the season of the year: in the summer-time brown predominates, but in the winter he has a greyish or even whitish look. He is of a much more light and handsome colour than the tame reindeer. His coat, in the winter at least, is immensely thick. His hoofs are cloven, and he can contract or expand them at pleasure. Sometimes he makes them broad, by which he can make his way over marshy grounds and through deep snow, while, when he contracts his hoofs, he can travel over rocks and precipices, like a goat.

When you are after the reindeer, Mr. Hart, you must recollect, he has a smell. If he comes upon the wind of a

man he instantly takes to flight. If a man comes suddenly upon him, he will stop and gaze at him with the most intense wonder. A friend of mine was once out reindeer shooting, and got within a hundred and fifty yards of a herd, when he fired and brought one down. Again he loaded and attempted to shoot at another poor fellow, but the gun missed fire thrice before it exploded, the deer standing still gazing in every direction the while, but without discovering him, though fully exposed to view.

The reindeer is possessed of great strength and agility. His chief power, however, seems to be in his hind legs, which are prodigiously long, in proportion to his fore ones. My friend told me he had seen a wild deer ascend at a gallop the brow of a mountain, covered with snow, so steep that he could scarcely get up on his hands and knees.

The chief resorts of the reindeer in the summer time are the lower ranges of the sub-Alpine region, where he finds not only good sustenance, but shelter from the heat of noon; but at the opposite season he ascends the higher ranges of the mountains, where he not only meets with abundance of reindeer moss and other lichens, but obtains ready access to his food.

Various tricks are resorted to in the circumvention of the reindeer. In the winter time, or rather in the spring, when there is *skane* or crust upon the surface of the snow, numbers are run down by the Lapps and squatters in Skudor, for if the snow will bear the man, and not the deer, they are soon overtaken and slaughtered. During the depth of winter, however, except in wooded districts, where the snow is not only deep, but loose, this feat is not so easy of accomplishment, for at that season the deer keep much to the naked fjalls where there is not so much snow. On these occasions the Lapps, as when

pursuing the wolf, have frequently no other weapons than a stout staff, armed at one end with a pike.

During the summer and autumn the wild deer are stalked, much in the same way as the stag is with us. This is a perilous and exciting time for the hunter. Sometimes he is alone, sometimes he is accompanied by a dog, which generally scents up the deer. On other occasions the hunter, under the shelter of tame reindeer, makes his approaches to the quarry. It happens, moreover, not unfrequently, that some of the younger tame males mingle with the wild females, but the wild males generally despatch them, for their want of courtesy.

Sometimes reindeer are captured in snares made of fences of brushwood and young trees, which extend for several miles, and into which the deer are enticed. Sometimes they are captured in pit-falls, which are armed with spikes or spear-heads; but there is no method of dealing with the deer like stalking him. Here the man and the deer are upon somewhat equal terms—cunning is matched with cunning, and the gun with the rapid hoof, and perilous indeed are the toils of the stalker.

In the year 1834, a party of young Englishmen, of whom Lord Waterford was one, went among the Swedish mountains. They ascended the rocky slopes, and many a fine grey old fellow did they bring to the ground. On one occasion an enormous beast was singled out from the herd: the three young men stalked him upon the same line. They got within a couple of hundred yards of him—he scented them, and tried to break through their tract—they fired, he was wounded—they went forward, he fled, and with the rapidity of a whirlwind dashed over the summit of a precipice nearly

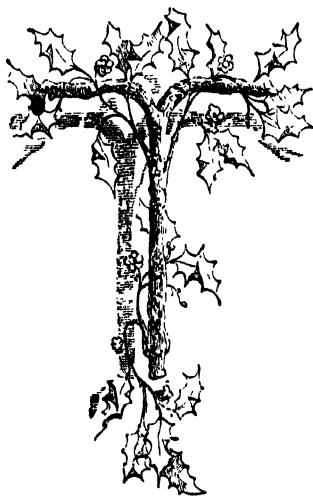
two thousand feet from the vale beneath, upon a little rivulet that ran by, which was died with his death-blood.

There he lies, poor fellow—the wild winds are around him, —the gigantic condor is swooping around him to pick his



bones, and clean enough will they be picked, not only by him but by a hundred other birds of prey, till nothing is left but his skeleton, to be bleached by the winds whiter than the snow which will, in the winter, be his funeral pall.

The Midshipman's Return.



THE life of a young midshipman is ever full of interest. He begins life often before other boys learn their multiplication table, and makes a great hop from the cradle to the cockpit. The seventh, eighth, ninth, or tenth son of some genteel, or even rich family, with more patronage, perhaps, than money, he enters the service for the especial purpose of being out of the way. He, poor fellow, thinks about being a Nelson, or a Jarvis, or a Napier; of fighting

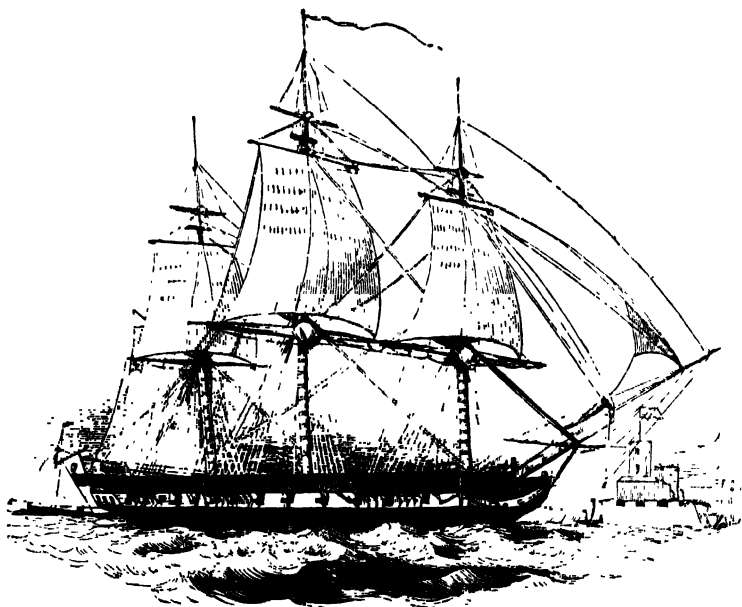
his way to a Star of the Bath, or a coronet, or something of that sort, little below an angel; and he rejoices greatly at his uniform, his smart cap, his gold lace, and, especially, his little dirk, dagger, or poignard, more adapted for cutting cheese than for stabbing men with; and, may be, he goes full of hope, full of pluck, upon the look-out for wounds and

glory, and all that sort of thing. He is especially proud of his frigate, and believes there is not such a ship in the universe; and he regales himself with the notion of her taking prizes by scores, and dreams of prize money by bushels.

Sometimes your young midshipman is the son of a poor half-pay lieutenant, at other times the only son of some heart-burdened widow, which burdened heart would have been broken long ago but for little "Jacky," who is the mainstay thereof, but whose board, and clothing, and schooling, and what not, cleans out the dear lady's pockets to the lowest cbb, and forces her to consent to Jacky's going to sea to make her fortune; and little Jacky, who loves his mother dearly, and his sister Annie dearly, goes a-board his ship at the gigantic age of eleven, or thereabouts, with his head and his heart full to the brim, with ideas of providing for mother and for sister somehow when he becomes a captain, or when he becomes rich, or when he becomes able in some way or other, not very clearly defined, but which is to be distinguished, nevertheless, on the beautiful bow of Hope continually before the ardent boy's mind's eye. Alas, alas!

But what is the use of sighing? There he is, "Little Jacky," just home from the Baltic—a hero in a small way. What proud deeds of daring has four feet one-and-three-quarters in his stockings done for his Queen and country? How many fierce Russians has he killed, and eaten with pepper and salt? Has that dagger drank the blood of the enemies of his country; revenged the Sinope or Hango massacre? Not a bit of it. It is more likely to have drank pigeon's milk, or some other innocent fluid. Yet, Jacky is a brave boy, and has done his duty on board his ship. What!

has he stopped a cannon ball with his head? No; that would have been death, according to the articles of war; but I will tell you what he has done. A large shell from the forts of Sweaborg fell plump down the main-hatch, with its fuzee nearly spent. It was terribly large, and it twirled round and



round, with its smoking tail, ready to burst with impatience; and the lives of some half-score men were in the utmost peril. Jacky caught hold of the unwelcome intruder by the shoulder, and taking him to the nearest port-hole, tossed him into the sea. It burst before it touched the water, but only shattered the outside of the ship. Well done, little Jacky;

it is better to save life than to destroy it ; and the good little Queen has heard of your doings, and, although you cannot be made a peer, or a knight, or have the star of the washing-tub, or any such honor, you have obtained, and you deserve it, too, the medal for bravery, with the Queen's pretty face for you to kiss whenever you feel inclined to do so, which you will very often. And then there is your dear mother : her heart and her eyes full of tears to welcome you, and little Annie, too, with as many kisses for you as would load the great ship now building at Blackwall, of twenty-five thousand tons burthen. Are you not a happy boy, Master Jacky Williams ? Yes you are, and if there is any trust to be put in your eyes, you are one of those that delight to make others happy ; and, depend upon it, you will make many happy in your time, Master Williams. Bless you, my boy, may you grow up into a real live Admiral some day, and may you do your duty in that capacity as well as you have done it in that of a middy. I know that whenever you are a commander, whether it be of a gunboat, a cutter, a coffin-brig, or a liner, that the men on board, and the boys too, will have a brave, kindhearted friend in you. God forbid that your warm heart should ever be chilled by the icy fangs of the cold and close-fisted world. Keep your heart warm then, my middy ; there is an angel sits smiling aloft that keeps watch for the soul of poor Jack ; and may that angel—Providence, I mean—keep you, my dear boy, as full of all that is generous, and noble, and benevolent, as a sugar-cane is full of juice—that is old PETER PARLEY's wish for all middies present and to come, for the generous and the noble, the good and the true, especially belongs to that great glory of our country—a BRITISH SAILOR !

Elephants, and Elephant Catching.



FTEN have I told my young readers of elephants, their natures, and their habits; old elephants, and young elephants; of elephant fights, elephant hunts, and elephant sagacity; but I do not think I have ever told the story of their taming and capture. It is time, therefore, that I did so, for the elephant is a wonderful beast, and we cannot know too much about him.

But before we proceed, I must, by way of introduction, observe that the country, from the Ganges and Brahmapootra, eastward, to the Mug Mountains, and from Chittagong, in the Bay of Bengal, northwards, to the mountains of Assam, is remarkable for the humidity of its climate, and the luxuriance of its vegetation, both in forest trees, in shrubs, and herbaceous plants. It lies, as you will see, if you look in

the map, in the lines of both monsoons, and thus its dry season is very short, as compared with that of India generally. Some of the lower parts are swampy and unhealthy, but a considerable extent consists of gentle slopes of firm ground, covered with rich forests and undergrowth, and is, in every respect, a chosen country for elephants. And I may, in short, first observe, that in this country wild elephants are taken in herds, in a wholesale sort of manner, by being driven into a series of enclosures, called keddahs. These generally consist of three enclosures, formed of very strong stockades, on the outside of deep ditches, the third, or innermost enclosure, being usually the strongest of the three. It requires to be elephant proof, because, when the animals get as far as they can, they are generally in a state of great excitement.

Now we will begin the hunt. Previous to the setting off of the great cavalcade which usually attends the sport, some of the most intelligent natives, who are conversant with the woods, and experienced in discovering the elephants, are sent off to find the herd, and to state particularly the direction in which it is moving, for as elephants clear the pasture before them almost as completely as reapers, they range in one course for the distance of many miles. When they are discovered, the keddah is constructed at a considerable distance in front of them, but in the line of their advance, and all things being thus ready, they proceed to the capture, which is a matter requiring great skill and attention, and by no means unattended by danger. When a herd is discovered, about three hundred people are employed to surround it, who divide themselves into small parties, consisting generally of three men each, at the distance of about twenty or thirty yards from the other, and form an irregular circle, in which the

elephants are enclosed. Each party lights a fire, and clears a footpath to the station that is next him, by which a regular communication is soon formed through the whole circumference from one to the other. By this path reinforcements can immediately be brought to any place where an alarm is given, and it is also necessary for the superintendents, who are always going round, to see that the people are alert upon their posts.

The first circle being thus formed, the remaining part of the day and night is spent in keeping watch by turns or in cooking for themselves and companions. Early next morning one man is detached from each station to form another circle in that direction in which they wish the elephants to advance. When it is finished, the people stationed nearest to the new circle put out their fires, and file off to the right and left to form the advance party, thus leaving an opening for the herd to advance through, and by this movement both the old and new circle are joined, and form an oblong. The people from behind now begin shouting and making a noise with their rattles, drums, &c., and cause the elephants to advance, and as soon as they are got within the new circle, the people close up, and take their proper stations, and pass the remaining part of the day and night as before.

In the morning the same process is repeated, and in this manner the herd advances slowly in that direction in which they find themselves least incommoded by the noise and clamour of the hunters. If the sagacious beasts suspected any snare, they could easily break through the circle, but the inoffensive animal, going only in quest of food, and not seeing any of the people who surround him, and who are concealed by the thick jungle, advances without suspicion, and seems only anxious to avoid being pestered with their noise.

Now comes the aid of fire. Fire is the thing that elephants seem most afraid of in their wild state, and they will seldom venture near it. Hence the hunters always have a number of fires lighted, particularly at night, to prevent the elephants coming too near, as well as to cook their victuals and to keep themselves warm. The sentinels supply these fires with fuel, especially green bamboos, which are generally at hand, and which, by the crackling and loud report they make, together with the noise of the watchmen, deter the elephants from coming near, so that the herd generally remain at a distance near the centre of the circle.

Should the old stagers at any time make an advance, which they are apt to do, the alarm is immediately given, and all the people make an uproarious noise, and use their rattles, gongs, and other noise-making things, to keep them at a greater distance. In this manner they are gradually brought to the keddah. As soon as they all have entered the gateway, fires are lighted round the greater part of the enclosure, and particularly at the entries, to prevent the elephants from returning. The hunters then make a still louder noise by shouting, beating of drums, and firing of guns, to urge the herd to the next enclosure.

Now master elephant begins to smell a rat. The elephants, finding themselves fairly taken in and ensnared, scream and make a noise, but seeing no opening except the entrance to the next inclosure, and which they at first generally avoid, they return to the place through which they lately passed, thinking, perhaps, to escape; but now they find it strongly barricaded, and, as there is no ditch at this place, the hunters, to prevent their coming near, keep a line of fire constantly

burning all along where the ditch is interrupted, and supply it with fuel from the top of the pallisade. Thus, wherever they turn, the elephants find themselves enclosed by burning fires, and opposed by spiked canes, bundles of reed and dried grass, which are thrust through the opening of the pallisades, except towards the entrance of the second enclosure.

After traversing the first enclosure, and finding no chance of escape but through the gateway into the next, the leader enters, and the herd follows; the gate is instantly closed by the people, who are stationed on a small scaffold immediately above it, and strongly barricaded; fires are again lighted, the same discordant din made and continued, till the herd has passed through another gateway into the *last* enclosure, the gate of which is secured in the same way as the former was, and master elephant is *trapped*.

But this is not all, as you will see. The elephants are now completely surrounded on all sides, and perceiving no outlet by which they can escape, appear desperate, and in their fury they frequently advance towards the ditch in order to break down the pallisade, inflating their trunks, screaming louder and louder than any trumpet, and sometimes grumbling like the hollow murmur of any distant thunder; but wherever they make the attack, they are opposed by lighted fires and by the voice of the hunters. As they must remain some time in this enclosure, care is taken to have part of the ditch filled with water, which is supplied by a small stream or reservoir. The elephants are glad to get at this water to quench their thirst after their fatigue, and amuse themselves by squirting the water over each other. Yet they remain sulky, and seem to meditate their escape. But the hunters are on the alert, and say "No!"

When the herd has continued a few days in the keddah, the door of the outlet is opened, into which some one of the elephants is enticed by food. He then passes by the first door, and the gate is shut. He is thus enclosed in a narrow space, where he has a gate before and behind him, and not room to turn himself round. Finding his retreat thus cut off, he advances, and uses the full force of his front parts, head and shoulders, to batter down the gate before him. He then makes an advance backwards by haunch and tail, and tries to knock down the gate behind him; but it is of no use. He tries again and again, with eyes glaring, and the thin hairs of his back standing up as if they had been excited by electricity, but all to no purpose—he is fairly in for it. Strength is of no use, rage is of no avail, and patience becomes at last the virtue the most commendable.

When master elephant has, therefore, done his best, and done his worst, strong ropes with running noozes are laid down, and as soon as he puts a foot within the nooze, it is immediately drawn tight and fastened to the palisade. When all his feet have been made fast, two men place themselves behind some bars that run across the passage to prevent his kicking them, and, with great caution, tie his hind legs together by passing a cord alternately from one to the other, like the letter X, and then fastening these turns in the middle. A strong rope is now put twice round his body close to his fore legs, like a girth, and tied behind his shoulders, then the long end is carried back close to his tail, and then fastened, after a couple of turns more have been made round his body. Another cord is next fastened to the girth, and from thence carried under his tail, like a crupper; a strong rope is put round his back, and this

is fastened to the others, and lastly, a couple of large ropes, with running noozes, are put round his neck, and, being well secured, hold him fast.

While these operations are going on, the other hunters stand before the gate of the passage, tickling his trunk and feeding him with tit-bits of sugar-cane, cocoa-nut leaves, and the like; then, as soon as the whole of the apparatus is completed and secured in a proper manner, the ends of the two cables which were fastened round his neck, are brought forward to the outer end of the outlet, where two tame elephants, which are trained to the business, are waiting, and to them these cables are made fast; and there is the great leviathan of the land in bondage at last, yoked to his species, now upon the point of entering upon civilised life, where we shall leave him and report in a future chapter.

CHAPTER II.

WE left our elephant yoked and bound to two of his kind; and now, after every thing is prepared and ready, the door at the end of his narrow cell is opened, the ropes that tied his legs to the palisade are unfastened, and he is ready to "move on," as the policemen say. If the elephant is not very formidable or unruly, it is sufficient to place him lengthwise between two large trees about thirty or forty feet distant from each other, then to bind his legs in contact together, and fasten them close to one of the trees, with six or seven turns of thick rope, likewise to bind one fore leg, to which greater liberty is given by the length and slackness of the cordage. The two tame elephants are then disengaged from the wild one, and conducted back by the tail to take charge of an other captive.

This operation is a very trying moment to the wild elephant. While guided by the keeper, and soothed by the society of his subjugated brethren, he appears docile and quiet, appearing to forget his sorrows; but immediately his companions march away, he is agitated with despair, and breaks out into a roaring which makes all the forest tremble: during this period, however, he is soothed and comforted, and fed with nice, delicious food; yet, in the agony of his distress, he turns it contemptuously away, or tramples it under foot. The cravings of hunger will, however, at last induce him to eat, which he does with great reluctance at first, but becomes gradually

more resigned, and after the lapse of a few hours, will cat heartily.

Whole herds of elephants are, my young friends, captured in this manner, but sometimes a party of hunters endeavour to seize the males, in which they are frequently successful. The places where the elephants feed are known to hunters, and they advance towards them in the evening with four trained elephants. When the nights are dark, these stragglers are known by the noise they make in cleansing their food, by whisking it and stroking it against their fore legs. When the hunters have determined upon the particular elephant they wish to secure, three of the trained females are conducted slowly by their drivers, at a moderate distance from each other, near to the place where he is feeding. These advance very cautiously, feeding as they go along, and have the appearance of wild elephants that have strayed from the forest. When the male perceives them approaching, if he takes the alarm and is viciously inclined, he beats the ground with his trunk, and makes a noise, showing evident marks of his displeasure, and that he will not allow them to approach near; and if they persist, he will immediately attack them, and gore them with his tusks, for which reason they take care to retreat in good time. But should he be playfully disposed, which is generally the case, he allows the females to approach, and often advances to meet them. He then begins to play with the trained elephants, and while he is so doing, opportunities are taken to put cords round his legs and body. It generally takes twenty or thirty minutes to secure him in this way, during which time the utmost silence is observed. He is now firmly secured both before and behind, and he is generally so

taken up with his new companions as to be insensible to anything else. Sometimes, however, he breaks loose, and runs off at a prodigious rate, and, if furious, he gores up the earth with his tusks, and spreads havoc and destruction on every side. The hunters, however, follow him, and often contrive to throw their cables over him, and by some clever method will fasten him to a tree, where they keep him till he is subdued, trained, and instructed, which process requires the aid of some twelve or fifteen people, under the guidance and direction of a powerful keeper.

The first object of the keeper is to gain the elephant's confidence, and for this purpose he constantly supplies him with food, and soothes and caresses him with a variety of little arts. At times, however, he threatens, and even goads him with a long stick or bamboo, split at one end into several pieces, and used for driving away the flies from any sores or hurts he may have about him; he also keeps him cool by throwing water over him. In a few days he advances cautiously to his side, and pats and strokes him with his hand, speaking all the time to him in a soothing tone of voice. This kind treatment works wonders upon him, and after a little time he begins to know the keeper's voice, and at length acquires an attachment to him, and is willing to obey his command.

The keeper at last becomes like a brother to him—gets upon his back, and then upon his neck: when there he is invested with almost supreme control over him, and from this place he ever after regulates all his motions. The iron hook with which he directs him is pretty heavy; it is about sixteen inches long, with a straight spike advancing a little beyond the curve of the hook. When he wishes to turn him, he

catches one of his ears with this instrument, and by pressing it into his skin, makes him move in any direction that is required. While he is training in this manner, the tame elephants lead out the others, in turn, for the sake of exercise, and likewise to ease their legs from the cords, with which they are tied, and which are apt to gall them severely unless they are regularly slackened and shifted. In the course of five or six weeks the elephant becomes obedient to his keeper, his fetters are taken off by degrees, and, generally, in about five or six months, he suffers himself to be conducted by his keeper, from one place to another. Care, however, is always taken not to let him approach the scene of his former haunts, lest a recollection of the freedom he has enjoyed should induce him to try for his liberty again.

The elephant's obedience to his conductor, seems to proceed partly from a sense of gratitude, as it is in some measure voluntary, for whenever an elephant takes fright or is determined to run away, all the exertions of the keeper cannot prevent him, even by beating or digging the pointed or iron hook into his head. On such an occasion the animal totally disregards these feeble efforts, otherwise he would shake or pull him off with his trunk, and dash him to pieces.

Elephants, when thoroughly trained, are of great use, and of corresponding value. A male elephant of the largest size, full grown, and in good health, will carry upwards of a ton in weight, and travel with it fifty miles in twenty-four hours; and this power he retains for a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, so he that purchases a good elephant may be said to buy an estate for his great grandchild. But carrying is not the only useful purpose to which an elephant can be applied ;

he can draw, as well as carry, and draw several tons with great ease, and at a rapid pace.

So much for the training of elephants ; of their disposition, habits, and importance in our Indian territories, I have already spoken, and I shall therefore do, as elephants are trained to do, here make my respectful salaam, and say vale for the present.



The Dead Donkey.

A SOLEMN DIRGE.

BY BOBBY BLOWERS, THE DUSTMAN.

“MY ass is dead ! my ass is dead !”
Thus, shedding tears, poor Bobby said.
“ How slight some think his loss may be,
His life was everything to me.
Rich men have horses in their pride,
And coaches grand in which they ride ;
Houses and parks to take delight in,
And stuff and feed from morn to night in.
I envy not their life of pleasure,
For I had in my ‘ Jack,’ a treasure,
More dear than those the rich and great
Hang round them in the pomp of state,
In jewels, ribbons, crosses, stars,
Bought oft by bloodshed, or by wars,
At Alma, Inkerman, or Kars.
Jack was my friend. We trod together
Mud, slush, and filth, in juicy weather,

Many a long and weary mile,
Through crooked lane, or hedge defile ;
My sack of bones he ever carried,
Seldom loitered, never tarried.
By day upon his back I'd ride,
At night, my pillow was his side,
And oft beside some crystal rill,
Of which we took our thirsty fill,
We have enjoyed, though storms might whistle,
I my *crust*, and he his *thistle*.

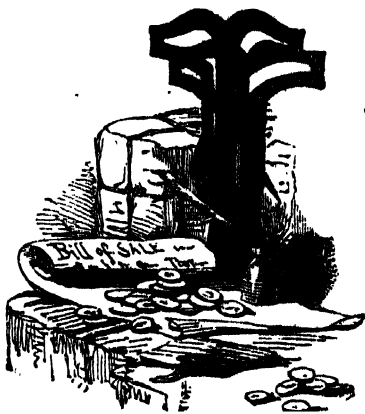
His mother died when he was born :
I saw him sinking and forlorn,
I took him to me like a child,
Gave him new milk, and often smiled,
To see him follow, pit-a-pat,
Where'er I went, this way or that.
He'd thrust his head beneath my vest,
As he would nestle in my breast,
And now, when bowed with age and grey,
I thought he would have been my stay ;
But now my poor old ass is gone,
I feel I'm in the world, alone."

A clergyman was passing by,
And heard the sad old dustman's sigh.
" Why weep, old man ? " said he, " I 've been,
A right good master you have been."
" Aye, so I thought," the dustman said,
" When he was living ; now he's dead,

Ah ! many things come to my mind,
In which I feel I was unkind ;
Oft the blow, with thong or stick,
I've dealt him—yet he would not kick,
But the next moment kindly come
And speak forgiveness, although dumb.
One night, by tipsy madness tossed,
 I beat him till he ran away,
And in the wood 'at night was lost,
 While I upon the damp ground lay.
Next morning, when I woke, my ass
Was stretched beside me on the grass."

"I'll give thee money," said the priest ;
"Go, buy thyself another beast."
"It is not that," the poor man said,
"Money will not bring back the dead.
Money, alas ! will never buy
The thing for which I weep and sigh.
Another ass may bear my pack,
Another ass may be my hack,
Another ass may carry me,
But may not fond and faithful be,
And, therefore, I must cry, alas !
And sorrow for my poor old ass.
'Dust oh !' I cry, for so I must,
For now my poor old ass is 'dust.'"

Harvest Home.



HERE can be nothing more beautiful than a harvest field, just when the corn—the golden-eyed, heavy-eared corn—is cut down, and formed into sheaves. Some are lying about among the furrows, some are set up against each other, and support themselves, with their rich heads bending, like loving brothers. And, then, at the

far end of the field, we descry the wagon jolting along, stopping at every stack, to receive its harvest load. There are two men on the wain, and three men below pitching up and a flock of young people around, all cheerful and full of smiles; and even the old horses in the team seem to partake of the fun and the frolic, and peep through their blinkers or winkers side-ways, as if they tried to understand the hilarity going on.



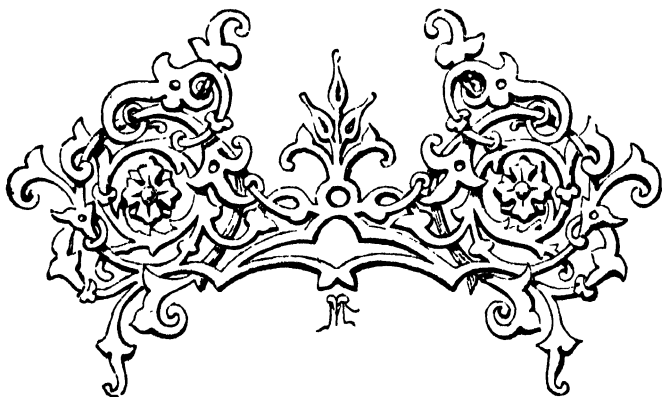
All seem full of happiness ; and some seem grateful. There is the loud shout pealing over the furrows as the last shock is pitched upon the wain. The gleaners, standing in a cluster in the narrow lane at the bottom of the field, now rush through the open gateway, and, with backs bent and heads low, spread themselves over the whole field, like a flock of crows ; while the wagon, top-heavy, totters along, swaying to and fro, as if it had a mind for a tilt and tumble ; but, no—Jasper, and Dobbin, and Charley are too steady for that, and draw along the machine with all the regularity of even hearse-horses—and are a vast deal more pleasant to look at—and then they move towards the homestead hall, green boughs waving from the top of the corn on the wagon, and loud huzzas on every side, till they enter the farm-yard.

And what do we see there ? A fine preparation for a feast—a feast of gratitude and good cheer. Happily, not such a feast as we have sometimes seen in late days, when “drinking beer,” and “smoking of bacca,” seemed to be the coveted delights, and quarrelling and contention the conclusion of a day that ought to have been devoted to old English hospitality, where the farmer, and the squire, and the clergyman would make a part and parcel of those who made merry. Thank Heaven, these good old times seem coming back again. Lord Albemarle has set an example of better things ; and the smoking, and the guzzling, and the beastliness of the long-neglected and degraded, and spurned labourer is likely to be put on one side. For what do we see now at my friend Cooper’s, at the Sockford Hall Farm ? Good cheer, it is true ; but good cheer sanctified

by good manners, by soberness, by a proper sense of gratitude to God for all his goodness. And who do we observe coming along, with a face full of meekness and love, and yet so full of joy and gladness? It is the clergyman of the place; one whose sole aim it is to do his duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call him. There, indeed, is the true shepherd of the flock—seeking not the fleeces, but the true pasturage—and leading his sheep beside the waters of eternal life, upon whose banks the verdure is ever green; and there, too, beside him is the country squire—not brandy-nosed and top-booted, as he once used to be—but a very “proper gentleman,” with looks somewhat jolly, and with an eye of cordiality, and with them the lads and the lasses of the village, in neat attire, and with marvellously happy faces, such as old Chatty Cheerful would delight in. There they come, and soon we see them arrange themselves round the well spread tables upon which the gigantic bullock, and noble sirloin, and puissant baron of beef, stand up like guardian sentinels of the feast. And then we hear the sweet solemn tones of that silver haired clergyman giving utterance to a blessing, and calling upon the true and real Giver of these abundant gifts to look down upon the doings of the day and to give those assembled thankful hearts for all that they enjoy. And now the anxious and hungry rustics fall to, in glorious style, like men making a desperate assault upon an enemy. The great redoubts of pudding, the Malakoffs of beef, the Redans of three cornered pasty, are demolished, and all the viands are in a sad state of discomfiture. Now, too, glasses of small pale ale, brewed of pure malt and hops for the occasion, and meant to cheer the heart and not confound the head, come

in delightfully, and all are joyous ; and then we hear the name of our dear and good little Queen first and foremost on every lip, and toast on toast follows in succession, till Squire and Squire's wife, Parson and Parson's wife—(bless the wives, I say)—and Farmer and Farmer's wife get thrice times three, and one cheer more, and then a little one for the children. **Huzza ! Huzza !**

Such is the kind of Harvest Home **PETER PARLEY** likes to see.



Going to the Fair.

"FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR."



O says Shakspeare; and so we may almost say now-a-days, for fairs are not what they used to be. Times ago, when there was more rustic simplicity, more rustic modesty, and a vast deal more rustic innocence than there now is, "Going to the Fair" was a delightful thing to see; and there is no poet equal to Bloomfield, the Suffolk poet, for a description of a country fair; and if the author of "Hockewather," or some such name, could write like Bloomfield, America might well be proud of him. How beautiful is the poem of Bloomfield's, beginning—

Come Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
Sweep, up your aughts and get your hat;
Old joys revived once more I feel,
'Tis fair day—aye, and more than that,
'Tis twenty years this very day
Since you and I, old girl, were married.



So sang our English Theocritus, as the learned Mr. Mitford so justly calls the Suffolk poet, and so would we introduce the "Country Fair."

It was delightful, in bygone times, to see a little household getting ready to go to the Fair. To see the boys in their new highlows, and the girls in their new bonnets, and the old clod-hoppers in their thick buskins, and the dear old wives in their red petticoats and the yeomen in their red waistcoats flaring like cock-robins, and the old grandams with their crone sticks, all meeting together in the retired cottage, and then stepping forth full of smiles and joyous chatter, and as clean as the newest of pins. Long looked for was the fair day by the children. There was Patty and Betty, and Susan and Mary—no Celestina Marias, or Julia Matildas, or Selina Josephines then. There was, too, Tom and Dick, and Harry and John. None of your Gustavus Adolphuses, Algernon Sidneys, or Alphonso Henriguos; and so, with simple names, and simple natures, and simple objects in view, the old and the young, the boys and the girls full of fun and frolic, went to the Fair.

Oh! the joys of the round-about in those days; days before the bucket-swings came up. Nothing to equal the glory of a ride on those beautiful steeds, black, brown, dappled and grey, with long flowing manes and tails—but no legs; but they flew round like horses in a circus, amid the uproarious cheers of little boys among the radiati of that round-about, who worked bravely at the wheel, with the uncertain chance of getting a horse for nothing at some remote period of time when a shower came on.

Leaving the horses, there was the "showman," with the

goggle eye-glass holes of his show-box, beautifully transparent and magnifying, through which, as you passed by, you might get a glimpse of the wonderful scenes within, such as the "Great Battle of Camperdown," the "Grand Fetes of Louis, XV.," "the Boudoir of Mary de Medicis," and the "Gardens of the Tuilleries." Great was the joy and the wonder of those who obtained a peep into this raree show, amid the smell of odoriferous gingerbread nuts, and peppermint candy, and elecampagne. Oh, days of sweetness how are you departed! days of unsophisticated brightness how have ye evaporated! Now, indeed, may we say, "Fair is foul and foul is fair." That abomination Bartholomew fair is fortunately extinct, and we shall never be be-muddled, be-sausaged, and be-squeezed there any more. Country Fairs you are going too! Now little more than compounds of all that is vile and abominable; the resort of all the loose and disorderly, and the merriment only of the lowest of the low. Let them go, and the sooner they are gone the better, and to set them going into that oblivion to which they are doomed, PETER PARLEY would like to see some high-spirited gentleman, such as Mr. Arcedeckne, High Sheriff of Suffolk, come forward to revive the "old English sports," or to set up some "new English Sports," which should give to the people of this country innocent recreation and make England what it once was—"Merry England." Yes, there used to be polite France, haughty Spain, gloomy Germany, and phlegmatic Holland, but England was called "merry!" and merry let it be—merry and wise, Mr. Arcedeckne, as you had it at Clavering, where PETER PARLEY ought to have responded to your kind invitation.

Let us hope that the time is coming, when the example set

by our beloved Queen, will be followed through the length and breadth of the land. It is her delight to see all her people happy—aye and merry, too, in the season of merriment. I do not see why good persons should not be cheerful. I know that the best people I have met with have been merry people—not foolish madcap bantlings, but people who liked to laugh when it was right to laugh; and I suppose we have good authority that we should laugh at proper seasons. In that best of books which we all ought to love and reverence it says, “There is a time to weep,” and it says, also, “that there is a time to laugh, a time to be sad, and a time to be merry.”

Let us do our best, therefore, to be merry when it is proper to be merry, but let our merriment be that of wisdom, not of folly. Let us be cheerful always if we can. Clouds and gloom are necessary, aye, and are wholesome too. Rain and gloomy weather and cold dark days are necessary, but it is the glorious sunshine that brings forth the flowers, and which ripen the fruits of the earth. And what a glorious sunshine is that which God pours into the full and grateful heart, sensible of the thousand tender mercies which we enjoy from day to day; sensible of the joys that are past, the joys that are to come in that eternal state where all is not gloom, and sour and miserable disquietude, but enjoyment, cheerfulness, nay, ecstasy of joy!—joy! yes, joy is our eternal inheritance! And shall we not be joyful here, in the exercise of those capacities for enjoyment with which our good God has endowed us? Yes, and our glory shall be pure and holy, and full of gratitude and of love to Him, the fountain and source of all joy, present, past, and for evermore.

Gathering the Mistletoe.



"Children up the grey trunk go
To cut down the mistletoe".—HERRICK.

IRLS and boys, young men and maidens, old men, old women, and children, all look forward for mirth under the mistletoe-bough. 'Tis the feast of the innocents, for they—the little ones—are all feasting their eyes upon the good things in preparation—the mince-meat, and the plum-pudding, and the other good things of the season. Now, too,

Every hedge is plucked by eager hands:
The holly branch with prickly leaves replete,
And fraught with berries of a crimson hue,
Which torn as under from its parent stem,
Is straightway taken to the neighbouring towns,



Where windows, mantles, candlesticks, and shelves,
Quarts, pints, decanters, pipkins, basins, jugs,
And other articles of household ware,
The verdant garb confess.

The old and pleasant custom of decking our churches with evergreens (and may it never be omitted) is derived from the most ancient times. The ancient Druids decked their brows and sacred fanes with evergreens in the dead months of the year, as typical of God's unfailing goodness, and they went forth in great state, in white robes, with their heads crowned with ivy leaves, and with golden knives to cut the mistletoe—for the mistletoe was to them a type or symbol of life in death; for as this plant flourished green on the leafless tree, so they believed in the resurrection of the soul after the death of the body. Then the Druids walked in procession, singing canticles and hymns, and having cut the sacred bough, distributed it among the people, as the all-heal leaf, and as a semblance of pardon.

The mistletoe-bough is not generally admitted into churches except by the ignorance of the sextons, because it was considered a heathenish and profane plant. An old sexton at Walderingfield told me first that they never buried dissenters in the churchyard except on the north side—the cool quarter; and next, that he never put up mistletoe but once in his church, when the “parson” ordered it away as a heathenish plant. But another sexton, or vergor, or whatever you call them, told me that his grandfather told him, that on the eve of Christmas day they used to carry mistletoe to the high altar of York cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal liberty-pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked persons at

the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven. The same sexton told me that "*mince pies*," a compound of the choicest productions of the east, have in view the offerings of the wise men bringing spices, &c., to the babe of Bethlehem.


I will tell you what our squire does at Christmas. He sets to work in the old hall, and he gets together all his friends, rich and poor, gentle and simple, and shakes them up together like nails in a bag. The beef and the pudding are noble, the mince pies peculiar, the nuts half play-things and half eatables, the oranges as cool, and sour, and sweet as they ought to be, the cakes comcagainable, the wassail-bowls generous. Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the misletoe, and country maidens, though they be ever so homely, share the like fate; and then riddles, hot cockles, hunt-the-slipper, forfeits, music, and dancing, which are not to be suppressed, even at twelve o'clock chimes—when they ought to be.

The last time I was at the old hall we had a discussion—not about riddle-me-rec polemicals, depend upon it—but as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for plum-pudding and roast beef. These were the stalwart hearty rustics. Some were for mince-pies and snap-dragon. These were the boys. Some were for the wassail-bowl. I am glad *they* were but few. One maiden lady of about fifty-six timidly voted for the misletoe; but we agreed at last that a *good fire* was, above all things, the great indispensable, upon which we all turned our faces towards it, and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire is the visible heart and soul of Christmas, just as a high

blazing sun is the heart and soul of midsummer. You may contrive to do without beef or pudding, or mince-pies, or was-sail-bowl, but a huge heaped up, *over* heaped up all-attracting fire, with a semi-circle of faces about it, is the glorious eye of the room, the inciter of mirth and universal relish. Therefore, in the glare of fire—the light of bright eyes reflects it—the warm flush of happy faces, the cheerful hum of happy voices, the innocent song and the innocent dance, let us make merry, my young friends, and let the kiss of love be given to old and young, rich and poor, under the misletoe-bough.

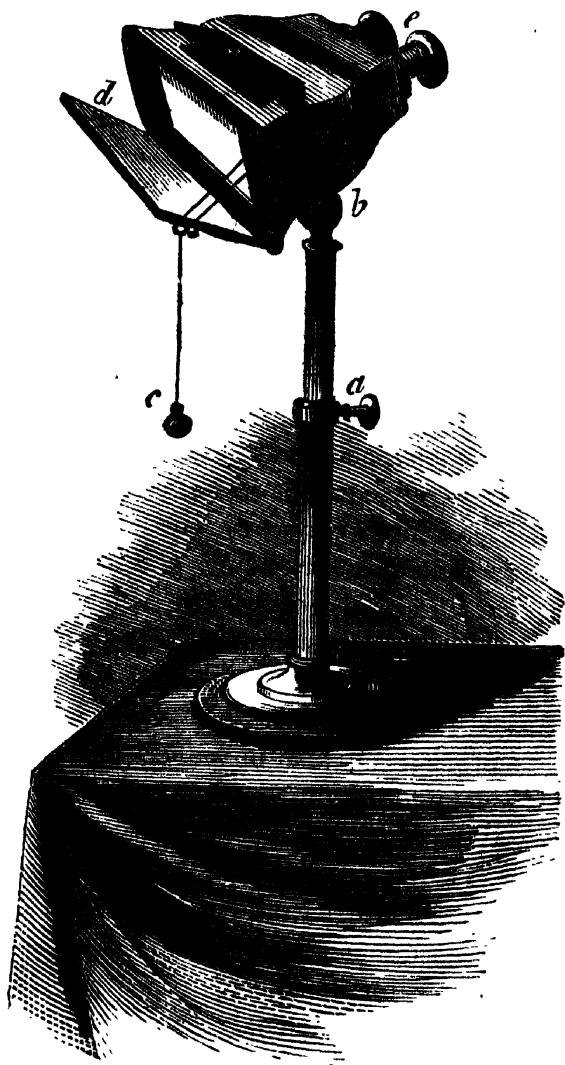


The Stereoscope.

HE Stereoscope is now seen in every street, it is found in almost every drawing-room; philosophers talk learnedly upon it, ladies are delighted with its magic representations, and children play with it. However, we find a very general ignorance prevailing of the principles upon which this instrument is constructed, and still greater want of knowledge of the philosophy which it involves.

We are so little in the habit of asking ourselves questions about *common things*—to employ a very hacknied phrase—that there are not many men or women who have paused a moment to consider—Why, having two eyes, they do not always see all things double? The stereoscope, to a certain extent, answers the question; and we shall, therefore, endeavour to explain this instrument, which enables us to see things as they are in nature.

We derive the term stereoscope, from two Greek words—*στερεος* *solid*, which we commonly employ in *stereotype*, signifying *solid type*; and *σκοπεω*, *to see*, used also in *telescope* and *microscope*. The word therefore means, *solid to see*, the in-



THE STEREOSCOPE.

strument converting images drawn upon a plane surface into apparent solids, or images possessing three dimensions—*length, breadth, and thickness*. If we first describe the construction of the stereoscope, the subsequent explanation of its principles and its phenomena will be rendered more intelligible. The engraving on the preceding page represents one of these instruments, mounted in the manner now adopted by the *London Stereoscopic Company*.

The refracting or lenticular stereoscope—as this form of the instrument is called, to distinguish it from the reflecting stereoscope—consists of two eye-pieces at *e*, adjusted as in an opera-glass; an oblong box, with a door on one side, to allow the light to fall in upon pictures on opaque tablets; and a flap, *d*, which can be adjusted at any angle by the adjusting pulley, *c*, the object of this opening being to render visible pictures upon transparent surfaces. This stereoscope is mounted upon brass pillars, which can be fixed to any height convenient to the observer by the screw *a*, while the instrument can be placed at any angle by means of the joint at *b*. By these simple methods the stereoscope is rendered perfectly convenient for all kinds of pictures, and under all circumstances for observation.

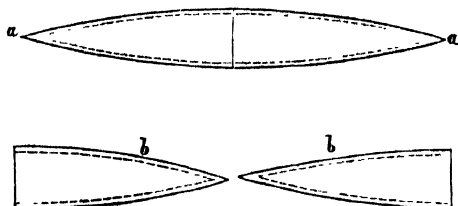
Such is the external structure of the instrument. The pictures which we place in it for observation may be geometric drawings, photographic pictures upon daguerrotype plates, or positive copies on paper or glass. Two pictures of the same object, or set of objects, are mounted side by side on the slide, as in the accompanying landscape, “The Glen of Meiringen, Switzerland,” and this being placed at the base of the stereoscope, and looked at through the eye-pieces, resolves itself



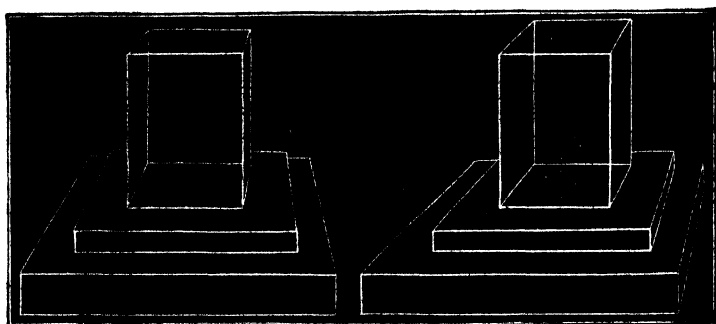
THE GLEN OF MEIRINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

into one image of perfect solidity—a miniature realisation of the picturesque scene itself.

The lenses of this instrument are but parts of lenses ; this we must explain. The figure, *a*, below, is a secture of a double

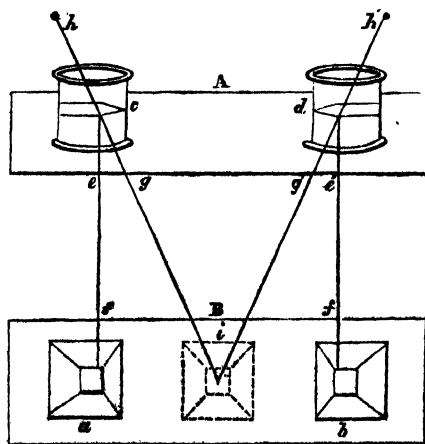


convex lens, the inner lines being intended to indicate the fact that such a lens is virtually two prisms placed together at their bases. Such a lens is cut into halves or quarters, and these are placed in the instrument with their edges opposite each other, as *b b*.



To explain this, let us suppose a skeleton stereoscope—engraved as on next page. Two geometrical figures, *a*

b, the lines forming a square pyramid, are on the tablet, and these are viewed through the prismatic lenses, *c*, *d*, the rays proceed from the objects along the straight lines *ef* and *e'f'*, but those rays entering the lenses are bent, and enter the eye along the lines *gh* and *g'h'*. Now, if those lines are continued to *i*, it will be seen that the two images will be superposed, and form one; so that, under those circumstances, one image only would be visible, namely, the image at *i*, and



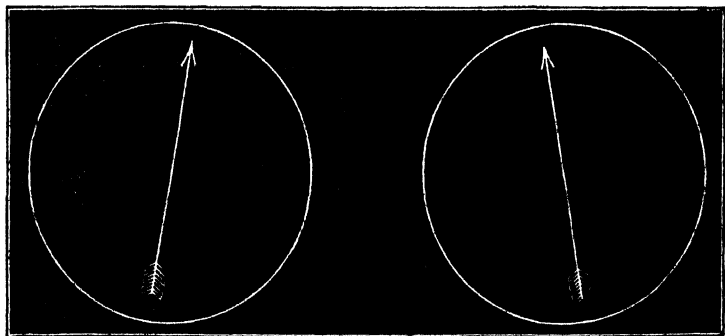
by throwing the pictures in the stereoscope slightly out of adjustment, this may be rendered very evident by the appearance in the instrument of parts of three pictures.

The rays of light passing through the air and then traversing a denser medium are bent from their straight path, or refracted, and the degree of refraction depends upon the density and thickness of the medium traversed. The rays of light radiated from any illuminated object falling upon a triangular piece of

glass—a prism—suffer considerable refraction ; and if, looking through the edges of two prisms, we observe two images, properly constructed, and continue onward the lines of sight, we shall find the two pictures will resolve themselves into one image.

The reader will necessarily now inquire how it is that a solid image, a figure having three dimensions, results from combining two dissimilar pictures. PETER PARLEY must endeavour to explain this.

Draw a circle upon paper, and a line as its diameter ; place a thin, straight object upright exactly in the centre ; and so that the line and the rod are both in a vertical plane passing between the two eyes. Bring the eyes near this arrangement, close the right eye : you will see the line to the left hand of



the upright ; open the right and close the left eye, the line will now appear on the right hand of the rod. The image seen by each eye is proceeding in an opposite direction, as the arrow in the engraving shown above. With a very little practice these two images may be *squinted* into

one. The result will then be the same as that produced in the stereoscope, a solid arrow proceeding directly towards the eye.

Again, place a cube upon some books arranged as a flight of steps. Place the hand as a screen a short distance in front of the nose, and, shutting first one and then the other eye, make a drawing of the arrangement under each condition. The result will be what we have represented, but these will resolve themselves into a system of solids when observed in the stereoscope.

Stereoscopic pictures are, indeed, the pictures of objects as viewed with the right and the left eye respectively. We are not—until reminded of the fact—aware that we must (seeing that the pupils of our eyes are about three inches apart) view every object under a slightly different angle. Without going into the question of vision, or examining with minute accuracy the structure of the eye, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to mention the main facts. We see, because the rays of light which fall upon any body are radiated from the surface of that body with differing degrees of intensity, these varying with the colour, condition, and contour of the surface. These surface radiations passing through the pupil of the eye, suffer refraction by the crystalline lens, and a picture is formed on the retina of each eye. By taking the eye of a recently killed animal, and cutting an opening in the upper part, through which we may look in upon the reticulated membrane, we can see the picture as in a camera-obscura. The *retina* is an extension of the optic nerve, consisting of an infinite number of the most delicate fibres, piercing through a peculiar dark-coloured pigment at the bottom of the eye. The arm and its great nerves, divide in the hand into the fingers

and smaller and more delicate nerves, and with these we feel objects. Now the optic nerve, when it reaches the eye, is divided into a thousand optical fingers, which *feel* the slightest variation in the quantities or the intensities of the light-rays falling upon their extremities, and the *sensation felt* by the delicate members of the eye is communicated to the brain, and this constitutes vision, the sense of sight, the effect of a luminous cause. The pictures drawn upon the eye vary as much as is the difference of the angle due to the two passages through which the rays pass—the pupil of each eye—to the optical arrangement within, which is so exquisitely delicate and refined. Each two corresponding points of the two pictures are *seen* at the converging of the optic axes, the eyes uniting each pair of points in succession, and conveying to the mind the impression of a solid.

It is difficult, if not impossible, with the knowledge which we have of solid bodies, to ascertain the effect upon a single eye, without the interference of the mind. We immediately adjust according to our preconceived knowledge; and hence, even with one eye, we see, under nearly all circumstances, objects of three dimensions. Yet we may prove some of the advantages of two eyes, in giving us a correct notion of solidity.

My moderator lamp is burning on the table before me. I rest my head on my right hand, and closing my right eye, mark carefully how much of the circular form I can make out, and the arrangement of light and shadow on its ornaments; without moving my head, I open the right eye and close the left. When the left eye is open I see further round on the left hand of the lamp than when it is closed; and so of the right

hand side when the right eye is opened. Now, if I open both eyes, I see round on either side better than I did with one eye; I have a more distinct perception that the cistern of the lamp is round.

Now the stereoscopic pictures are the pictures of the same building, statue, landscape, or of any group of objects, as seen respectively with the right and the left eye. We have these pictures on a plane surface—mere lines and light and shadow.

These pictures, as previously described, are by the prismatic lenses resolved into one. It would be almost impossible for the most accomplished artist to draw two such pictures with sufficient correctness to produce the solid image in the stereoscope. The photographic camera, and the sensitive photographic processes, which we now employ come to our aid. A single camera obscura may be employed to take the pictures from slightly different points of view; or two cameras with lenses of the same focal length may be adjusted at the required angle.

If the object is 100 feet from the cameras, their lenses should be placed at 4 feet apart; if 150 feet distant, 6 feet apart; and so on, varying the distance of the cameras, or of the points at which we place our single camera, with the nearness or remoteness of the object.

By the extreme sensibility of the photographic processes, we are now enabled to obtain pictures of objects in remarkably short spaces of time. The moving clouds and the restless sea can equally be fixed on our sensitive tablets, and these, viewed by the stereoscope, become so real as to cheat the senses. Under every aspect of light and shadow we can copy nature in her wildest as in her tranquillest moods. The

humid valley, with the sinuous river, reflecting back the sun's rays more lovely than he sent them; the forest, with its mazy windings, and the fitful strugglings of light to pierce its leafy recesses, are brought out in the stereoscope with a magical reality, while the gigantic vegetation of tropical climes, and the stunted growth of arctic regions, are realised here in a way which defies the most skilful painter.

By means of the stereoscope and photography, the Bible student may examine the rocks of Ararat and the plains of Mamre; the desolation which marks the submerged Cities of the Plain, and the endurance of man's work in the pyramids of the desert; the homes of the idolatrous Assyrian, and the temples of Darius the Persian. The student of profane history may wander over Marathon, and grow patriotic at the view of Thermopylæ. The works of the intellectual Grecian, who breathed the breath of poetry into marble, and the efforts of the sterner Romans, who had more of the genius of war than of love in all their efforts after the beautiful, may be studied in a modern drawing-room and in the labourer's cottage.

We have heard the stereoscope called a toy; to some it may appear to be so; but, even if its charming productions are viewed in sport, there must still be drawn from it an earnest philosophy, for it must teach man to love the beautiful in nature, and to appreciate the efforts of mind in the production of art.

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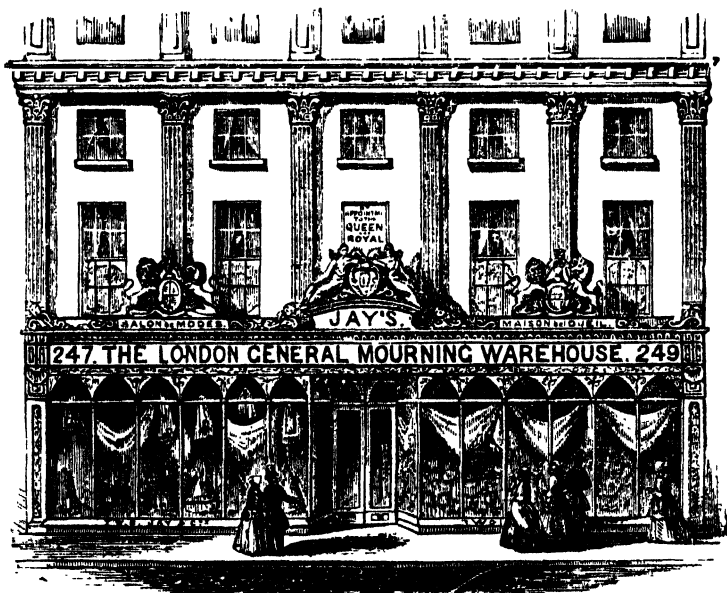
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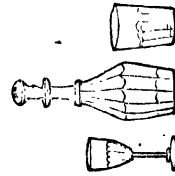
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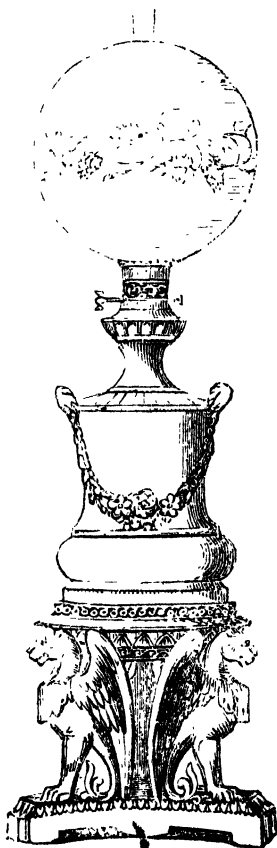
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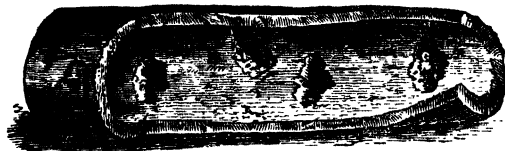
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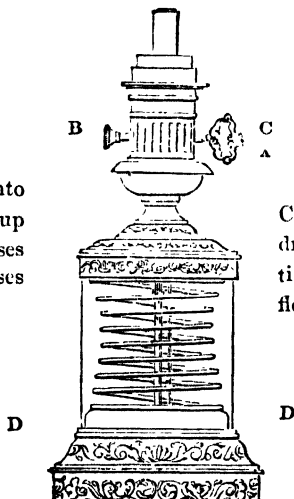
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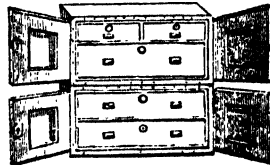
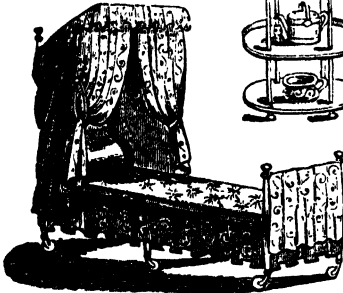
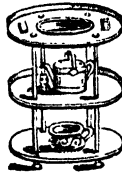
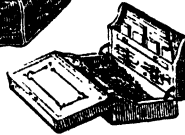
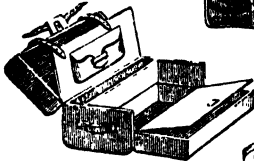
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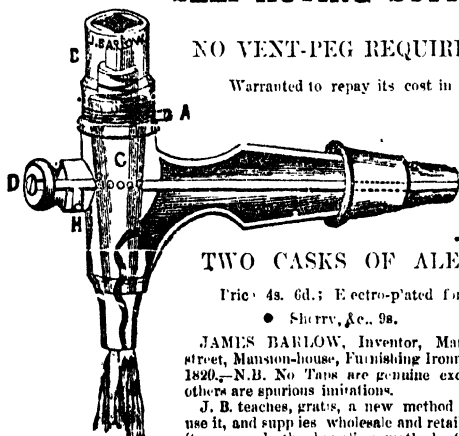
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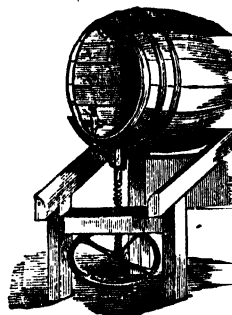
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A CERTAIN REMEDY for Disorders of the Pulmonary Organs. In Difficulty of Breathing—In Reduced Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which Cough is the most positive indication), they are of unrivalled efficacy. In Asthma, and in Winter Cough, they have never been known to fail.

Keating's Cough Lozenges are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken at a by the most delicate female and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and the Professional find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and, consequently auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 14d., and Tins, 2s. 8d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, & Co., No. 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Venders in the To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "Keating's Cough Lozenges" are engraved Government Stamp of each box, without which none are genuine.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.

Copy of a letter from the late Colonel Hawker (the well known Author on "Guns and Shooting.")

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants, Oct. 21,

Sir,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few Lozenges. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I am completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges which I find are the only ones that relieve without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

P. HAWKES

To Mr. Keating, 79, St. Paul's Church Yard.

IMPORTANT TO CLERGYMEN, PUBLIC SPEAKERS, LAWYERS, &c.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of Catarrh. They would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS FRANKS

To Mr. Keating

Vicar Choral

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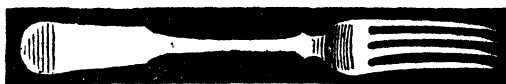
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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Table Forks, per doz.	1	10	0	— 2 0 0	2	18	0	— 3 4 0				
Dessert ditto	1	0	0	— 1 10 0	2	0	0	— 2 6 0				
Table Spoons	1	10	0	— 2 0 0	2	18	0	— 3 6 0				
Dessert ditto	1	0	0	— 1 10 0	2	0	0	— 2 7 6				
Tea Spoons	0	12	0	— 0 18 0	1	5	6	— 1 11 6				

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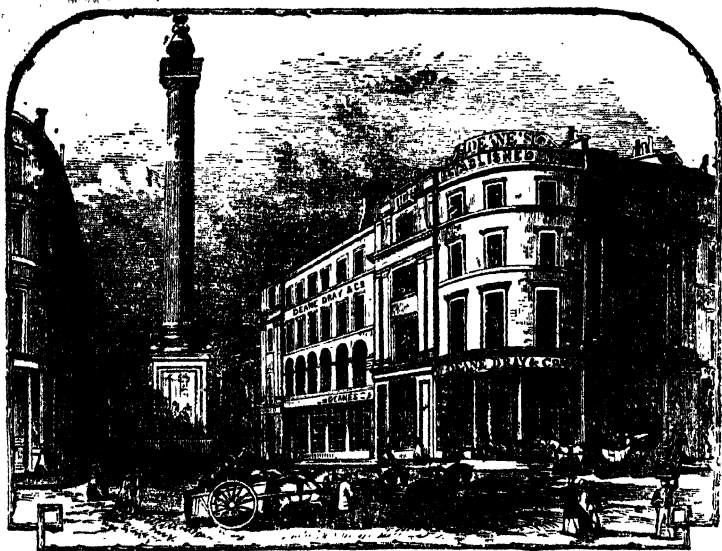
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